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TRUST REGULATION TO-DAY

BY GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE

FOR nearly twenty years it has been a crime against the United States to make a contract which shall in any degree restrain trade among the several states. For nearly thirteen years the interpretation of this statute by the courts has tended to show that two-thirds of the business of the country is being carried on in defiance of law, and that a strict enforcement of the law would prohibit the normal growth of large commercial enterprise.

The purpose of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was the prevention of monopoly; and one clause of the act effectively accomplished this. The defect of the act has been its sweeping denunciation of "*every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise . . . in restraint of trade . . . among the several states, or with foreign nations. . . .*"

This defect escaped notice when the bill was under discussion in Congress. Senator Edmunds and Senator Hoar, who together had most to do with the framing of the bill, were both of the opinion that this form of language merely described such contracts and combinations as were made for the express purpose of preventing competition and thereby controlling prices and unduly enhancing profits.

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For seven years, this construction of the act was generally accepted. In 1897, however, the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of *United States vs. Trans-Missouri Freight Association*, adopted a literal construction of the broad prohibition of the act. No doubt the court expected that its clear exposition of the significance of the act would induce an amendment of the law.

The reasons why the act has not yet been amended are involved with the most important political and financial developments of the past thirteen years.

I

The Harrison administration, which was the first to execute the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, began seven proceedings — four to dissolve combinations, and three to punish combinations with criminal penalties. The three criminal actions were all unsuccessful. Minor successes were achieved in the dissolution proceedings, but the more important suits were still pending when the Harrison administration expired.

Until 1897, the act had proved efficacious in only two directions: the dissolution of several oppressive trade agreements, and — "strikingly illus-

trating the perversion of a law from the real purpose of its authors," to quote Attorney-General Olney's sardonic comment — the punishment of various lawless combinations of laborers and railroad employees. In remarkable prophecy of his subsequent career, William H. Taft, then a federal circuit judge in Ohio, interpreted and applied the law in the two most conspicuous cases of this description. In the Freight Association case, finally, the Supreme Court showed that the statute contained real terrors.

The immediate result of this decision was a rush to consolidation in every branch of industry. If contracts, associations, and loose combinations restraining trade in the slightest degree, be illegal, — the corporation lawyers reasoned, — then contracts, associations, and loose combinations should be discarded for consolidations under single ownership in "holding corporations." Gigantic "holding corporations," designed to concentrate in single control power which previously had been diffused among large groups of concerns, were formed on every hand. Before 1897, there existed scarcely sixty concerns that were dominant in their respective trades. During the next three years, one hundred and eighty-three such corporations were organized, — seventy-nine in the year 1899 alone, — with a total capitalization of over four billion dollars. These enormous combinations comprised one-seventh of the manufacturing industry of the United States, one-twentieth of the total wealth of the nation, nearly twice the amount of money in circulation in the country, and more than four times the capitalization of all the manufacturing consolidations organized between 1860 and 1893.

Throughout this period there was little desire on the part of the administration or the community to prevent

this rush toward consolidation. The defeat of free silver and the election of McKinley in 1896 had diffused a sense of relief, which expressed itself in a resolute effort to hasten business prosperity. The forces that assisted McKinley to the presidency and directed his policy during his first administration were not favorable to any statute that stood as an obstacle to the most conspicuous economic movement of the generation. For the first time since the enactment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the administration in power was relieved from the clamor of discontent which had forced the passage of the act and had compelled repressive measures against various forms of aggregated capital. The Spanish War and the subsequent occupation of the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba, diverted still further the attention of the community from thoughts of controlling industrial development. Had the corporation managers realized at that time that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act really forbade every combination in restraint of trade between the states, — whether in the form of a loose association, as in the Trans-Missouri Freight Association, or in the form of "holding corporations," such as they were busily organizing, — the act would certainly have been repealed, or at least amended; and this could doubtless have then been accomplished with as little commotion as the final establishment of the gold standard; but while the "holding corporation" held out safe refuge from the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the repeal or amendment of the act seemed unnecessary. The McKinley administration closed with a record of only three inconspicuous prosecutions under the act.

By 1902, however, commercial forces were fast losing political dominance. The advent in 1901 of an accidental president, who owed nothing to the in-

fluences that had controlled the government since 1897, brought into power an administration less trammelled by practical considerations, and more responsive to moral and sentimental impulses, than any previous administration. These impulses, while still unexpressed, were, nevertheless, close to the surface of events. An acrimonious opposition to McKinley's policy of territorial expansion, while unsuccessful in its avowed purpose, had sown grave doubts respecting the justice of trade aggression and the perfection of economic success. The reaction from the commercial prosperity immediately following the Spanish War had disproved the claim that combinations could make business depression impossible. A decline in the securities of certain ill-advised mergers, which quickened in 1903 into a brief panic, had discredited the idea that combination was a universal solvent. Finally, the strain of increasing prices and living expenses upon families sustained by wages, salaries, and fixed incomes — a strain incident to every period of prolonged prosperity — had induced discontent in the most thoughtful portion of the community. While popular attention was still focused upon vast industrial consolidations, upon the vicissitudes of their securities in the market, and the effect of their operation on their competitors, their consumers, and the public generally, it was but natural that an alert president should turn in that direction the impulses which he felt stirring vaguely about him.

By 1903, proceedings against the Northern Securities Company had been begun; various bills to increase the penalties and enlarge the scope of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act had been introduced and favorably considered by the judiciary committees of both branches of Congress; and five hundred thousand dollars had been

appropriated, to be expended by the Attorney-General of the United States in prosecutions under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and the Interstate Commerce Act. In 1904, the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the Northern Securities Company was in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, and declared illegal all combinations in restraint of trade effected through the device of "holding corporations."

This decision, which had been vaguely foreshadowed in the Freight Association case, produced widespread consternation. Its effect, to borrow a phrase of Edmund Burke, was to indict the whole American people. It outlawed almost every industrial concern of first importance. To falter in the enforcement of the act would condone crime and foster the most insidious lawlessness. The administration made haste to assure the business community, through the press, that it would not "run amuck," but would merely enforce the law against "bad" trusts. The misfortune of the business community lay in the fact that the criterion of "good" and "bad" trusts lay not in the statute but in the mind of the administration, and that the administration might determine, without the formality of a trial, that the object of its disfavor was a "bad" trust, and might boldly attack any trust in the public prints or in the courts, in the confident assurance that, whether it was a "bad" trust or a "good" trust, it was guilty before the law.

In 1905, the government procured an injunction restraining Swift & Company and several other large meat-packers from combining, and began similar proceedings against combinations of paper-manufacturers, grocers, beef-packers, transportation companies, and lumber-dealers, widely scattered throughout the United States,

from Alaska to Florida and from Hawaii to Missouri.

During the following year, proceedings were begun to dissolve three of the largest railroad systems of the country. Before its close in 1909, the administration had started thirty-seven proceedings under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

Court-dockets, however, are inadequate to portray the fury of this anti-trust crusade. Newspapers and magazine writers fed the popular imagination with sensational stories of industrial leaders and business enterprises. The chief burden of the President's political utterances was the subject of trusts. A decision unfavorable to the government made by a federal judge was denounced by the President, in a special message to Congress, as "measurably near making the law a farce." A well-known corporation, in advance of trial and even of indictment, was denounced by the President, in a special message to Congress, as having "benefited enormously, up almost to the present time, by secret rates, many of these rates being clearly unlawful." After a subsidiary company of this corporation had been tried on account of these rates, while public attention was still fastened upon this trial, and before the court had rendered its decision, the administration published another report accusing this corporation of "crippling existing rivals, and preventing the rise of new ones, by vexatious and offensive attacks upon them, and by securing for itself most unfair and wide-reaching discriminations in transportation facilities and rates." Having found that the unpopular corporation owned stock in the defendant company, the trial judge, voicing the popular clamor, declared that the unpopular corporation was the real defendant, and fined the defendant \$29,240,000. Two days after the fine

was announced, the administration published another report, declaring that the unpopular corporation had used "power unfairly gained to oppress the public through highly extortionate prices." Several days later, after the president of the defendant company had ventured to express his belief that his company was really not guilty of the offense for which it was so roundly fined, the administration published still another report devoted entirely to a defense of the fine. Several months later the President, in a special message to Congress, transmitted a collection of newspaper-clippings commenting unfavorably upon the fine, and denounced the authors as "writers and speakers who, consciously or unconsciously, act as the representatives of predatory wealth — of wealth accumulated on a giant scale by all forms of inequity, ranging from the oppression of wage-workers to unfair and unwholesome methods of crushing out competition, and to defrauding the public by stock-jobbing and the manipulation of securities." When the appellate court subsequently set aside this enormous fine, and rebuked the trial court for its abuse of discretion, the President promptly announced: "The reversal of the decision of the lower court does not in any shape or way touch the merits of the case, excepting in so far as the size of the fine is concerned. There is absolutely no question of the guilt of the defendant or of the exceptionally grave character of the offense." The United States Circuit Court of Appeals, however, persisted in the contrary opinion, and denied a reargument of the appeal; and the United States Supreme Court, in declining to hear the appeal, apparently shared the same belief.

State legislatures, meanwhile, rivaled one another in harassing large corporations. In 1903, Texas passed laws re-

lieving persons buying goods from a trust from liability to pay the purchase price, and requiring every corporation that owned or leased the patent on a machine to offer such machines for sale, instead of reserving them for exclusive use. In 1905, Arkansas not only relieved persons purchasing goods from a trust from liability to pay therefor, but also authorized such persons to recover from the trust any money or value which they had paid on account of the purchase price of such goods. Arkansas also enacted that, in the prosecution of any trust, the prosecuting attorney might compel any non-resident officer to appear with his books and papers within six days and the necessary time required to travel; and in the event of his failure to appear, judgment on default might be rendered against the trust. In many states, laws were passed forbidding the sale of goods at prices above or below the "cost of production" or the "normal price."

II

In the midst of this widespread crusade against large corporations, the administration, which had roused the country to the fray, sounded the first warning note.

In his annual message to Congress in 1906, President Roosevelt discussed the working of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act as follows:—

"The actual working of our laws has shown that the effort to prohibit all combination, good or bad, is noxious where it is not ineffective. Combination of capital, like combination of labor, is a necessary element in our present industrial system. It is not possible completely to prevent it; and if it were possible, such complete prevention would do damage to the body politic. What we need is not vainly to try to prevent all combination, but

to secure such rigorous and adequate control and supervision of the combinations as to prevent their injuring the public, or existing in such forms as inevitably to threaten injury. . . . It is unfortunate that our present laws should forbid all combinations, instead of sharply discriminating between those combinations which do good and those combinations which do evil. . . .

"It is a public evil to have on the statute-books a law incapable of full enforcement, because both judges and juries realize that its full enforcement would destroy the business of the country; for the result is to make decent men violators of the law against their will, and to put a premium on the behavior of the willful wrongdoers. Such a result in turn tends to throw the decent man and the willful wrongdoer into close association, and in the end to drag down the former to the latter's level; for the man who becomes a law-breaker in one way unhappily tends to lose all respect for law and to be willing to break it in many ways. No more scathing condemnation could be visited upon a law than is contained in the words of the Interstate Commerce Commission when, in commenting upon the fact that the numerous joint-traffic associations do technically violate the law, they say: 'The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Trans-Missouri case and the Joint-Traffic Association case has produced no practical effect upon the railway operations of the country. Such associations, in fact, exist now as they did before these decisions, and with the same general effect. In justice to all parties we ought probably to add that it is difficult to see how our interstate railways could be operated with due regard to the interest of the shipper and the railway without concerted action of the kind afforded through these associations.' This means

that the law, as construed by the Supreme Court, is such that the business of the country cannot be conducted without breaking it."

This intolerable condition of affairs, in which a highly penal statute was daily violated by the normal transactions of business, and business men enjoyed liberty only as the executive power indulged them in the open breach of law, was never better illustrated than in the throes of the panic of 1907. Judge Elbert H. Gary and Mr. Henry C. Frick, representing the United States Steel Corporation, desired to take over the holdings of a group of speculators in the securities of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company, and accordingly hastened to Washington to obtain a dispensation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act for that purpose. The administration, acting under the belief that it was saving the stability of a great financial institution, without further inquiry promptly promised amnesty, and thereby sealed with its approval the combination of the United States Steel Corporation and its great competitor.

In 1908, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, Judge Gary, Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, chief counsel for the United States Steel Corporation, and Mr. Victor Morawetz, prepared for the National Civic Federation a bill to amend the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. This bill was introduced into Congress by Representative Hepburn. The act of 1890 had left it to the courts to define what combinations were guilty of crime. The bill proposed in 1908 left it to the Bureau of Corporations to define what combinations were guilty of crime. The original mischief of the act in outlawing organized capital and organized labor was sought to be tempered by a system of special immunity. The dispensation of this immunity, it was suggested, should

not be intrusted to the courts, nor even to that branch of the government concerned in the administration of justice, but rather to a bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor. Under such a statute, every business man making a contract relating to interstate commerce — and such contracts are made by scores and hundreds every day in every large business — and desiring to make sure of escaping the penalties of the law, would have had to file a copy of the contract with a government bureau, and thereafter wait patiently for sixty days before completing or executing the contract.

Fortunately, a kindly Providence overcame this bill. In the House, it died in committee. In the Senate, the Judiciary Committee returned a ringing adverse report, in which the bill was denounced as "a course of procedure that would not be tolerated in any court in our country," a resurrection of the hated dispensing power which led to the fall of the Stuarts and the English Revolution of 1688, and a violation of the Bill of Rights and of the fundamental principles of free government.

III

The purpose of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was to further free competition. The defect of the act consists in its sweeping prohibitions, which nullify this purpose by preventing certain of the most normal agencies of competition.

Competition, the law says, increases trade; and to acquire a portion of trade every one may use competition. The word itself means strife — struggles with others — warfare for the same thing — "endeavoring to gain what another is striving to gain at the same time." The strife is always to own exclusively the thing sought, and to own it to the exclusion of everybody

else. If it is the intangible thing called trade, each competitor strives for the whole, and the law does not limit the reward of any. The reason is that trade is not stationary but absolutely changing, shifting with the numbers and movements and wants of customers. So changeful, indeed, is trade, that it is axiomatic that monopoly is not dangerous so long as competition is free.

Freedom of competition presumes the freest possible choice of competitive methods short of the use of force, fraud, or similar unlawful means. Such conceptions as *undue* competition, or *unreasonable* competition, or any other limitations upon free competition, short of *unlawful means*, have no place in the business economy. They raise artificial barriers in the strife "to gain what another is striving to gain at the same time," behind which lurks every form of monopoly. No one can determine what is *undue* competition or *unreasonable* competition. In attempting such a determination, each judge and each jurymen would have his own standard. Under such imaginary standards, no trader could regulate his own competition or anticipate the competition of his competitor.

The law protects the winner in the ownership of the prize which he gains by competition. Unless this were so, competition would fail; for no one would endure the strife of competition without the assurance that he would have the prize that he wins. No matter how great the prize, the winner must own it, subject only to the chance of losing it through the same rigor of competition by which he won it. The same rule holds, when the subject of the competition is trade. The legitimate growth and lawful extension of the business of the successful trader is protected by law.

Large business — the reward of success in competition, which the law eag-

erly protects in the successful competitor — presumes the disappointment of unsuccessful competitors. Essentially, it is the subjugation of competition and the victorious appropriation of the prize, the removal of it from the arena of competition, and the exclusive enjoyment of it under the protection of law. "According to popular speech," said Mr. Justice Holmes in the Northern Securities case, "every concern monopolizes whatever business it does, and if that business is trade between two states, it monopolizes a part of the trade among the states. Of course, the statute does not forbid that. It does not mean that all business must cease." As one of the judges forcibly expressed it in his opinion in the "Tobacco Trust" case: "It has never been held that the mere fact that a business is large and is extended over a wide territory renders its promoters amenable to the statute. Success is not a crime."

In this apparent antinomy of large business and competition lies most of the misapprehension of the subject.

Large business is not really the bane of competition, any more than the bestowal of the prize at the close of the game is the death of the sport. The trophy must be defended next season, or be forfeited to the field; and the greater the value of the trophy, the keener will be the rivalry to regain it from the holder. Large business must be defended, not next season, but every moment. Its magnitude merely proves the worth of the prize, and stimulates keener competition. So long as the lists are kept open to entrants, and the freest play is allowed within the rules of the game, none but good can result from the enhancement of the prize.

Large business, and the temporary triumph over competition which it implies, is the crown of competition. The exclusive enjoyment which the success-

ful competitor for the moment seizes is monopoly only in the Pickwickian sense that the fleeting ownership of the trophy-winner is monopoly. Even though the skill of the successful competitor lengthen the span of enjoyment, it is at the cost of defending his prize, and not in any true sense through monopoly.

The defect of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act has been that it has sought to stimulate competition by punishing the normal forms of large business which naturally develop out of competition. In the fatuous belief that the success of the winner was a discouragement to sport, it has sought to encourage the field by penalizing the winner. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act should prohibit only those combinations which, by unlawful means, repress concerns desirous of entering the market. The act should not punish combinations which, by adaptations of normal competitive methods, have fairly and justly excelled their rivals in competition. The prohibition should apply, not to the *form* which the combination may assume, nor yet to the *power* which its efficiency may develop; but should only forbid the use of unlawful means to attain such form, or to increase such power.

The monopolist seeks to suppress competition, and thereby to control prices. The legitimate competitor, however, seeks to extend his trade, and thereby to maintain his prices throughout the trade. Each seeks ultimately to affect prices. The monopolist, however, seeks to accomplish his purpose through preventing, by unlawful means, other concerns from entering the trade in competition with him; while the legitimate competitor seeks to accomplish his purpose by excelling his rivals in competition. Coercion, force, and fraud are the means by which the monopolist endeavors to accomplish his pur-

pose. "Destroying or restricting free competition," "smothering competition," "extinguishing competition," "stifling competition," "eliminating competition," "preventing competition," "annihilating competition," and "suppression of competition," are a few of the phrases which the courts have used to describe the operation of these unlawful monopolistic methods. None of these are methods evolved out of normal competition. Each of them is as truly anarchistic in the realm of business as "fouling" is in the field of sport. Each of them, unless specifically forbidden and punished, must tend to destroy the fundamental conditions of healthy rivalry. Each of them is sometimes resorted to by the obscure and unsuccessful competitor, as well as by his conspicuous and successful rival. In sport, the harm from the foul play by which an obscure contestant may seek to overcome his fellows and push himself into prominence, is just as despicable as the foul play, by which a prominent contestant may seek to maintain his position. The rules very properly forbid foul play, without regard to the position or attainments of the contestants. In business the same doctrine should obtain. The prohibition should apply specifically to the unlawful practice. Whether the contract, combination, or trust exerts any dominance or "restraint," great or small, upon commerce should be entirely immaterial.

"Coercion," "force," and "fraud" are well-established terms in law. They are capable of definition and application by courts and juries to varying states of fact. They are sufficiently definite to serve in penal statutes. Together, they include practically every offense against legitimate competition. "Destroying or restricting free competition," and the other phrases above quoted, are of more recent usage. In

common speech, and as used by the courts, they include practically every phase of coercion, force, and fraud, as applied to competition. In a statute defining a violation of law and providing only the remedy of injunction, — the most effective remedy against unlawful combinations, as already has appeared, — these phrases would, it is believed, be sufficiently definite and inclusive to define every real offense against competition. Indeed, it may well be contended that these phrases are sufficiently definite to serve in a statute providing for a criminal penalty.

Much of the anti-trust legislation of the various states, and many of the remedies recently proposed, are a misapplication to private businesses of regulations which are properly applicable only to public-service businesses. This was the defect of the Hepburn Bill proposed in 1908, and is the defect of the numerous state anti-trust laws that forbid the sale of goods at prices above or below the ordinary cost of production. The duty to serve everybody, without discrimination, at a reasonable price that may be regulated and determined by the state, is properly enforceable upon railroads, lighting and watering companies, and other corporations which perform a public service, and in most cases enjoy exclusive powers from the state. This duty arises from the fact that the business

of such companies is naturally and unavoidably a monopoly, in which competition does not exist, and, in fact, should be discouraged. The duty and purposes of such companies are best fulfilled under state regulation. In the great majority of businesses, however, no public service is performed or professed, and no exclusive powers are obtained from the state. In these businesses, competition naturally exists, and should be encouraged in order to maintain a healthy condition. Remedial legislation regarding such businesses should seek to assure freedom of competition. Interference with prices and with the organization of such businesses misses the real evil, and only creates artificial barriers behind which lurk dangerous forms of privilege.

If the Sherman Anti-Trust Act were amended, so as merely to forbid contracts and combinations made for the purpose of stifling competition, or of committing any of the practices defined in one or more simple phrases above quoted, well-nigh every improper method of competition would be made illegal and every healthy agency of free competition would be relieved from its present embarrassments.

[The decision by the United States Circuit Court in the Standard Oil case, which is announced as these pages go to press, seems merely to confirm Mr. Montague's argument.—THE EDITORS.]

ON DOGS AND MEN

BY HENRY C. MERWIN

THERE are men and women in the world who, of their own free will, live a dogless life, not knowing what they miss; and for them this essay, securely placed in the dignified *Atlantic*, there to remain so long as libraries and books shall endure, is chiefly written. Let them not pass it by in scorn, but rather stop to consider what can be said of the animal as a fellow-being entitled to their sympathy, and having, perhaps, a like destiny with themselves.

As to those few persons who are not only dogless but dog-haters, they should excite pity rather than resentment. The man who hates a good dog is abnormal, and cannot help it. I once knew such a man, a money-lender long since passed away, whose life was largely a crusade against dogs, carried on through newspapers, pamphlets, and in conversation. He used to declare that he had often been bitten by these animals, and that, on one occasion, a terrier actually jumped on the street-car in which he was riding, took a small piece out of his leg (a mere soupçon, no doubt), and then jumped off, — all without apparent provocation, and in a moment of time. Probably this story, strange as it may sound, was substantially true. The perceptions of the dog are wonderfully acute. A recent occurrence may serve as the converse of the money-lender's story. A lost collie, lame and nearly starved, was taken in, fed, and cared for by a household of charitable persons, who, however, did not like or understand dogs, and were anxious to

get rid of this one, provided that a good home could be found for him. In the course of a week there came to call upon them in her buggy an old lady who is extremely fond of dogs, and who possesses that combination of a masterful spirit with deep affection which acts like witchcraft upon the lower animals. The collie was brought out, and the story of his arrival was related at length. Meanwhile the old lady and the dog looked each other steadfastly in the eye. "Do you want to come with me, doggie?" she said at last, not really meaning to take him. Up jumped the dog, and sat down beside her, and could not be dislodged by any entreaties or commands, — and all parties were loath to use force. She took him home, but brought him back the next day, intending to leave him behind her. Again, however, the dog refused to be parted from his new and real friend. He bestowed a perfunctory wag of the tail upon his benefactors, — he was not ungrateful; but, like all dogs, he sought not chiefly meat and bones and a comfortable place by the fire, but affection and caresses. The dog does not live that would refuse to forsake his dinner for the companionship of his master.

The mission of the dog — I say it with all reverence — is the same as the mission of Christianity, namely, to teach mankind that the universe is ruled by love. Ownership of a dog tends to soften the hard hearts of men. There are two great mysteries about the lower animals: one, the suffering which

they have to endure at the hands of man; the other, the wealth of affection which they possess, and which for the most part is unexpended. All animals have this capacity for loving other creatures, man included. Crows, for example, show it to a remarkable degree. "As much latent affection goes to waste in every flock of crows that flies overhead as would fit a human household for heaven."¹ A crow and a dog, if kept together, will become almost as fond of each other as of their master. Surely this fact, this capacity of the lower animals to love, not only man, but one another, is the most significant, the most deserving to be pondered, the most important in respect to their place in the universe, of all the facts that can be learned about them. Compared with it how trivial is anything that the zoölogist or biologist or the physiologist can tell us about the nature of the lower animals!

The most beautiful sight in the world, I once heard it said (by myself, to be honest), is the expression in the eyes of an intelligent, sweet-tempered pup, — a pup old enough to take an interest in things about him, and yet so young as to imagine that everybody will be good to him; so young as not to fear that any man or boy will kick him, or that any dog will take away his bone. In the eyes of such a pup there is a look of confiding innocence, a consciousness of his own weakness and inexperience, a desire to love and beloved, which are irresistible. In older dogs one is more apt to notice an eager, anxious, inquiring look, as if they were striving to understand things which the Almighty had placed beyond their mental grasp; and the nearest approach to a really human expression is seen in dogs suffering from illness. Heine, who, as the reader well knows, served a long apprenticeship to pain, some-

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 89, p. 322.

where says that pain refines even the lower animals; and all who are familiar with dogs in health and in disease will see the truth of this statement. I have seen in the face of an intelligent dog, suffering acutely from distemper, a look so human as to be almost terrifying; as if I had accidentally caught a glimpse of some deep-lying trait in the animal which nature had intended to conceal from mortal gaze.

The dog, in fact, makes a continual appeal to the sympathies of his human friends, and thus tends to prevent them from becoming hard or narrow. There are certain families, especially perhaps in New England, and most of all, no doubt, in Boston, who need to be regenerated, and might be regenerated by keeping a dog, provided that they went about it in the proper spirit. A distinguished preacher and author, himself a Unitarian, remarked recently in an address to Unitarians that they were usually the most self-satisfied people that he ever met. It was a casual remark, and perhaps neither he nor those who heard it appreciated its full significance. However, the preacher was probably thinking not so much of Unitarians as of a certain kind of person often found in this neighborhood, and not necessarily professing any particular form of religion. We all know the type. When a man *invariably* has money in the bank, and is respectable and respected, was graduated at Harvard, has a decorous wife and children, has never been carried away by any passion or enthusiasm, knows the right people, and conforms strictly to the customs of good society; and when this sort of thing has been going on for, perhaps, two or three generations, then there is apt to creep into the blood a coldness that would chill the heart of a bronze statue. Such persons are really degenerates of their peculiar kind, and need to be saved, perhaps by

desperate measures. Let them elope with the cook; let them get religion of a violent Methodist, or of an intense Ritualistic, kind (the two have much in common); or if they cannot do that, let them get a dog, give him the run of the house, love him and spoil him, and so, by the blessing of Providence, their salvation may be effected.

Reformers and philanthropists should always keep dogs, in order that the spontaneous element may not wholly die out of them. Their tendency is to regard the human race as a problem, and particular persons as "cases" to be dealt with, not according to one's impulses, but according to certain rules approved of by good authority, and supposed to be consistent with sound, economic principles. To my old friend —, who once liked me for myself, without asking why, I have long ceased to be an individual, and am now simply an item of humanity to whom he owes such duty as my particular wants or vices would seem to indicate. But if he had a dog he could not regard him in that impersonal way, or worry about the dog's morals; he would simply take pleasure in his society, and love him for what he was, without considering what he might have been.

I know and honor one philanthropist who, in middle life or thereabout, became for the first time the possessor of a dog; and thenceforth there was disclosed in him a genuine vein of sentiment and affection which many years of doing good and virtuous living had failed to eradicate. Often had I heard of his civic deeds and of his well-directed charities, but my heart never quite warmed toward him, until I learned that, with spectacles on nose and comb in hand, he had spent three laborious hours in painfully going over his spaniel, and eliminating those parasitic guests which sometimes infest the coat of the cleanest and most aristo-

cratic dog. I am not ashamed to say that I have a confidence in his wisdom now which I did not have before, knowing that his head will never be allowed to tyrannize over his heart. His name should be recorded here, were it not that his modesty might be offended by the act. (Three letters would suffice to print it.)

In speaking of the dog as a kind of missionary in the household, I mean, it need hardly be said, something more than mere ownership of the animal. It will not suffice to pay a large sum for a dog of fashionable breed, to equip him with a costly collar, and then to relegate him to the stable or the kitchen. He should be one of the family, living on equal terms with the others, and their constant companion. The dog's life is short at the best, and every moment of it will be needed for his development. It is wonderful how year by year the household pet grows in intelligence, how many words he learns the meaning of, how quick he becomes in interpreting the look, the tone of voice, the mood of the person whom he loves. He is old at ten or eleven, and seldom lives beyond thirteen or fourteen. If he lived to be fifty, he would know so much that we should be uneasy, perhaps terrified, in his presence.

A certain amount of discipline is necessary for a dog. If left to his own devices, he is apt to become somewhat dissipated, to spend his evenings out, to scatter among many the affection which should be reserved for a few. But, on the other hand, a dog may easily receive too much discipline; he becomes like the child of a despotic father. A dog perfectly trained, from the martinet point of view, — one who never "jumps up" on you, never lays an entreating paw upon your arm, never gets into a chair, nor enters the drawing-room, — such a dog is a sad sight to one who really

knows and loves the animal. It is against his nature to be so repressed. Over-careful housewives, and persons who are burdened with costly surroundings, talk of injury to carpets and other furniture if the dog has a right of entry everywhere in the house. But what is furniture for? Is it for display, is it a guaranty of the wealth of the owners, or is it for use? Blessed are they whose furniture is so inexpensive or so shabby that children and dogs are not excluded from its sacred precincts. Perhaps the happiest household to which I ever had the honor of being admitted was one where it was sometimes a little difficult to find a comfortable vacant chair: the dogs always took the arm-chairs. Alas, where are those hospitable chairs now? Where the dogs that used to sit up in them, and wink and yawn, and give their paws in humorous embarrassment?

“‘The drawing-room was made for dogs, and not dogs for the drawing-room,’ would be Lady Barnes’s thesis, did she formulate it.” It was this same Lady Barnes (Rhoda Broughton’s) who once said, “‘I have no belief in Eliza, the housemaid I leave in charge here. When last I came down from London the dogs were so unnaturally good that I felt sure she bullied them. I spoke very seriously to her, and this time, I am glad to say, they are as disobedient as ever, and have done even more mischief than when I am at home.’ And she laughs with a delicate relish of her own folly.”

Of all writers of fiction, by the way, is there any whose dogs quite equal those of Rhoda Broughton? Even the beloved author of *Rab and His Friends*, even Sir Walter himself, with his immortal Dandie Dinmonts, has not, it seems to me, given us such life-like and home-like pictures of dogs as those which occur in her novels. They seem to be there, not of set purpose,

but as if dogs were such an essential part of her own existence that they crept into her books almost without her knowing it. No room in her novels is complete without a dog or two; and every remark that she makes about them has the quality of a caress. Even in a tragic moment, the heroine cannot help observing, that “Mink is lying on his small hairy side in a sunpatch, with his little paws crossed like a dying saint’s.” “Mr. Brown,” that dear, faithful mongrel, is forever associated with the unfortunate Joan; and Brenda’s “wouff” will go resounding down the halls of time so long as novels are read.

Perhaps the final test of anybody’s love of dogs is willingness to permit them to make a camping-ground of the bed. There is no other place in the world that suits the dog quite so well. On the bed he is safe from being stepped upon; he is out of the way of draughts; he has a commanding position from which to survey what goes on in the world; and, above all, the surface is soft and yielding to his outstretched limbs. No mere man can ever be so comfortable as a dog looks.

Some persons object to having a dog on the bed at night; and it must be admitted that he lies a little heavily upon one’s limbs; but why be so base as to prefer comfort to companionship! To wake up in the dark night, and put your hand on that warm soft body, to feel the beating of that faithful heart,—is not this better than undisturbed sloth? The best night’s rest I ever had was once when a cocker spaniel puppy, who had just recovered from stomach-ache (dose one to two soda-mints), and was a little frightened by the strange experience, curled up on my shoulder like a fur tippet, gently pushed his cold, soft nose into my neck, and there slept sweetly and soundly until morning.

Companionship with his master is the dog's remedy for every ill, and only an extreme case will justify sending him away or boarding him out. To put a dog in a hospital, unless there is some surgical or other necessity for doing so, is an act of doubtful kindness. Many and many a dog has died from homesickness. If he is ill, keep him warm and quiet, give such simple remedies as you would give a child, pour beef tea or malted milk down his throat, or even a little whiskey, if he is weak from want of food; and let him live or die, as did our fathers and our fathers' dogs,—at home.

The worst evil that can befall a dog, it need not be said, is to be lost. The very words "lost dog" call up such pictures of canine misery as can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed them. I have seen a lost dog, lame, emaciated, wounded, footsore, hungry, and thirsty, and yet suffering so intensely from fear, and loneliness, and despair,—from the mere sense of being lost,—as to be absolutely unconscious of his bodily condition. The mental agony was so much greater that it swallowed up the physical pain. A little Boston terrier, lost in a large city for two or three days, became so wrecked in his nervous system that no amount of care or petting could restore him to equanimity, and it was found necessary to kill him. Oh, reader, pass not by the lost dog! Succor him if you can; preserve him from what is worse than death. It is easy to recognize him by the look of nervous terror in his eye, by his drooping tail, by his uncertain movements.

There is a remorseful experience of my own, of which I should be glad to unburden myself to the reader. It once became my duty to kill a dog afflicted with some incurable disease. Instead of doing it myself, as I should have done, I took him to a place where

lost dogs are received, and where those for whom no home can be found are mercifully destroyed. There, instead of myself leading him to the death-chamber, as, again, I should have done, I handed him over to the executioner. The dog was an abnormally nervous and timid one; and as he was dragged most unwillingly away, he turned around, as nearly as he could, and cast back at me a look of horror, of fear, of agonized appeal,—a look that has haunted me for years.

Whether he had any inkling of what was in store for him, I do not know, but it is highly probable that he had. Dogs and other animals are wonderful mind-readers. I have known two cases in which some discussion about the necessity of killing an old dog, held in his presence, was quickly followed by the sudden, unaccountable disappearance of the animal; and no tidings of him could ever be obtained, although the greatest pains were taken to obtain them. Horses are inferior only to dogs in this capacity. Often, especially in the case of vicious or half-broken horses, an intention will flash from the mind of the horse to the mind of the rider or driver, and *vice versa*, without the slightest indication being given by horse or man. Men who ride race-horses have told me that a sudden conviction in their own minds, in the course of a race, that they could not win has passed immediately to the horse, and caused him to slacken his speed, although they had not ceased to urge him. It is notorious that faint-hearted and pessimistic drivers often lose races which they ought to win.

As to the remarkable stories about this or that animal, perhaps it might be said that they are probably true when they illustrate the animal's perceptive abilities, and are probably false when they depend upon his power to originate. There appeared lately

an account of a race between loons in the wild state: how the loons got together and arranged the preliminaries (whether they made books on the event or adopted the pool system of betting was not stated), how the race was run, or rather flown, amid intense loon excitement, and how the victor was greeted with screams of applause!

Some power of origination animals, and dogs especially, certainly have. There is the familiar trick which dogs play when one, to get a bone away from another, rushes off a little space, gives the bark which signifies the presence of an intruder, then comes back and quietly runs away with the bone which the other dog, in his curiosity to see who is coming, has impulsively dropped. This is an example not only of reasoning, but of origination.

In general, however, when dogs surprise us, as they frequently do, it is by the delicacy and acuteness of their perceptive powers. How unerringly do they distinguish between different classes of persons, as, for example, between the members of the family and the servants; and again, between the servants and the friends of the household! Unquestionably the dog has three sets of manners for these three classes of persons. He will take liberties in the kitchen that he would never dream of taking in the dining-room. We have known our cook to fly in terror from the kitchen because Figaro, a masterful cocker spaniel, threatened to bite her, if she did not give him a piece of meat forthwith. Figaro reasoned that the cook was partly *his* cook, and that he had a right to bully her if he could.

As for the different members of the family, the dog will "size them up" with an unerring instinct. It is impossible to conceal any weakness of character from him; and if you are strong, he will know that too. As I

write these lines, the vision of "Mr. Guppy" rises before me. Mr. Guppy was a very small Boston terrier with a white head, but otherwise of a brindle color. He had a beautiful "mug," much like that of a bull dog, with a short nose, wide jaws, and plenty of loose skin hanging about his stout little neck. It must be admitted that he was somewhat self-indulgent, being continually on the watch for a chance to lie close by the fire, — a situation considered by his friends to be unwholesome for him. Mr. Guppy understood me very well. He knew that I was a poor, weak, easy-going, absent-minded creature, with whom he could take liberties; and accordingly, when we were alone together, the rogue would lie sleeping with his head on the hearth, while I was absorbed in my book. But hark! there is a step on the stairs, of one whom Mr. Guppy both loved and feared more than any dog ever loved or feared me; and forthwith the little impostor would rise, and crawl softly back to his place on a rug in the corner; and there he would be found lying and winking, with an expression of perfect innocence, when the disciplinarian entered the room.

Dogs have the same sensitiveness that we associate with well-bred men and women. Their politeness is remarkable. Offer a dog water when he is not thirsty, and he will almost always take a lap or two, just out of civility, and to show his gratitude. I know a group of dogs that never forget to come and tell their mistress when they have had their dinner, feeling sure that she will sympathize with them; and if they have failed to get it, they will notify her immediately of the omission. If you happen to step on a dog's tail or paw, how eagerly — after one irrepressible yelp of pain — will he tell you by his caresses that he knows you did not mean to hurt him and forgives you!

In their relations with one another, also, dogs have a keen sense of etiquette. A well-known traveler makes this unexpected remark about a tribe of naked black men, living on one of the South Sea Islands: "In their every-day intercourse there is much that is stiff, formal, and precise." Almost the same remark might be made about dogs. Unless they are on very intimate terms, they take great pains never to brush against or even to touch one another. For one dog to step over another is a dangerous breach of etiquette unless they are special friends. It is no uncommon thing for two dogs to belong to the same person, and live in the same house, and yet never take the slightest notice of each other. We have a spaniel so dignified that he will never permit another member of the dog family to pillow his head on him; but, with the egotism of a true aristocrat, he does not hesitate to make use of the other dogs for that purpose.

Often canine etiquette is so subtle that one has much difficulty in following it out. In our household are two uncongenial dogs, who, in ordinary circumstances, completely ignore each other, and between whom any familiarity would be resented fiercely. And yet, when we are all out walking, if I am obliged to scold or punish one of these two, the other will run up to the offender, bark at him, and even jostle him, as if he were saying, "Well, old man, you got it that time; are n't you ashamed of yourself?" And the other dog, feeling that he is in the wrong, I suppose, submits meekly to the insult.

A family of six dogs used to pair off in couples, each couple being on terms of special intimacy and affection; and besides these relationships there were many others among them. For example, they all deferred to the oldest dog, although he was smaller and weaker

than the rest. If a fight began, he would jump in between the contestants and stop it; if a dog misbehaved, he would rush at the offender with a warning growl; and this exercise of authority was never resented. The other dogs seemed to respect his weight of years, his character, which was of the highest, and his moral courage, which was undoubted. This same dog had many human traits. He and his companions slept together on a sofa upstairs, where, of a cold night, they would curl up together in an indistinguishable heap. Sometimes the old dog would put himself to bed before the others, and then, finding that he needed the warmth and companionship of their presence, he would go into the hall, put his head between the balusters, and whine softly until they came upstairs to join him.

Have dogs any sense of right and wrong? They have, as every one agrees, a sense of humor, and they have also a sense of shame, perfectly distinct from the fear of punishment. Of their sense of shame let me give one example. The dog's eyesight, so far at least as stationary objects are concerned, is very poor, his real reliance being upon his sense of smell, and I have often seen a dog mistake one of his own family for a strange animal, run toward him, with every sign of hostility, and then, when he came within a few feet of the other dog, suddenly drop his tail between his legs, and slink away, as if he feared that somebody had noticed his absurd mistake.

Can it be that an animal should possess a sense of humor and a sense of shame, without having also some elementary sense of right and wrong? But even if it be thought that he is devoid of that sense, it is certain that he has those kindly impulses from which it has been developed. All that is best

in man springs from something which is practically the same in the dog that it is in him, namely, the instinct of pity or benevolence. To that instinct, as it exists in the lower animals, Darwin attributed the origin of conscience in man; and there are now few, if any, philosophers who would give a different account of it. I have seen a pup not six months old run to comfort another pup that cried out from pain; and the impulse that prompted this act was essentially the same which impels the noblest of mankind when they befriend the poor or the afflicted. We are akin to the lower animals morally, as well as physically and mentally.

But this is a modern discovery. It is astonishing and confusing to realize how little organized Christianity has done for the lower animals. The ecclesiastical conception of them was simply that they were creatures without souls, and therefore had no rights as against, or at the hands of, mankind. To this day that conception remains, although it is qualified, of course, by other and more humane considerations. Even Cardinal Newman said, —

“We have no duties toward the brute creation; there is no relation of justice between them and us. Of course, we are bound not to treat them ill, for cruelty is an offense against the holy law which our Maker has written on our hearts, and it is displeasing to Him. But they can claim nothing at our hand; into our hand they are absolutely delivered. We may use them, we may destroy them at our pleasure: not our wanton pleasure, but still for our own ends, for our own benefit and satisfaction, provided that we can give a rational account of what we do.”

This position, though not perhaps cruel in itself, inevitably results in unlimited cruelties. When an English traveler remonstrated with a Spanish lady for throwing a sick kitten out of

the window, she justified herself by saying that the kitten had no soul; and that is the national point of view.

Protestantism has been almost as indifferent as Catholicism to the lower animals. In fact, the conscience which exists outside of the church, Catholic or Protestant, has in this matter, outstripped the conscience of the church. “Cruelty,” said Du Maurier, “is the only unpardonable sin”; and the world is slowly but surely coming to that opinion. The long deferred awakening of mankind to the sufferings of dumb animals was not due to a decline of the ecclesiastical conception of them, although it has declined; nor even to the new knowledge concerning the common origin of man and beast; indeed, it slightly preceded that knowledge; but it was due to the gradual enlightenment and moral improvement of the race, especially of the English-speaking race. The nineteenth century, as we are often told, saw more discoveries and inventions than had been made in the preceding six thousand years; but I believe that in future ages not one of those discoveries and inventions, nor all together, will bulk so large as factors in the development and uplifting of man, as will those humane laws and societies which first came into existence in that century.

The progress of mankind is far more moral than intellectual. Competent authorities tell us that the Anglo-Saxon of to-day is mentally inferior to the Greek who lived two thousand years ago: and if the human race has improved during that time it is not so much because man has advanced in knowledge as because he has acquired more sympathy with his inferiors, be they brute or human, more generosity, more mercy toward them. Not Stevenson, nor Faraday, nor Morse, nor Fulton, nor Bell, did so much for the human race, to say nothing of the

brutes, as did that dueling Irishman who, in the year 1822, proposed in the English Parliament, amidst howls and shrieks of derision, what afterward became the first law for the protection of dumb animals ever placed on the statute-book of any country. Every movement for the relief of the brute creation has originated in England; and when we damn John Bull for one thing and another, let us remember this fact to his eternal honor!

It is hard to part from an old dog-friend with no hope of ever meeting him again, hard to believe that the spirit of love which burned so steadfastly in him is quenched forever. But for those who hold what I have called the ecclesiastical conception of the lower animals, no other view is possible. That devout Catholic and exquisite poet, Dr. Parsons, has beautifully expressed this fact:—

When parents die there's many a word to say —
Kind words, consoling — one can always pray;
When children die 't is natural to tell
Their mother, "Certainly with them 't is well!"
But for a dog, 't was all the life he had,
Since death is end of dogs, or good or bad.
This was his world, he was contented here;
Imagined nothing better, naught more dear,
Than his young mistress; sought no higher
sphere;
Having no sin, asked not to be forgiven;
Ne'er guessed at God nor ever dreamed of
heaven.

Now he has passed away, so much of love
Goes from our life, without one hope above!

But is there no hope? Is there not as much — or, if the reader prefers, as little — hope for the dog as there is for man? Years ago I remember reading in a prominent magazine the statement that doubtless a few men, the very wickedest, will become extinct at death, whereas the rest of mankind will be immortal. This view had some adherents then, but would now be regarded by almost everybody as irrational. Who can believe that between the best and the worst man there is any such gulf as would justify so diverse a fate!

Moreover we have learned that there are no chasms or jumps in nature. One thing slides into another; every creature is a link between two other, and man himself can be traced back physically, mentally, and morally, to the lower animals. Is it not then reasonable to suppose that immortality belongs to all forms of life or to none, that if man is immortal, the dog is immortal, too? Even to speculate upon this subject seems almost ridiculous, our knowledge is so limited; and yet it is hard to refrain from speculating. The transmigration of souls may be a fact, or men and dogs and all other forms of life may be simply forms, temporary phases, proceeding from one source, and returning thereto. But alas, every supposition that we can make is rendered almost, if not quite untenable, by the mere fact that the human intellect has conceived of it, — it is so unlikely that we should hit upon the right solution!

In this situation, what we seem bound to do is to refrain from hasty, and especially from egotistic conclusions, to keep our minds open, to regard the lower animals not only with pity but with a certain reverence. We do not know what or whence they are; but we do know that their nature resembles ours; that they have Individuality, as we have it; that they feel pain, both physical and mental, that they are capable of affection; that, although innocent, as we believe, their sufferings have been, and are, unspeakable. Is there no mystery here?

To many men, to most men, perhaps, a dog is simply an animated machine, developed or created for the convenience of the human race. It may be so; and yet again it may be that the dog has his own rightful place in the universe, irrespective and independent of man, and that an injury done to him is an insult to the Creator.

JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN

II

EDITED BY ELIZABETH BISLAND

ONE of the intimate charms of letters lies in their freedom from any "body of doctrine." Through all the more formal literature a man may create runs instinctively, and of necessity, a thread of consistency. Having maintained a certain thesis, a consciousness of once having assumed an attitude constrains the omission of any expression of a contradiction of it. Yet the very act of announcing and defending a position exhausts the impulse momentarily, and a reaction inevitably ensues. In the selections here made from Lafcadio Hearn's Japanese letters this apparent inconsistency is frankly displayed. Having written two volumes of his first impressions and de-

lights in the land of his adoption, one sees him stretch himself after the long, cramping task, and exclaim with whimsical heartiness, "D—n the Japanese!"

How little he ever anticipated publicity for these frank outpourings of his feelings and thoughts is proved by just such outbursts. And, no doubt for that very reason, it has been through these fluent, unbridled expressions of the mutabilities of his moods that he has found so much wider and more appreciative an audience than he was able to reach in his lifetime. Those who have come to know the richly human nature of the man have turned with new appetite to his serious, purposeful works.

KUMAMOTO, *September 23, 1893.*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... The other night we had a singular festival next door. A teacher of dancing — an old woman of our neighborhood — died last year; and on the anniversary of her death, her *ihai* were placed on a platform erected for the occasion next door, and offerings set before it. Then all the little girls she had taught, from four years up, were brought to dance before the *ihai* to please her spirit. The dainty little fairy darlings! I went behind the scenes and saw all the dressing. The children were all faultless till the dance was over — but then, being tired, they would cry a

little; and their mothers would carry them home, — looking like wonderful dolls in their tiny gorgeous Kagura-dresses. Surely a Japanese baby-girl is the sweetest thing in all this world.

Beyond the other side of the garden I hear and see something much less pleasing — the training of a little geisha. The child is very young; but she is obliged to sing nearly seven hours every day. I can tell what time it is by the tone of weariness in her voice. Sometimes she breaks down and cries to be let alone, in vain. They do not beat her — but she must sing. Some day she will revenge herself on the world for this — and "sarve it right"!

The *tsuki-tsuku-boshi* is not yet dead; but it sings only at long intervals. There is great heat still — alternating with spells of sudden cold — each a little bit sharper than the last. Here winter and summer come and go by sudden jerks. What a funny country it is. There is nothing steady or permanent in nature. There is nothing steady or permanent in the race-character. And for fear that anything should be allowed to evolve and crystallize into anything resembling order, everything is being constantly remodelled and removed and reformed! What, *what* can come out of all this artificial fluidity!

Ever most truly,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, September 24, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

The pendulum has swung to the right again; and the blue devils have vanished; and Kumamoto seems a good place to stay in for another two years. What do you think of that! I wonder whether Watson's poems had anything to do with it. I have by no means read them all yet. This poetry is like wedding-cake: one must eat only a little at a time. The "Dream of Man" is high sublimity; and urged me to fresh work at once on my "Stone Buddha." I was considering exactly the same puzzle; but my theory, luckily, is quite the reverse. It is that the motive and creative power of the universe are burnt-out passions and fears and sorrows, which are only transformed as forces by death, and must continue to make birth and rebirth till such times as they reach a second and supreme form of transformation by the triumph in all worlds of Buddha's own theory. Alas! I can't write poetry.

Reading the introduction, or dedication to London, there flashed to me memory of a mightier poem of the same kind by a smaller poet; — do you re-

member the colossal power of Alexander Smith's "Edinburgh"? Smith could not have written "The Dream of Man"; but he felt the grim heart of a city as I think no one else — certainly no Latin — ever felt it. Indeed Latin lands have not yet developed that awful thing, an industrial center, as the English and the Americans have, — the industrial center, whose blood is steam, whose nerves are steel, — devouring the weak, consuming the strong, — the machine in whose cogwork each man knows himself caught and doomed to whirl forever.

There are bits here and there that made me think of Villon. (Of course you know Payne's wonderful translations.) I was a little startled by the verses on Oscar Wilde. Why do we feel that a poet like Watson has no right to be a mocker, to say cruel things to his fellow man? We feel the same in reading Tennyson's terrible satire on Bulwer Lytton, and Browning's brutal anger at Edward FitzGerald. I think we regard it as we regard an obscene poem by a priest, or in other words a sort of sacrilege to self. We have not yet learned (as I think we shall some day) to confess aloud that the highest poetry is Religion, and its world-priests the true prophets and teachers. But we feel it. Therefore we are shocked and pained when these betray any sign of those paltry or mean passions above which their art at other times lifts us.

To-day I must tell you the Legend of my house. There are, you know, two kinds of Haunters in Japan — the Living and the Dead. He who built this house to spend his age in was happy in all things, except a child. So he and his wife made agreement with a girl to bear a child for them, under certain conditions: Rachael and her handmaid. She gave him a boy; and he sent her away, — hiring a nur-

the boy. But he did not keep his promise in all things, — and even his wife blamed him. Whereat he said nothing. Presently, for the first time in his life, he fell ill. The physician (a garrison doctor), after trying what could be done, declared he must die. The Kan-nushi told him why — “there was an *iki-ryo* in his home.” So others said. Then remorse seized him. They tried to find the girl. She was gone — lost in the forty millions, God knows where. And the days dragged in uttermost pain. Then came a *hyakusho* saying he had heard where the woman was; he might be able to bring her back within a week. But the sick man said: “No, she would not forgive *in her heart*, it is too late.” And he returned his face to the wall and died. Then the widow, and the little boy, and the pet cat went away; and I took up my dwelling in the house. The *iki-ryo* has passed.

Ever faithfully,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, September 27, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... I have conquered the first vexation of licking my cubs into shape. They are good boys, as a whole; but each new class comes in absolutely savage. Only the Gods know how they have been trained. It takes real trouble for a while to get them into the regular drill. And you know how a foreign teacher is placed — he has no moral support whatever, and must smooth everything himself. I have never been obliged to complain — but I feel, if I did, that the blame of the result would be rather for me than for the offenders. The whole idea is that a good teacher should be able to keep his crew in hand; if he complains, it is a sign that he is wrong! There is some sense in the policy, but it is too d—bly *general*.

Speaking of the oddity of the reception of our guests from Horai reminds

me of another queer fact I want to chat with you about. It affords a striking proof of the fact that any foreigner who, without very considerable experiences, ventures to draw inferences about Japanese conduct is sure to be dead wrong.

You remember my story about the *iki-ryo*. It is true, of course. Now listen to the odd sequel. The people blamed the girl very much. They attributed to her the death of the man who had been unkind to her. They sympathized with her, but they blamed her.

Here comes the puzzle. Why did they blame her? Perhaps you don't perceive the whole face of the puzzle yet. She was not blamed as a witch. She was not blamed for sorcery. But she was blamed for the death — caused by the haunting of the *iki-ryo*.

Now the sending of an *iki-ryo* is not *voluntary* at all. Other Things (with a capital “T”) may be sent. But an *iki-ryo* goes forth quite independently of the will of the person from whom it emanates, and even without the knowledge of that person.

How then could the people blame the woman for the coming of the *iki-ryo* and the death of the man?

Well, they blamed her for being too angry, — because anger secretly nursed *may* cause an *iki-ryo* to form, and therefore she ought to have known better than to allow herself to be so angry!

Who could divine such an explanation of the facts in the case? Eh?

Faithfully ever,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, October 11, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

I am thinking it is time to write you — though there is no news. Suppose I write you of one day of my life as a sample. I don't see why I should n't

— though I would not write it to anybody else on either side the world.

Morning, 6 A. M. The little alarm clock rings. Wife rises and wakes me, — with the salutation *de rigueur* of old Samurai days. I get myself into a squatting posture, draw the never-extinguished *hibachi* to the side of the *futons*, and begin to smoke. The servants enter, prostrate themselves, and say good morning to the *damasama*, and proceed to open the *to*. Meanwhile in the other chambers the little oil lamps have been lighted before the tablets of the ancestors, and the Buddhist — (not the Shinto deities) — and prayers are being said, and offerings to the ancestors made. (Spirits are not supposed to eat *the food* offered them, — only to absorb some of its living essence. Therefore the offerings are very small.) Already the old men are in the Garden, saluting the rising sun, and clapping their hands, and murmuring the Izumo prayers. I stop smoking, and make my toilet on the *Engawa*.

7 A. M. — Breakfast. Very light — eggs and toast. Lemonade with a spoonful of whiskey in it, and black coffee. Wife serves; and I always make her eat a little with me. But she eats sparingly, — as she must afterward put in an appearance at the regular family breakfast. — Then Kurumaya comes. — I begin to put on my *yofuku*. I did not at first like the Japanese custom, — that the wife should give each piece of clothing in regular order, see to the pockets, etc.; — I thought it encouraged laziness in a man. But when I tried to oppose it, I found I was giving offense and spoiling pleasure. So I submit to the ancient rule.

7:30 A. M. — All gather at the door to say *Sayonara*; but the servants stand outside, — according to the new custom requiring the servants to stand when the master is in *yofuku*. I light a

cigar, — kiss a hand extended to me (this is the only imported custom), and pass to the school.

BLANK of 4 to 5 hours.

Returning, at the call of the Kurumaya, — all come to the door again as before, to greet me with the O-Kaeri; and I have to submit to aid in undressing, and in putting on the kimono, *obi*, etc. The kneeling cushion and *hibachi* are ready. There is a letter from Chamberlain San, or Mason San. Dinner.

The rest eat only when I am finished; because there are two *ukyo*, but I am the worker. The principle is that the family supporter's wants are first to be considered, — though in other matters he does not rank first. For instance, the place of honor when sitting together is always by age and parentage. I then take the fourth place, and wife the fifth. And the old man¹ is always then served the first.

During the repast there is a sort of understanding that the rest of the family and the servants are not to be disturbed without necessity. There is no rule; but the custom I respect. So I never go into that part of the house unnecessarily till they have finished. There is also some etiquette about favorite places, — which is strictly observed.

3 P. M. — 4. — If very hot, everybody sleeps, — the servants sleeping by turns. If cool and pleasant, all work. The women make clothes. The men do all kinds of little things in the garden and elsewhere. Children come to play. The *Asahi Shimbun* arrives.

6 P. M. — Bath hour.

6:30–7:30. — Supper.

8 P. M. — Everybody squats round the *hako-hibachi* to hear the *Asahi Shimbun* read, or to tell stories. Sometimes the paper does not come, — then curious games are played, in which the girls join. The mother sews at intervals.

¹ Hearn's father-in-law.

But if the night is very fine, we sometimes go out — always taking turns so that the girls get their share of the outing. Sometimes the theatre is the attraction. Sometimes there are guests. I think the greatest joy, though, is the discovery and purchase of odd or pretty things in some lamp-lit shop at night. It is brought home in great triumph, and all sit round it in a circle to admire. My own evening, however, is generally passed in writing. If guests come for me, the rest of the family remains invisible till they go away, — except wife, — that is, if the guests are important. Then she sees to their comfort. Ordinary guests are served only by the girls.

As evening wanes, the turn of the *Kami-Sama* comes. During the day, they receive their usual offerings, but it is at night the special prayers are made. The little lamps are lighted; and each of the family in turn, except myself, says the prayers and pays reverence. These prayers are always said standing, but those to the *hotoke* are said kneeling. Some of the prayers are said for me. I was never asked to pray but once — when there was grief in the house; and then I prayed to the Gods, repeating the Japanese words one by one as they were told to me. — The little lamps of the *Kami* are left to burn themselves out.

All wait for me to give the signal of bed-time, — unless I should become so absorbed in writing as to forget the hour. Then I am asked if I am not working too hard. The girls spread the *futons* in the various rooms; and the *hibachi* are replenished, so that we — *i. e.* I and the men only — may smoke during the night if we wish. Then the girls prostrate themselves with an *o-yasumi!* and all becomes quiet.

Sometimes I read till I fall asleep. Sometimes I keep on writing — with a pencil in bed, — but always, accord-

ing to ancient custom, the little wife asks *pardon for being the first to go to sleep*. I once tried to stop the habit — thinking it too humble. But after all it is pretty, — and is so set into the soul that it could not be stopped. And this is an ordinary day in outline. Then we sleep.

Faithfully ever,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, December 14, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

What you said in your last letter about the effect of darkness upon you in childhood, haunted me: I thought I would revert to it another time. And now that about 100 compositions have been corrected, I can find a chance to chat about it.

You specified nothing: I understand the feeling itself was vague, — like many other feelings of childhood, of which the indefiniteness itself is a fear, — a sort of mysterious depression of which you could not yourself have told the cause. (This I also remember, — but it became coupled with other unpleasant sensations of which I shall speak presently.) It seems to me these feelings of earliest childhood — so intense and yet so vague — are the weirdest in all human experience, and that for the best of reasons: *they are really ghostly*. Not of our own experience are these; — they are of the dead — of the vanished generations behind us; — and I am not sure but that our pleasures are equally weird at that age. I remember crying loudly at an air played upon the piano, — in the midst of a fashionable gathering; — and I remember people (long buried) whose names I have quite forgotten, making their voices and faces kind, and trying to coax me to tell what was the matter. Naturally I could not tell; — I can only vaguely guess now; I know the emotions stirred within my child-heart

were not of me — but of other lives. But *then* I had to give a reason: so I lied. I said I was thinking of my uncle who was dead (though I never really cared for him at all). Then I got petting, and cake, and wondered, young as I was, how I had been able to deceive.

Have you not noticed how utterly the psychologists have failed to explain the Fear that comes in dreams? The suspension of will-power is given as an explanation; but that will not do, — because there is frequently loss of will-power in dreams unaccompanied by the *real* fear of nightmare. The real fear of nightmare is greater than any fear possible to experience in waking moments; it is the highest possible form of mental suffering; it is so powerful that were it to last more than a few instants it would cause death; and it is so intimately linked to feelings of which we know nothing in waking hours — feelings not belonging to life at all — that we cannot describe it. It is certainly well that we cannot. Now I have long fancied that this form of fear also is explainable only by the inheritance of ancestral memories, — not any one painful experience, but the multitudinous fears of a totally unknown past, which the Gods have otherwise mercifully enabled us to forget. The memories themselves are indeed gone — only the sensations of them remain — stir into life at vague moments of sleep, and especially in the sleep of sickness, when the experiences of real life grow faintest in recollection.

Well, when I was a child, bad dreams took for me real form and visibility. In my waking hours *I saw* them. They walked about noiselessly and made hideous faces at me. Unhappily I had no mother then — only an old grand-aunt who never had children of her own, and who hated superstition. If I cried for fear in the dark, I only got whipped for it; but the fear of ghosts was greater

than the fear of whippings — *because I could see the ghosts*. The old lady did not believe me; but the servants did, and used to come and comfort me by stealth. As soon as I was old enough to be sent to a child-school, I was happier, — because, though badly treated there, I had companions at night who were not ghosts. Gradually the phantoms passed — I think when I was about ten or eleven I had ceased to fear. It is only in dreams now that the old fear ever comes back.

Now I believe in ghosts. Because I saw them? Not at all. I believe in ghosts though I disbelieve in souls. I believe in ghosts because there are no ghosts in the modern world. And the difference between a world full of ghosts and another kind of world shows us what ghosts mean — and gods.

The awful melancholy of that book of Pearson's may be summed up in this, I think: "The Aspirational has passed forever out of life." It is horribly true. What made the aspirational in life? Ghosts. Some were called Gods, some Demons, some Angels; — they changed the world for man; they gave him courage and purpose and the awe of Nature that slowly changed into love; — they filled all things with a sense and motion of invisible life, — they made both terror and beauty.

There are no ghosts, no angels and demons and gods; all are dead. The world of electricity, steam, mathematics, is blank and cold and void. No man can even write about it. Who can find a speck of romance in it? What are our novelists doing? Crawford must write of Italy or India or ancient Persia; Kipling of India; Black of remote Scotch country life; James lives only as a marvellous psychologist, — and he has to live and make his characters live on the Continent; Howells portrays the ugliest and harshest commonplaces of a transient democracy;

— what great man is writing, or can write of fashionable society anything worth reading, or of modern middle life, — or of the poor of cities, — unless after the style of *Ginx's Baby*? No! those who write must seek their material in those parts of the world where ghosts still linger, — in Italy, in Spain, in Russia, in the old atmosphere of Catholicism. The Protestant world has become bald and cold as a meeting-house. The ghosts are gone; and the result of their departure proves how real they were. The Cosacking of Europe might have one good result, — that of bringing back the ghosts, — with that Wind of the Spirit which moves the ocean of Russian peasant life for the gathering storm. Sometimes I think of writing a paper to be called "The Vanishing of the Gods."

Perhaps you are tired of theories. But I want to speak of one thing more, — a *theorizer*, a beautiful French boy of seventeen, whose name was Henry Charles Reade. He died at seventeen. Friends who loved him collected his boyish poems, and printed them in a little book, — seven or eight years ago. One of these poems expresses a sensation only a psychologist of power could explain. It relates to what Spencer tells us is relative to all antecedent experience. I offer my own "overdone" translation of it — because I have not the original. The original was more simple, and in all respects worthy of a better rendering, but the idea is as follows:—

I think that God resolved to be
 Ungenerous when I came on earth,
 And that the heart He gave to me
 Was old already ere my birth.

He placed within my childish breast
 A worn-out heart, — to save expense! —
 A heart long tortured by unrest
 And torn by passion's violence.

Its thousand tender scars proclaim
 A thousand episodes of woe; —

And yet I know not how it came
 By all those wounds which hurt it so!

Within its chambers linger hosts
 Of passion-memories never mine, —
 Dead fires, — dreams faded out, — the ghosts
 Of suns that long have ceased to shine.

Perfumes, deliriously sweet,
 Of loves that I have never known
 It holds, — and burns with maddening heat
 For beauty I may never own.

O weirdest fate! — O hopeless woe!
 Anguish unrivalled! — peerless pain! —
 To wildly love, — and never know
 The object wildly loved in vain!

Certainly the lad who could write such a poem at sixteen might have been a poet if he lived, — don't you think so?

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *January 12, 1894.*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . Mason's criticism is partly right from his point of view as expressed in his letter, I think. But I also think that neither in this article nor in a previous one did he quite understand my drift, which was psychological. I still think, as you say, the foreigner does not see the real Japanese life, even under the most favoured conditions. Only the other day, at a Japanese house, my host, drawing his child to his breast, and caressing it, said to me, "We cannot do that among ourselves, and the little fellow knows he has not any right to come near me [meaning cuddle up to him] when there are guests. But as you are a foreigner, you will excuse him." In Izumo, I noticed contrary signs, proving that the conduct of husband and wife to each other is by rigid rule purely formal under observation; even the pretended throwing aside of formality is formal. Of course I have learned something of other lives, — but not by my own observation. The emotional side, — even in the case of death, is forever hidden, not from us

alone, but from all. I heard the other day of tragedies that astounded me. The sufferers — fellow teachers — never interrupted duty, nor hinted of their loss or suffering in any possible way. They would have thought themselves degraded to have done so.

And now for the big? — Are you really surprised that I think evolutionary philosophy has enormously spiritualized our idea of woman and made her infinitely more precious? Well, it is true I have seen no books written upon the subject, but the doctrine entails the result I specify. Here I would wish to be able to talk; to explain my thoughts on paper fully would take too long. I can only suggest. The physical or material facts of evolution are terribly beautiful and wonderful. But what is infinitely more terrible, and beautiful, and wonderful, is the psychological story of evolution. Let us think of a sweet young pure girl, with the mother-soul (*mutter seele*?) in her but half fledged. According to theology what does she represent? A freshly created being, moulded by an imaginary God. According to materialism what is she? A perfect female body, brought into existence by material laws, and destined to live and perish like a plant, a human polycotyledon. According to evolutionary philosophy what is she? Not ONE, — but countless myriads of millions of dead in ONE LIFE MANIFESTATION, — an incomprehensible Multiple, that has appeared but once in the order of the Cosmos, and never can appear again.

But that is only the barest definition. Why is she beautiful? Because in the struggles of unknown millions of years between the tendency to beauty and the tendency to ugliness, the beautiful triumphed over unspeakable obstacles and won. Why is she good and sweet and loveable? Because by the sacrifices, and the love, and the sense

of goodness acquired by countless millions of mothers, — in spite of all conceivable suffering and pain and terror and fear and wickedness, — the sum of all the unthinkable multitude of tendencies in the race to goodness triumphed to appear in her. A good man, a good woman, seemed a small matter a century ago, — men and women were, as for Heine, Nos. 1, 2, 3 . . . 11, 12. But when we learn scientifically at what an awful cost of suffering and struggle and death any single moral being is evolved, surely the sense of the value of a life is increased unspeakably. And on the other hand, — how much more terrible does a crime appear! For of old a crime was a violation of the laws of a country, a particular society, a particular theology. But in the light of the new philosophy, a real crime becomes a crime against not only the totality of all human experience with right and wrong, but a distinct injury to the universal tendency to higher things, — a crime against not humanity only but the entire Cosmos, — against the laws that move a hundred millions of systems of worlds.

Years ago I wrote a story I am now ashamed of; but I cut out a paragraph and send it, because it embodies some of my fancies on this topic. Still, I can't write my thoughts to you; they are things to talk over only. Thousands of illustrations only could satisfy me.

Then there is this other very awful thing. Here is a woman, for example, who is good, sweet, beautiful. Since the beginning of the world, all life, all humanity, all progress, has been working against evil and death in one line. The end of the line only is visible. It is that girl. She represents the supreme effort. But she is a creator. Her place is to continue the infinite work of the dead. He who weds her has an awful responsibility both to the dead and to

the unborn. To the dead, if he should mar their work. To the future, if he plant in that bosom a life incapable of continuing the progress of the past. But this is too long. Are you not tired?

Ever most truly,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, (no date.)

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... But about Japanese art. I, too, thought of the anatomy question. It did not solve the question for me. Why? Because *I don't believe the Greeks knew anything about anatomy*. I say this after a careful study of Winkelmann and the monuments so matchlessly engraved by the Society of Dilettanti (what would I not give to have the edition I saw), and the engravings of gems, etc., etc. The astounding thing is that the great Italians who studied osteology, — who drew the skeleton before covering it with painted flesh, — never approached the commonest Greek outline. Did the Greeks ever dissect? It strikes me their religion would have rendered that impossible, and their humanity. How did they manage? What is the awful, — really *awful* secret of their knowledge of grace? We know the geometrical rules for the face. But those for the limbs, — those long, lithe, light, wondrous limbs! and the torso, — and the divine symmetry of the rest, — we cannot find. We know they drew by rule, squaring off the surface with cross-lines first. But what was the rule? And how did they find it? And the muscles of the Farnese, — the supplement of the miraculous Aphrodite, — the abdominal lines of the Apollo, — nay, the mere set of the limbs of the smallest nude figure on a gem! Yet they cannot have studied anatomy at all in the modern sense. No; they loved the body; — they found the secrets of the divine geometrical idea of it through the intui-

tion of that love, possible only in a time when there was no sense of shame or shyness, or what we call conscience, about sexual matters in themselves. I can't think scientific knowledge of anatomy could have helped them much in groping for the pure ideal which they found; it would rather have balked them. And I don't think ignorance of the subject would alone explain the Japanese incapacity in the anatomical direction.

Strange to say, however, yesterday I saw an inartistic cow. Really! I had been invited to look at some kakemono by Ippo, and lo! — the first was a *running* cow. It was very good. But why? Curiously enough the cow had been drawn *exactly like an insect*; the figure was about as large as this sheet, and foreshortened, — the hindquarters being turned toward the gazer. What the artist had caught was the motion, — the queer crooked lumbering knock-kneed motion of the cow. I don't believe he could have done it on a bigger scale at all; he could not have then given the sense of the gawky movement.

KUMAMOTO, January 30, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... The secret of many enthusiasms evoked by national song must be, I imagine, hidden from those of alien race and experience. I was horribly disappointed by the *Ranz des Vaches*; perhaps one must have lived in Switzerland to understand it. Songs there are, like the Marseillaise, which explain their history by the melody alone; so powerfully do they reflect the emotion of an hour. But I doubt whether even so splendid a song as the *Death of Nelson*, with its shouting lines, —

England expects
That every man
This day will do his duty, —

could be fully understood by any Latin.

And what would an Irish or Scotch air mean to an Italian or a Spaniard, in most cases? Association is the great witchcraft. Still there are songs which combine the triple charm of poetry, melody, and association.

"Patti is going to sing at the St. Charles," said a friend to me years ago. "I know you hate the theatre, but you *must* go." (I had been surfeited with drama by old duty as a dramatic reporter, and had vowed not to enter a theatre again.) I went. There was a great dim pressure, a stifling heat, a whispering of silks, a weight of toilet-perfumes. Then came an awful hush; all the silks stopped whispering. And there suddenly sweetened out through that dead hot air a clear, cool, tense thread-gush of melody unlike any sound I had ever heard before save — in tropical nights — from the throat of a mocking-bird. It was *Auld Lang Syne* only — but with never a *tremolo* or artifice; a marvellous, audacious simplicity of utterance. The silver of that singing rings in my heart still.

There is no song which moves me so much, — not because of the "intolerable pathos" only (as Matthew Arnold calls it) of the words, nor only because of the souvenir of the divine voice. But there is a dream fastened to that song — the dream of an Indian city stifling in reek of pestilence and smoke of battle, — trenches piled with sweltering corpses, — grim preparation against worse than death, — the sense of vast remoteness from all dear things, — and the sudden lighting up of all those memories which grow vivid only at the last hour. And then, like one of those memories itself, — startling beyond all startlingness, — the Highland piping beyond the walls, —

"We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
From morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid have roared
Sin Auld Lang Syne."

I believe it was first the Clan call of the MacGregors; then Auld Lang Syne. What was Beethoven to *that*?

Well, your mere statement of the history of the existing military songs of course kills all hope of finding in them anything corresponding to sincerity of thought and true emotional art. Such merits belong only to spontaneous work, and especially to the creations of the people. Only the melodies and the historical or local suggestions can therefore account for the excitement these new songs produce; — and the most one could attempt would be to give the lilt and an occasional suggestive fragment, — in a purely literary study of them. On the other hand, their *Zeit-geist* quality is of the most extraordinary, and worthy of a very elaborate essay. The idea of "Supensa" and "Dawin" is too enormously grotesque! — what a study you *could* make! The romance would n't be on the surface, — but deep down under the whole thing there is certainly the broad interest of a race-effort for independence. It would apologize for the atrocities of many an utterance. "Supensa"!! "Dawin"!!!

I read Kipling's ballad three times last night, and every time I found new surprises in it. Queer how he hits the local color and the exact human tone always. I used to chat while stopping at Carey's in Yokohama with just such men as the sealers. I rather like seamen, engineers, — all that hard class. They can tell you wonderful things; and their talk is never dull. But to use it like Kipling one must have worked with them, lived their life. I always fail in trying to work out one of their yarns; the stage of the action is too unfamiliar to me.

Ever faithfully,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, February 16, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

... Perhaps the condition of the Japanese dog is one thing which tells powerfully against our beliefs about the influence of Buddhism upon the treatment of animals. The Japanese dog remains very close to the primitive wolf or jackal. The *chin* makes only an exception to the rule. We must talk of the *dog* in general. What a difference between the Western and the Japanese dog! How different the gaze, the intuition, the memory! And how utterly deficient the Japanese dog in gratitude! And how indifferent to the question of who owns him! He is still pretty savage, — occasionally shows it in very ugly ways. He feeds his young exactly like a wolf, — chewing up, half-digesting, and then regorging for the benefit of the pup. He is curiously cunning, — but in a savage sneaking way.

A great russet brute lies on the sunny half of the street facing the college. He lets the children play about him, but is n't demonstrative; Japanese dogs never are. He is apathetic in demeanor. I notice his sharp ears suddenly prick, and his sharp eyes aim for a minute far down the road. That means inward emotion, but what it is I can't imagine, because he deliberately turns his head the other way, and stares at the smoke of the *Aso-San*. Presently I discern, far, far away, the cause of the momentary emotion, coming at a lope. It is a dog of foreign breed, — setter build, — long, light, with silky drooping ears. Approaching, his very large eyes get bigger. He sees the red bulk lying in the middle of the road. A moment he hesitates; but the wolfish muzzle is pointed toward *Aso-San*. There is a chance. The *Gwai-koku-jiu* "spurts" to pass. But at exactly the right moment the red jaws take him by the back. Oh!

the agony and the howling! The foreigner howls, yelps, desperately fights. The native does n't make a sound, — he only bites. For half-a-mile he follows the fugitive, — rolls him over, turns him in circles, — torments him into frenzy. At last he comes back slowly, and lies down again, without a sign of excitement, among the children. A peasant strides along with his horse, and scowls at the dog. The late warrior suddenly changes to jackal, — because the peasant happens to have a bamboo. Such a combination of cunning, ferocity, and cowardice, is not of the civilized dog.

I have not yet been able to find a civilized cat. There must be some, but they are very rare. Shyness and treachery characterize most of them.

The horses I don't understand at all. Never have I seen one struck. The peasant marches along with them, speaks gently to them, does not ask them to labor harder than himself. I followed one day, for fully two miles, a peasant who walked behind his horse, holding the ends of two heavy planks fastened to the animal's back. The motion of the horse caused them to oscillate; — so the peasant held the ends and handled them in such a manner as to prevent the horse's back from being rubbed. I see lots of such actions. But why are these horses so horribly afraid? They actually whinny with fear when they hear a *kuruma* coming. It gives one an awful suspicion that they must have been started out in life with a sufficient experience of pain to render all further correction unnecessary. They give one the same unpleasant impression as performing dogs do — which is unspeakable.

This brings me to Buddhism. Surely, as you say, it were better for Japan to have any civilized religion than none, — and the danger is that of having

none. You can't imagine how many compositions I get containing such words as — "Is there a God? — I don't know" — which, strange as it may seem to you, does n't rejoice me at all. I am agnostic, atheist, anything theologians like to call me; but what a loss to the young mind of eighteen or twenty years must be the absence of all that sense of reverence and tenderness which the mystery of the infinite gives. Religion has been very much to me, and I am still profoundly religious in a vague way. It will be a very ugly world when the religious sense is dead in all children. For it is the poetry of the young, that should color all afterthought, — or at least render cosmic emotions possible later on.

The *Shinshu* does seem to hold its own, or to gain. But there are curious obstacles. The students of its schools are obliged to reverence the Head of the sect as a living Buddha, — wherefore modern teaching must be tabooed, or modified and distorted. (The same thing, I believe, in the University; for at one time it was seriously proposed to secure John Fiske for the chair of Philosophy, but the discovery that the evolution theory assailed the Imperial prerogatives ended *that* project. I am also told there is no chance of having the Spencerian or any other form of Western philosophy ably taught in Japan for similar reasons — much as they pretend to follow Spencer.) But, as I was saying, what of the other sects of Buddhism? — the enormous ignorance, the hideous poverty, the corruption?

Shinto, on the other hand, has native nobility. It seems to me in many ways a noble creed; and the absurdities of its records of the Gods are not, after all, greater than those of other faiths, — either Indian or Hebrew or

Moslem. But the fox-temples and fox-rites and divinations and exorcism mixed up with it, seem to have much more influence than the real thing.

Finally, Christianity offers the small choice of thirty-two different creeds. And the young man of the twenty-seventh year of Meiji is disgusted. He thinks of all these beliefs as various forms of mental disease, and cannot naturally be expected to believe, without a study in advance of his years, that all — even the most corrupt — are growths rooted in universal truth.

For the educated classes no religion seems to be the certain goal. This means, not only that the whole moral experience of the past is being thrown overboard by that class, with nothing to replace it; but it means the rapid widening of an impassable gulf between the educated and the common people — the total separation of the head from the body — or at best a sort of *nuke-kubi* future. A ghastly business!

What is there, after all, to love in Japan except what is passing away? There are fairer lands and skies; — there is a larger — a vastly larger life — as much larger as Sirius is larger than the moon. The charm was the charm of nature in human nature and in human art, — simplicity, — mutual kindness, — child-faith, — gentleness, — politeness. These are evaporating more rapidly than ether from an uncorked bottle. And then what will there be but memories? The one tolerably good thing yet is the cottony softness of all this life, — the let-alone spirit of it, — for even hates work with smiles and pretty words. This *is* good, — although it means the absence of large feelings, sympathies, comprehensions. As the stronger the light, the blacker the shadow it casts, so are our highest feelings offset by evil ones of startling power. One does not meet these in Japan. But how long will this

condition last? The bonds are only now being cast off; — the cage doors opened. By and by the games will begin — *circenses*.

I am through most of the indexing. Really it was more pleasant than I had anticipated — gives one such an ex-

aggerated idea of the extent of one's work. The book seemed to be enormous by the time I got to "Zuijin." An enormous illusion — or, rather, evocation of the ghost of old Japan.

Ever most truly,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MASQUERADE

BY ALICE BROWN

THE summer boarders had gone, and Marshmead was settling down to a peace enhanced by affluence. Though the exodus had come earlier than usual this year, because the Hiltons were sailing for Germany and the Dennys due at the Catskills, not one among their country entertainers had complained. Marshmead approved, from a careless dignity, when people brought money into the town, but it always relapsed into its own customs with a contented sigh after the jolt of inexplicable requirements and imported ways.

This year had been an especially fruitful one. The boarders had given a fancy-dress party with amateur vaudeville combined, for the benefit of the old church, and Martha Waterman now, as she toiled up the hill to a meeting of the Circle, held the resultant check in one of her plump freckled hands. Martha was chief mover in all capable deeds, a warm, silent woman who called children "lambs," plied them with pears, and knew the inner secrets of rich cookery. She was portly, and her thin skin

gave confirmation to her own frequent complaint of feeling the heat; but though the day had been more sultry than it was, she would not have foregone the pleasure of endowing the Circle with its new accession toward the meeting-house fund.

The Circle had been founded in war-time, when women scraped lint and sewed with a passionate zeal. Martha was a little girl then, wondering what the excitement was really about, although, since it had lasted through her own brief period, she took it that war was a permanent condition, like bread or weather. Now she often mused over those old days and thought how marvelous it was that she could ever have been young enough to see no significance in that time of blood and pain. In these middle years of hers the Circle was a different affair, but it kept its loyal being. To-day it met in the basement of the church, and there, when Martha went plodding in, nearly all the other members were assembled. Sometimes they sewed for sufferers from varying disasters, but to-day their hands were idle, and a buzz of

talk saluted her. They looked up as one woman when she entered.

"There she is," called two or three, and Lydia Vesey, the little dressmaker, as sharp and unexpected as the slash of her own too-impulsive scissors, came forward with a little run.

"You got it?" she inquired.

Mrs. Waterman laughed richly, and set her umbrella in the corner. Then, still holding one hand closed upon the check, she untied her hat and fanned herself with it during the relief of sinking into a seat.

"Do let me get my breath," she besought, yet as if she prolonged the moment for the sake of the dramatic weight the tale demanded. "Seems if I never experienced such a day as this. It's hotter'n any fall I ever see."

"You look very warm, Martha," said Ellen Bayliss, in her quiet, gentle way.

She was sitting by the window, bending over an embroidered square, the sun on her soft curls and delicate cheek unveiling the look of middle life, yet doing something kindly, too; for although he showed the withered texture of her skin, he brought out the last fleck of gold in her hair, and balanced sadness with some bloom. Ellen had been accounted a beauty, and her niece Nellie was a beauty now, of a more radiant type. She was the rose of life, but Aunt Ellen had the fragrance of roses in a jar.

"You sewin', Ellen?" Martha inquired, as if she were willing to shift the topic from what would exact continued speech from her, and at least defer her colleagues' satisfaction. "You're the only one that's brought their thimble, I'll be bound."

"It's only this same centrepiece," Ellen answered, holding it up. "Mrs. Hilton told me if I'd send it after her, she'd give me three dollars for it. I

thought I could turn the money into the fund."

"You got it?" Lydia Vesey cried again, as if she could not possibly crowd her interest under; and this time she had reinforcements from without. Mrs. Daniel Pray, who was almost a giantess and bent laboriously over to accommodate her height to her husband's, took off her glasses and laid them on her declivitous lap, the better to fix Martha with her dull, small eyes.

"I'll be whipped if I believe you've got it, after all," she offered discontentedly. "Mebbe they're goin' to send it by mail."

Martha looked at her a moment, apparently in polite consideration, but really wondering, as she often did, if anything would thicken the hair at Mrs. Pray's parting. She frequently, out of the strength of her address and capability, had these moments of musing over what could be done.

"Speak up, Marthy, can't ye?" ended Mrs. Pray irritably, now putting on her glasses again as if, having tried one way, she would essay another. "Did n't you see Mis' Hilton at the last, or did n't they give it to you?"

Martha unclosed her hand and extended it to them impartially, the check, face uppermost, held between thumb and finger. They bent forward to peer. Some rose and looked over the shoulders of the nearer ones, and glasses were sought and hastily mounted upon noses.

"Well, there," said Mrs. Hanscom, the wife of the grain-dealer who always stipulated for cash payment before he would deliver a bag at the barn-door, "it ain't bills, as I see."

"It's just as good." Ellen Bayliss looked up from her sewing to throw this in, with her air of deprecating courtesy. "A check's the same as

money any day. I have two, twice a year, from my stock. All you have to do is to write your name on the back and turn 'em into the bank."

"Well, all I want to know is, what's it come to?" Lydia Vesey said. "Course it's just the same as money. I've had checks myself, days past. Once I done over Miss Tenny's black mohair an' sent it after her, an' she mailed me back a check, — same day, I guess it was. How much's it come to, Marthy?"

"See for yourself," said Martha. She laid it, still face upward, on the table. "It's as much yours as 't is mine, I guess, if I be treasurer. Forty-three dollars an' twenty-seven cents."

There was a chorused sigh.

"Well, I call that a good haul," said Ann Bartlett, whose father had been sexton for thirty-eight years, and who, in consequence, looked upon herself as holding some subtly intimate relation with the church, so that when the old carpet was "auctioned off" she insisted on darning the breadths before they were put up for sale. "What money can do! Just one evenin', an' them few folks dressed up to kill an' payin' that in for their ice cream an' tickets at the door."

"We made the ice cream," said Martha, as one stating a fact to be justly remembered.

"We paid ourselves in, too," said Lydia sharply. "I guess our money's good as anybody's, an' I guess it'll count up as quick an' go as fur."

"Course it will," said Martha, in a mollifying tone. "But 't is an easy way of makin' a dollar, just as Ann says. There they got up a fancy-dress party an' enjoyed themselves, an' it's brought in all this. 'Twa'n't hard work for 'em. 'T was a kind o' play."

"Well I guess they did enjoy it," said Mrs. Pray gloomily. She had settled her glasses on her nose again, and now, with her finger, went follow-

ing the bows round under her hair, to be sure they "canted right." "I guess they would n't ha' done it if they had n't."

"There's one thing Mis' Hilton says to me when she passed me the check," Martha brought out, in sudden recollection. "'Now here's this money we made for you,' she says. 'Use it anyways you want, so's you use it for the church. But,' she says, 'why don't you make up your minds now you'll give some kind of an entertainment after we're gone, a harvest festival,' she says, 'or the like o' that? Then you could do your paintin',' she says, 'an' get you a new melodeon for the Sunday School, or whatever 't is you want. We've showed you the way,' she says. 'Now you go ahead an' see what you can do.'"

Lydia Vesey looked as if she might, in another instant, cap the suggestion by a satirical climax, and Ellen Bayliss rested her sewing hand on her knee and glanced thoughtfully about as if to ask, in her still, earnest way, what her own part could be in such an enterprise. But a step came hurrying down the stairs, the step of a heavy body lightly carried, and Caddie Musgrave came in at a flying pace. It was Caddie who, with the help of her silent husband, kept the big boarding-house on the hill. No need to talk to her about summer boarders, she was wont to say. She knew 'em, egg an' bird. Take 'em as folks an' nobody was better, but 't was boarders she meant. They might seem different, fust sight, but shake 'em up in a peck measure, an' you could n't tell t' other from which.

"I guess you're tired," said Ellen Bayliss, in her gentle fashion, taking a stolen glance from the embroidery and returning again at once to her careful stitches.

"Tired!" said Caddie. She dropped into a chair and leaned her head back

with ostentatious weariness, "I guess I be. An' yet I told Charlie 'fore they went I never 'd say I was tired again in all my born days, only let me get rid of 'em this time."

"How'd you manage with 'em this season?" asked Mrs. Pray, as if her question concerned the importation of some alien plant.

Caddie opened her eyes and came to a posture more adapted to sustaining her end of the conversational burden.

"Why, they're all right," she owned, "good as gold, take 'em on their own ground. I found out they were good as gold that winter I went upan' passed Sunday with Mis' Denny. But take 'em together, boardin', an' what one don't think of t' other will. This summer 't was growin' fleshy, an' if they did n't harp on that one string—well, suz!"

Mrs. Pray nodded her head solemnly.

"I said that," she returned. "I said that to Jonathan when I come home from the Circle the day they was here talkin' over the fund an' settlin' what they 'd do. I come home an' says to Jonathan wipin' his hands on the roller towel there by the back door, I says, 'What's everybody got ag'inst growin' old, an' growin' hefty, too, for that matter?' I says. 'Seems if folks don't talk about nothin' else.'"

Martha put in her assuaging word.

"Well, I guess human natur' ain't changed much. I guess nobody ever hankered much after gettin' stiff j'int's an' losin' their eyesight an' so. 'T would be a queer kind of a shay that was lookin' for'ard to goin' to pieces while 't was travelin' along. Mis' Denny's niece that reads in public read me that piece once. I thought 't was about the cutest that ever was."

Ellen Bayliss had laid her sewing on her knee, and now she looked up in an impulsive haste, the color in her

cheeks and a quick moving note in her voice.

"It is n't growing old that's the trouble. It's talking about it. Why, the night after that meeting of the Circle—" She stopped here, and her eyes, widening and growing darker in a way they had, gave her face almost a look of terror.

"What is it, Ellen?" asked Martha Waterman kindly. "You tell it right out."

"Why," said Ellen, "this is all 't was. That night at supper, my Nellie kept staring at me across the table. 'What is 't, Nellie?' I says, at last. Then she colored up and says, not as if she wanted to, but as if she could n't help it, 'I hope I shall look like you sometime, Aunt Ellen.' You see how 't was. She meant, when she was old. She never in her life had thought anything about me being old, and they'd put it into her head."

A pained look settled upon her face, and before she took up her sewing again she glanced from one to another as if to ask them if they really understood. There was a little warm murmur of assent. Ellen was beloved, and there was, besides, a concurrent strain of sympathy through the assembly, who had known all her past. They remembered how Colonel Hadley had "gone with her" awhile when she was teaching school at District Number Four, and how Ellen had faded out the summer he was married to Kate Leighton, of the Leightons on the hill. Now his nephew, Clyde, was going with Ellen's niece in a way that vividly mirrored the old time, and they had heard the colonel, when he came for one of his brief visits in the summer, had somehow put a check to love's beginning. At least, Clyde had seen Nellie only once after his uncle went away, and had speedily closed the old house and followed him.

"There, Ellen," said Lydia Vesey, from a rare softness. "I guess nobody'd ever say't you was growin' old. They'd only think you was sort o' palin' out, that's all, same's a white dress is different from a pink one."

"Well, now, I'll say my say, an' done with it," remarked Caddie Musgrave, with her accustomed violence. "I'm ready to grow old when my time comes, an' if I get there by the road some have took before me, I guess I sha'n't be put under the sod by any vote o' town-meetin'. As I look back, seems to me 'most all them that's gone before us has had their uses to the last. Think o' Gramma Jakes! Why, she had n't chick nor child of her own left to bless her, an' see how she was looked up to, an' how every little tot in town thought he's made if he could be sent to Gramma Jakes's to do an arrant, an' she give him a pep'mint or a cooky. 'T wa'n't the pep'mint, though. 'T was because she was a real sweet nice old lady, that's what 't was."

"Yes, I remember Gramma Jakes," said Anna Dutton, from the corner. She was a round, pink, near-sighted little person, who had tried to cure herself of stammering by speaking very slowly, and now scarcely spoke at all because she had found how unwilling her more robust and loquacious neighbors were to give her the right of way in her hindering course. "Seems if I could see her now standin' there on her front porch, her little handkercher round her neck —"

Caddie broke in upon this reminiscence, according to a custom so established that Anna Dutton only kept her mouth open for an instant, as if the opportunity for speech might return to her, and then quite calmly settled back with an air of pleased attention.

"They're afraid o' gettin' old and

they're afraid o' gettin' fleshy," Caddie announced. "Well, there's no crime in gettin' old, now is there? An' if there is, you can't put a stop to't in any court o' law. An' as for bein' fleshy, if you be you be, an' you might as well turn to an' have your clo'es made bigger an' say no more."

Mrs. Pray presented her mite with her accustomed severity of gloom, as if she had selected the words most carefully and wished to have it understood that they were the choicest she had to offer.

"I was fryin' doughnuts, a week ago Saturday, an' Mis' Denny come along with that lady friend o' hers that's down here over Sunday. I offered 'em each a warm doughnut, an' they was possessed to take it. They'd been walkin' quite a spell, an' they'd called for a drink o' water. They said 't was the time in the forenoon when they dranked. But they looked at the doughnuts good an' hard, an' they says, 'No. It's fattenin',' says they. 'It's fattenin'.'"

"Yes," said Caddie, with a scornful cadence, "I'll warrant they did. That's what they said about two things out o' three, soon's the hands moved round to meal time. 'It's fattenin'!' Oh, I'm sick an' tired to death of it! I ain't goin' to be dead till I be dead, thinkin' about it all the time, not if I can keep my thoughts inside o' me an' my tongue in my head. So there!"

"Well, now," said Martha Waterman, with the mildness calculated to smooth a troubled situation, "had n't we better be gettin' round to thinkin' what we'll do to earn us a mite more money for the fund? Seems if, now they've done so well by us, we'd ought to up an' show what we can do — a harvest festival, mebbe, or a sociable for all, an' charge for tickets."

One woman had not spoken. She

was a thin, dark-eyed creature, with a gypsy face and a quantity of gray hair wound about on the top of her head. This was Isabel Martin, who was allowed her erratic way because she took it, and because it had always been said, "You never could tell what Isabel would do next, only she never meant the least o' harm." She had come softly in while the others were talking, and drawn Ellen's work out of her hand, with a swift, pretty smile at her. "Rest your eyes," she had whispered her, and sat by, taking quick, deft stitches, while Ellen, unconscious until then of being tired, had closed her eyes and leaned her head against the casing, with a faint smile of pleasant restfulness. Now Isabel put the work back into Ellen's hand with an accurate haste, and looked up at the group about her.

"I'll tell you what to do," she said. Her voice thrilled with urging and suggestive mischief. It was a compelling voice, and they turned at once at the sound of it.

"If there ain't Isabel," said Martha Waterman. "I did n't see you come in."

"Le's give a fancy-dress party of our own," said Isabel.

"Dress ourselves up to the nines, an' put on paint an' powder, an' send off to the stores to hire clo'es an' wigs?" inquired Caddie. "No, sir, none o' that for me. I've seen what it comes to, money an' labor, too. I've just been through it, lookin' on, an' I would n't do it, not if the church never see a brush o' paint nor a shingle, an' we had to play on a jew's-harp 'stead of a melodeon. No!"

Ann Bartlett gave a little murmur here.

"I never heard of anybody's bringin' a jew's-harp into the meetin'-house," she said, as a kind of official protest. "I guess we could get us some kind of

a melodeon, 'fore we done such a thing as that."

Isabel was going on in that persuasive voice; it seemed to call the town to her to do her bidding.

"No, we ain't goin' to do it their way. We're goin' to do it our way. They've set out to see how young they can be. Le's see 'f we can't beat 'em seein' how old we can be. Le's dress up like the oldest that ever was, an' act as if we liked it."

The electrifying meaning ran over them like a wave. They caught the splendid significance of it. They were to offer, in the guise of jesting, their big protest against the folly of sickening over youth by showing how fearlessly they were dancing on toward age. It was more than bravado, more than repudiation of the cowards who hesitated at the onward step. It was loyal and passionate upholding of the state of those who were already old, and of those who had continued their beneficent lives into the time when there is no pleasure in the years and yet had given honor and blessing through them all. They fell to laughing together, and two or three cried a little on the heels of their merriment.

"I dunno what mother 'd say," whispered Hannah Call, whose mother, old and yet regnant as the best housekeeper in town and a repository of all the most valuable recipes, had died that year. "I guess she'd say we was possessed."

"We be," said Isabel recklessly. "That's the only fun there is, bein' possessed. If you ain't one way, you'd better be another. It's the way's the only thing to see to."

"I said I was sick o' paint an' powder," said Caddie. "Well, so I be, but I'll put flour in my hair so 't's as white as the drifted snow. I've got Aunt Hope's gre't horn spe'tacles."

"I guess I could borrer one o'

Gramma Ellsworth's grounds," said Mrs. Pray. A light rarely seen there had come into her dull eyes. Isabel, with that prescience she had about the minds of people, knew what it meant. Mrs. Pray, though she was contemplating the garb of eld, was unconsciously going back to youth and the joy of playing. "She ain't quite my figger, but I guess 't will do."

Lydia Vesey gave her a kindly look, yet scathing in its certainty of professional strictures.

"There ain't nobody that ever I see that's anywhere near your figger," she said, in the neighborly ruthlessness that was perfectly understood among them. "But you hand the gound over to me, an' I can fix it."

"Everybody flour their hair," cried Isabel, with the mien of inciting them deliriously.

"Everybody that's got plates, take 'em out," added Martha, the administrative, catching the infection and going a step beyond.

"Why, we can borror every stitch we want," said Lydia Vesey. "Borror of the dead an' borror of the livin'. I know every rag o' clo'es that's been made in this town, last thirty years. There's enough laid away in camphire, of them that's gone, to fit out three-four old ladies' homes."

"It'll be like the resurrection," said Ellen Bayliss, with that little breathless catch in her voice.

"What you mean by that, Ellen?" asked Martha gently.

"I know what she means," said Isabel, while Ellen, the blood running into her cheeks, looked helplessly as if she wished she had not spoken. "She means we're goin' to dress ourselves up in the things of them that's gone, a good many of 'em, an' we can't help takin' on the ways of folks that wore 'em. We can't anyways help glancin' back an' kinder formin' our-

selves on old folks we've looked up to. Seems if the dead would walk."

Sometimes people shuddered at Isabel's queer sayings, but at this every one felt moved, in a solemn way. It seemed beautiful to have the dead walk, so it was in the remembrance of the living.

"Shall we let the men in?" asked Caddie anxiously. "I dunno what they'll say 'f we don't." Her silent husband was the close partner of her life. To Marshmead it seemed as if he might as well have been born dumb, but Caddie never omitted tribute to his masterful qualities.

"Mercy, yes," said Isabel, "if they'll dress up. Not else. They've got to be gran'ther Graybeards every one of 'em, or they don't come. You tell 'em so."

"You going home, Aunt Ellen?" came a fresh voice from the doorway. "I've been staying after school, and I thought maybe you'd be tired and like me to call for you."

It was Nellie Lake, a vision of youth and sweet unconsciousness. She stood there in the doorway, hat and parasol in hand, crowned by her yellow hair, and in the prettiest pose of deprecating grace. Aunt Ellen smiled at her with loving pride, and yet wistfully, too. Nellie had called for her many times, just to walk home together, but never because Aunt Ellen might be tired. The infection of age was in the air and Nellie Lake had caught it.

"Come in, Nellie," she said. "No, I don't feel specially tired, but maybe I'll go along in a minute."

"Want to come to an old folks' party?" called Isabel, who was reading all these thoughts as swiftly as if they were signals to herself alone. "Want to dress up, an' flour your hair, an' put on spe'tacles, an' come an' play with us old folks?"

The girl's face creased up delightfully.

"A fancy dress!" she said. "What can I be?"

"You'll be an old lady," said Isabel, "or you won't come."

"Is it for the fund?" asked Nellie.

"Well, yes, I suppose it's for the fund, some," Isabel conceded. "But take it by an' large, it's for fun."

The night of the masquerade was soft and still, lighted by the harvest moon. Everywhere the fragrance of grapes enriched the air, and the dusty bitterness of things ripening. The little town hall was gay with lights, a curious blending of the West and East; for the boarders had left Japanese lanterns behind them, and their grotesque prettiness contrasted strangely with bowery goldenrod and asters and the red of maple leaves. Colonel Hadley, standing a moment at the doorway in his evening walk, this first night of his stay, when he had come with his nephew to look out some precious old books in the attic, and perhaps the more actually to draw Clyde away again after the errand was done, thought he had never seen such abandonment to a wild pleasure, even in his early days at Marshmead. For it was pleasure, though it seemed to be the festival of the old. Men and women bent with years, yet straightening themselves when their muscles ached, were promenading the hall, not sedately, according to the wont of Marshmead social gatherings, to fulfill a terrifying rite, but gayly, as if only by premeditation did they withstand the beckoning of the dance.

At the end of the hall, in a bower of light and greenery, sat a row of others who were apparently set apart for some honor or special service. From time to time the ranks broke, and one group after another stayed to talk with them, and always with the air of giving pleasure by their deference

and heartening. Suddenly the colonel's eyes smarted with the sudden tears of a recognition which seemed to touch not only life as it innocently rioted here to-night, but all life, his own in the midst of it. At once he knew. These were the very old, and those who had lived through their fostering were paying them beautiful tribute. At that moment his nephew, boyishly changed, but not disguised, in old Judge Hadley's coat and knee-breeches, stepped out of the moving line, a lady with him, and came to him. Clyde, too, was flushed with the strangeness of it all, and the joyous certainty that now for an evening, if only that, Nellie Lake was with him. The colonel looked at her and looked again, and she dropped her eyes in a pretty, serious modesty.

"Ellen!" he said involuntarily. Then she laughed.

"That's my aunt," she told him. "I'm Elinor. I'm Nell. I tried to look like auntie. I guess I do."

"No," said the colonel sharply, "you don't look like Ellen Bayliss. You've made up too old."

Yet she had not, and he knew it. She had only put a little powder on her hair and drawn its curling richness into a seemly knot. She had whitened the bloom of her cheeks, and taken on that little pathetic droop of the shoulders he remembered in Ellen Bayliss the day he saw her in his last hurried trip to Marshmead. He had not spoken to her then. She had passed the station as he was driving away, and he had felt a pang that he deepened with some anodyne of grim endurance, to see how youth could wilt into a dowerless middle age.

"I guess you have n't seen Aunt Ellen," said Nellie innocently. "I'm just as she is every day, but she's made up to-night to be like grandma, or the picture of Aunt Sue that died."

There she was. She had left the moving line for a moment, and the minister, in robe and bands of an ancient time, devised by Ann Bartlett and made by Lydia Vesey, had bowed and left her for some of his multifarious social claims. A chair was beside her, but she only rested one hand on the back of it and leaned her head against the wall. She was in a faded brocade unearthed from some dark corner Lydia Vesey knew the secret of, and she was age itself, beautiful, delicate, acquiescent age, all sadness and a wistful grace.

The colonel looked at her, savagely almost, with the pain of it, and then back again at the girl who seemed to be picturing the first sad stage of undefended maidenhood. At that moment he knew that he had put something wonderful away from him, those years ago, when he ceased to court the look in Ellen's eyes and turned to a robust fortune. At the time, he had told himself, in his way of escaping the difficult issue, that the pang of leaving her was his alone. She, in her innocence of love, could hardly feel the death of what lived so briefly. Now, as it sometimes happened when his anodyne ceased to work, he knew he had snipped the blossom of her life and she had borne no fruit of ecstasy; and in the instant of sharp regret it came upon him that no other woman, through him, should tread the way of love denied. He stooped to Nellie, standing there before him, and kissed her on the cheek. Whether in this blended love and pain he was kissing Ellen or the girl, he did not know; but he saw how Clyde started and grew luminous, and what it meant to both.

"How did you know it?" Clyde was asking. "We are engaged. I wrote to her to-day. I was going to tell you, but I could n't. You knew it, did n't you? You're a brick."

The girl flushed through her powder, and her eyes sent him a starry gratitude. But now the colonel hardly cared whether they had acted without his knowledge or whether they were grateful for his sanction. He and they and Ellen Bayliss seemed to be in a world alone, bound together by ties that might last—would last, he knew; but the mist cleared away from his eyes and the vision of life to come faded, and he saw things as they were before, and chiefly Ellen standing there unconscious of him. He walked over to her.

"Ellen," he said bluffly, holding out his hand, "I've got only a minute, but I want to speak to you if I don't to anybody else."

She straightened and stared at him, startled out of her part into a life half joy, half terror. He had taken her hand and held it warmly.

"Ellen," he said, "they're engaged, that boy and girl. Did you know it?"

"No," she answered faintly, but with candor. "No, I've discouraged it. I thought of you." She paused, too kind to him for more.

"I did n't know," he said. "I had n't seen her. How should I know she was like you? How should I know if he lost her he might n't be making a mistake? Yes, they're engaged. I sha'n't be at the wedding. I'm going abroad, but I shall send my blessing. To you, too, Ellen. Good-by. God bless you."

Then he had walked out of the hall, as alien, with his middle-aged robustness, as the mortal in fairy revelry; and Ellen, knowing her townspeople were looking at her in kindly interest, stood with dignity and yet a curious new consciousness of treasured happiness, as if she had a secret to think over, and a solving of perplexities. Isabel Martin dropped out of her place, where she had been talking with Andrew

Hall, and, forgetting in her haste the consistency of her part, ran over to her. Isabel, out of her abiding mischievousness, had dressed herself for a dullard's part. She had thought at first of being an old witch-woman and telling fortunes; but instead she had put on pious black alpaca and a portentous cap, and dropped her darting glances. To Andrew Hall, who was a portly Quaker in the dress of Uncle Ephraim long since dead, she seemed as sweet as girlhood and as restful as his own mother. Andrew had been her servitor for almost as many years as they had lived, but she had so flouted him, so called upon him for impossible chivalries, out of the wantonness of her fancy, that he had sometimes confided to himself, in the darkest of nights, when he woke to think of her, that Isabel Martin was enough to make you hang yourself, and he wished he never had set eyes on her. Yet she was the major part of his life, and Andrew knew it. Now he followed her more slowly, and was by at the instant of her saying, —

"O Ellen, you could n't go over across the orchard, could you, an' see if Maggie L.'s got the water boilin' for the coffee? I'm 'most afraid to go alone."

Ellen, waking from her dream, looked at her and smiled. She knew Isabel's tender purposes. This was meant to take her away from curious though tolerant eyes and give her a moment to wipe out the world of dreaming for the world of men.

"No," she said softly. "You don't need to."

"You let me go," said Andrew gallantly. "I can see if it's bilin' an' come back an' tell ye."

"You!" said Isabel, abjuring her disguise, to rally him. "You'd be afraid. Come, Ellen."

She linked an arm in Ellen's, and falling at once into her part of sober age, paced with her from the hall.

Andrew, constrained in a way he hardly understood himself, was following them; but in their woman's community of silent understanding they took no notice of him. Outside, the night was soft and welcoming, unreal after the light and color, an enchanted wilderness of moonlight splendor. They had crossed the road to the bench under the old poplar, and there Ellen sat down and drew a breath of excitement and gladness to be free to think. The moonlight seemed still brighter there, sifting down the sky-spaces, and the two women together looked up at it through the poplar branches, and both were exalted by that inexplicable sense of the certainty that things come true. Dreams — that was what their minds were seeking passionately — and dreams come true.

"Ain't it wonderful?" Isabel asked softly.

"Yes," said Ellen, in the same hushed tone, "it's wonderful."

"I'll leave you here by yourself an' run acrost the orchard," said Isabel, in her other careless voice. "When I come back, I'll stop here an' we'll go in together. Why, Andrew, you here?"

"You said you was afraid," he answered. "I'll go acrost with you."

"All right," said Isabel, with her kindest laugh, not the teasing one that made him hate her while he thought how bright and dear she was. "Come take gran'ma acrost the orchard. Don't let anything happen to her."

They stepped over the wall and made their way along the little path by the grape-arbor. The fragrance of fruit was sweet, and the world seemed filled with it.

"It's a pretty time of year," said Andrew tremblingly.

"Yes."

"A kind of a time same's this is to-night makes it seem as if life was

pretty short. Be past before you know it."

"Yes."

She, too, spoke tremulously, and his heart went out to her.

"O Isabel," he said, "when you're like this, same as you are to-night, there ain't a livin' creatur' that's as nice as you be."

Isabel laughed. It was an echo of her flouting laugh, yet there was a little catch in the middle of it.

"There!" he said, with discontentment. "Now you're just as you be half the time, an' I could shake you for it. Sometimes seems to me I could kill you."

"Why don't you?" Isabel asked him, softly yet teasingly too, in a way that suddenly made her dearer. "If you don't see no use o' my livin', why don't you kill me?"

"What you cryin' for?" Andrew besought her, in an agony of trouble. "O Isabel, what you cryin' for?"

"I ain't cryin'," she said, "but if I am, I guess it's for Ellen Bayliss, an' things —" She had never heard of "the tears of mortal things," and so she could not tell him.

"Ellen Bayliss? What's the matter of Ellen Bayliss?"

"Oh, she gets tired so quick, that's all."

"Don't you get tired," said Andrew.

"Don't you let anything happen to you. O Isabel!"

The moonlight and the fragrance and old love constrained them, and they had kissed each other, and each knew they were to live together now, and sharpness would be put away perhaps, or, if it were not quite, Andrew would understand, knowing other things, too, and smile at it.

When they went back to the bench Ellen was gone, but in the hall they found her dancing with Clyde, and almost, it seemed, clad in the flying mantle of her youth.

"It's Virginny reel!" cried Andrew, the infection of the night upon him. "There's another set here. Come."

"Wait a minute," said Isabel, her hand upon his arm. "Look at the platform. Where's the old folks gone?"

The platform was deserted. The old folks, too, were dancing. Martha Waterman caught the recognition of it in Isabel's eyes, pointed at the empty seats of eld, and nodded gayly. She sped out of her place and, losing no step, danced up to Isabel and Andrew.

"I dunno which's the youngest, old or young," she cried, "nor they don't either. We're goin' to have some country dancin' an' then serve the coffee an' sing Auld Lang Syne, an' it's my opinion we sha'n't be home 'fore two o'clock. Ain't it just grand!"

MODERNISM IN MUSIC

BY REDFERN MASON

I

Quo musa tendis? The question rises to the lips whenever we contemplate the development of modern music. If we are young and radical, we welcome enthusiastically the innovations of Strauss and Debussy. If, however, the confidence of youth is ours no longer, if the blood in our veins begins to chill, we are apt to shrink from the musical manifestations of modernism as from something uncanny and repellent.

Is the modern movement in musical art what theologians would call a true development; or is it the luxuriant growth of corruption? If it is a true development, the principles which underlie all great art will be manifestly operative in it. If the inward grace of order is lacking, it must be a corruption.

Fortunately for truth, the issue is one which we can put to the test. If modern music is aesthetically sound, its distinctive notes will ring clear and true.

What are those notes?

The first concerns the material of which music is made, the sounds through which the art manifests itself, as poetry manifests itself in words and architecture in stone. Musicians are beginning to feel that the tonal equipment which has served the craft since Bach and Rameau, — the major, minor and chromatic scales, — if not actually outworn, stands in need of the stimulus of novelty. They resent the tyranny of

the piano, with its one key to do service for both a sharp and a flat (D sharp and E flat, for example), though the violin recognizes them as different, and its ability to play in all the keys — none of them in tune.

Musical research among the Arabs and other Oriental peoples reminds us of a fact which the world is apt to overlook: that there are available for music many sounds not used in Western art. The old idea that the Arabs use a scale of quarter-tones has been exploded by Julien Tiersot; but the same careful investigator shows that the Eastern scales of tones and half-tones are not the same as ours. Slight but unmistakable variations of pitch give the Oriental gamut a personality and an expressiveness with which we would fain enrich our own. Even as matters stand, Orientalism is a factor of the first importance in modern music.

The smallest interval that Western music calls on us to distinguish is the semitone. But the trained ear can distinguish the sixteenth part of a tone, and organs exceptionally constituted can appreciate shades of sound still more delicate. We have thus available for the purposes of composition some hundred or more notes, a prismatic series as delicately graded as the hues of the spectrum. With this gamut musicians should be able to rival the achievements of the impressionists in painting or the symbolists in verse. From time to time we hear of the invention of instruments which can be

played in this microtonal scale. Science can readily produce such instruments, and, with their assistance, musicians will be able to give utterance to conceits which the contemporary orchestra would be powerless to realize. The scale of tones and half-tones will always continue to be the norm, however; for, in various forms and with delicate inflections, it is the basis of the musical speech of humanity. But the finely shaded scales of science will endow musicians with sonorities as exquisite as the hues of mother-of-pearl.

The development of art naturally follows the line of least resistance, and modern innovations in tonality largely consist in a return to scales which had fallen into disuse, such as the modes of ancient Greece and the Christian Church. Occasionally, however, the need of new means of expression drives composers to the invention of scales undreamed of before. When Strauss wants to convey the idea of the weakness and depravity of Herod, he does so partly by halting, vacillating rhythms, partly by the use of a theme based on a scale of whole tones. If you play seven successive whole tones — C, D, E, F sharp, G sharp, A sharp, C, you have the scale used by the composer of *Salome* when he wants to portray degeneracy. It jars on the ear, but not more so than the character of Herod on the mind. Strauss is giving expression to the thought which was in the mind of Milton, when he sang how

Disproportioned sin
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh
din
Marred the fair music that all creatures made.

Strauss boldly realizes in music the ineuphoniousness of sin. He deems it illogical to portray a moral pervert in an agreeable succession of sounds. He chooses ugliness as a means of musical

conviction. To those who regard beauty as the one and only excuse for music's existence this seems the unpardonable sin, and they would willingly put Strauss under sentence of excommunication. To be logical, however, they could not stop at so doing. They must erase Caliban and Thersites from Shakespeare; eliminate the allegory of Sin and Death from *Paradise Lost*; expunge whole cantos of the *Inferno*; repaint crucifixions and martyrdoms innumerable; and send Rodin's *Belle qui fut Heaulmiere* to be broken up.

Through the use of effects ungrateful to the ear, Strauss deepens the moral significance of music. Here is no seductive portrayal of vice, as in Verdi's *La Traviata*, but a representation of things as they are. The music of John the Baptist is gravely diatonic; that of Salome is chromatic; Herod is portrayed in music as abnormal as his nature.

Debussy also makes use of abnormal aspects of tonality. Like his teachers, the singers of *noels* and *chansons spirituels*, he turns lovingly to the ancient modes of the church, scales of a strange beauty, though long despised by Philistines as barbarous. His predilection for a scale of whole tones manifests itself continually; but with so delicate a garb of harmony does he cloak the strange mode, that the Debussian melody leaves on the mind images of wondrous beauty. Yet he too, when he wishes to suggest the unusual, does not shrink from effects which many musicians condemn as ugly. The most significant episode in *Pelleas et Mélisande* is where Mélisande, leaning out of the window of her tower, suffers her hair to fall in a cascade about the head and shoulders of Pelleas. The occurrence is symbolic. It pictures the envelopment of Pelleas in the personality of Mélisande. The tragedy of the event is darkly hinted at in the music.

With the purpose of gloomy suggestion in mind, Debussy makes use of the succession of four whole tones (B, A, G, F) so detested by mediæval composers and known to them as "the devil in music." Beautiful it may not pretend to be, but impressive it surely is; and the composer, to heighten its impressiveness, multiplies the device in six-fold harmony, each voice singing four successive whole tones. It is impossible to drive home an idea more significantly.

Debussy's harmonies are as remarkable as his melody, and the narrowly orthodox, according to the law and the text-books, regard him as the high priest of decadence. His followers, on the other hand, say that, like Bach and Wagner before him, Debussy is a generation ahead of the schools.

When he was a soldier, in garrison at Evreux, Debussy loved to listen to the bells of the parish church and analyze their strange harmonies. For no musical voice is so complex as that of a bell. Yet the simplest note of the purest instrument contains within its little world of vibrations all the notes of the gamut and many others besides. Strike C in the bass of the piano and keep the key held down. You will hear, not only the fundamental note, but, after a moment, C an octave above, and, if your ear is sharp, the G above that. The note is disintegrating, and the whispered overtones establish the relation of the primary sound with the whole universe of tone. Just as all mankind are related to one another, so are all sounds.

In bells these overtones, or harmonics, are very rich. Sometimes they are more prominent than the basic note itself. That is the case of Big Ben of Oxford. Big Ben's loudest note is B flat in the middle of the piano. But his lowest note is A, an octave lower, sounded much more softly,

however. C sharp and E, above the B flat, are also heard gently murmuring, the five sounds uniting to form the harmony of the dominant ninth. Some bells give discords much more violent; yet so exquisitely proportioned are the constituent elements of tone that the resultant voice is beautiful. Debussy delighted to dwell on these tonal affinities, and it is his ideal to enrich the great normal harmonies by associations, remote, bizarre, and provocative of attention.

Much of the music of both Strauss and Debussy is in no determinate key. Tonality, in the old sense of the word, has ceased to be their object. Their conceit floats hither and thither on the sea of tone. In *Salome* the singers rarely conclude a passage in the key in which it begins. The signature in Strauss's music has humorously been said to be mainly useful as an indication of the key which the composition is not in. Debussy leaps from key to key with a boldness justified only by the felicity of the result.

For extraordinary effects Strauss sometimes writes in two keys at once. He does so in *Also sprach Zarathustra*, which concludes with an equivocal chord, suggestive at one and the same time of the alien keys of C and B. The chord on C typifies the hope of life after death; the chord on B is pessimistic. Together they give the effect of doubt. In *Salome*, when Herod cries out at what seems to him the terrible idea of the raising of the dead, he sings in one key, while the orchestra plays in another. Strauss wished to create the feeling of consternation, of terrified amazement. Could he have gone to work in a more convincing way?

Bach and Wagner saw in vision the realm of tonal freedom; Strauss and Debussy are leading the chosen people into the promised land.

II

The awakening of the race-spirit has greatly furthered the emancipation of tonality. It came as a reaction against the spurious classicism which followed the flowering of German art in Mozart and Beethoven. Instead of being true to their racial idiom, men slavishly copied the Teutonic vernacular, as though it were the one authentic speech of classic art. Even to this day we see men sacrificing their God-given originality, to imitate an idiom which can be creative only when it is the musician's native speech. Taxed with their fault, these misguided persons say that classicism has no nationality. Yet what is Homer if not Greek, Shakespeare if not English, Goethe if not German, Dante if not the voice of mediæval Italy? The classics of music are, in like manner, national monuments. Beethoven is most truly classical when he is singing with the voice of the German people. The slow movement of the C minor Symphony, the Allegretto of the Seventh, the Scherzo of the *Eroica*, the rustic merriment of the *Pastoral*, the choral crown of the Ninth, are impregnated with the spirit of the Volkslied.

But this saving truth was lost sight of in unregulated hero-worship, and whole libraries of ineffectual imitation had to be written before it was rediscovered. It was Schubert who helped to lead people back to artistic sanity. He recognized the beauty of Magyar song, and made use of it in his compositions. Liszt followed where Schubert led, and, in his *Rhapsodies*, gave glowing expression to the Hungarian spirit. This was the revival of nationalism. To-day the race-spirit is recognized as one of the great feeders of art. It manifests itself simply and unmistakably. The case of Hungary is typical. The Hungarian genius is mirrored in tonality and rhythm. The

Hungarians have a scale of their own, which they probably brought with them from the plains of Asia, long ages ago. It is our enharmonic minor mode with the fourth degree raised a half tone. The Magyar scale starting on C would thus be C, D, E flat, F sharp, G, A flat, B, C. Add to these notes the rhythm of the Czardas, and the Magyar feeling is irresistible.

What Liszt did for Hungary, Chopin did for Poland, Grieg for Norway, and Tschaikowsky for Russia. In each case the composer's inspiration was the songs of his people. Grieg started by imitating the colorless Niels Gade. But his friend Nordraak, the poet, drew his attention to Norway's priceless treasure of folk-song. "It was as if the scales had fallen from my eyes," said Grieg, and thenceforward he wrote in the Norse idiom. Of course, he was sharply criticised for so doing. "He stuck in the fjord and never got out of it," said a German critic; and an American writer stigmatized his compositions as "map music." We do not think Homer less classic because his poetry is a literary map of Hellas, or Raphael for painting Italian madonnas. Why then belittle Grieg for being Scandinavian? Edward Macdowell is a map musician in his Indian idylls; yet they will probably prove his most enduring work, and more worthy to live than whole volumes of pseudo-classic oratorio, begotten in the image but not conceived in the spirit of Handel and Mendelssohn.

III

A by-path of nationalism, and equally contributory to the enfranchisement of music, is orientalism — the fecundation of Western art with the spirit of the East. What Loti and Hearn, Burton, Kipling, and Amicis have done for literature, Saint-Saëns, Goldmark,

Rimsky Korsakoff, and others, are doing for music. In vain Kipling says, —
 O East is East and West is West, and never the
 twain shall meet
 Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great
 judgment seat.

Such music as Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* and the *Scheherazade* of Rimsky Korsakoff opens doors of intimacy between Orient and Occident which the logic of pure reason would leave closed forever.

Mendelssohn was the first composer of eminence to give his music a distinctively Eastern tinge. Mozart's *Seraglio* and Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* are Eastern in little more than name. But the great chorus in *Elijah*, "Baal, we cry to thee," has a barbaric shudder which could come only from the Orient. Weber coquetted with the East in a comic-opera sort of way; but the first musical Orientalist properly so called was Félicien David, and the work which establishes his right to the title is *Le Désert*. It is a tone-picture of the Sahara. Tremulous harmonies built upon a long-sustained pedal convey the idea of immensity; the *almées* dance to strains as Oriental as the ogive arches and fretwork of the Alhambra. The voice of the Orient had been heard, and, from that day to this, the music of the West has been sympathetically vibrant.

Yet our Orientalism is only a compromise. Eastern rhythms we can faithfully interpret; but the tonal idiom of the Orient we can reproduce only when it happens to coincide with Western conventions. The time is coming, however, when we shall hear the music of the East as Orientals hear it. Then our artistic view will expand as the horizon expands when we climb the side of a mountain. Meanwhile, even within the circumscribed range of Western tonality, Saint-Saëns in his *Samson et Dalila*

ballet, and Puccini in *Madame Butterfly*, delight our senses with tonal beauties undreamed of before. These men do not interpret the East as seen in literature, as Schumann did in his *Oriental Pictures*. Saint-Saëns knows the Mediterranean littoral from Cairo to the Pillars of Hercules; Puccini bases his Japanese music on veritable airs from Nippon.

IV

The complexity of modern life is realistically mirrored in music. The legendary epoch, when music existed as sweet sound and nothing more, eludes discovery. Even the thousand-year-old *Veni Creator Spiritus* of Notker Balbulus imitates the creaking of the abbey mill-wheel. Charpentier's *Louise*, with its reminiscences of the calls of Parisian tradesmen and mendicants, has its prototype in Jannequin's *Cris de Paris*, written in the seventeenth century. The old German composer, Kuhnau, coming a little later, has a realistic portrayal of the combat of David and Goliath, down to the whizzing of the stone from David's sling, thus anticipating by a century or so Wagner's representation of the casting of Klingsor's spear. So far then from being a distinctive mark of modernism, realism is rather a sign of antiquity. Even Bach, long regarded as the abstract musician *par excellence*, is proved by Schweitzer to be a thorough-paced realist, consistently using progressions and figures illustrative of the text. He pictures the flow of water much as Schubert does it in *Auf dem Wasser zu singen*; he has formulæ for the representation of a large variety of physical effects and mind-states. It is in its novelty of application, its subtlety, its intensity, that we must seek the modernist trait in realism.

Beethoven was a landscapist in an

idyllic way in the *Pastoral Symphony*. Wagner's *Waldweben* brings us nearer to the actual voices of the woodland. In our own day Hans Huber interprets nature as she appears to him in the paintings of Arnold Böcklin. Every theme in the last movement of Huber's *Symphony in E flat* is inspired by some example of what has been termed Böcklin's "pantheistic nature poetry." It is a musical representation of an artist's impressions of nature and, delicate and elusive though it is, it is none the less realism; for the full enjoyment of the music depends on something independent of mere sound, some knowledge in the mind of the hearer. Liszt's *Hunnenschlacht*, with its fighting Goths and Huns and vision of the triumph of the Cross, is far more significant than Kuhnau's naïve battle-pieces, because it derives its sentiment partly from the Scriptures, partly from the famous painting by Kaulbach, and partly from the religious experience of the musician. The same composer's *Sposalizio* is compact of religious mystery, the Renaissance, and nineteenth-century sensibility.

Handel could be unconsciously humorous at times, as when he accompanied "And He sent them frogs," the great chorus in *Israel in Egypt*, with an undeniably hopping figure for orchestra. But humor does not really come into its musical heritage until Beethoven imitates the tipsy revelry of the Austrian peasants in the *Pastoral Symphony*. In our day we have become more precise. Poldini's *Poupée Val-sante* is a tone-photograph of the stiff-jointed marionette, realistic to the very running-down of the spring. Musicians turn to sorrow, however, far more readily than to merriment, and one result of this cult of gloom is the *macabre*. Saint-Saëns set the example in his tone-poem of the dance of death. With xylophone and flattened E string

on the violins, he mimics the skeleton dance and Satan fiddling with a bow made out of a dead man's arm. Charles Martin Loeffler, American by birth, French by instinct, revels in the *macabre*. His setting of Paul Verlaine's *Cornemuse* is characteristic. The piper is dead; but, in the darkling midnight wood, his pipes make music that sounds like the death-rattle in the throat of a woman expiring at the cross-roads, under the shadow of the crucifix. Verlaine gives the ideas; Loeffler translates them into the language of tone. Compare with this weird music the majestic realism of Macdowell's *Eagle*, with its passages tremulous with aerial buoyancy. In both cases, thoroughly to appreciate the music, we must be familiar with the poem. Yet, even without this knowledge, the music is beautiful.

Strauss imitates the bleating of sheep, the whirling vans of the windmill, the crying baby, and is almost as ingenuous in his Brobdingnagian way as were Jannequin and Kuhnau before him. Nor are the contemptuous cacophony of the squabbling Jews in *Salome*, and the snarling of the "Adversaries" in *Ein Heldenleben*, much more subtle. When Strauss tells the story of the *Hero's Life* in quotations from his own works, he confronts us with a difficult question. Is he or is he not his own hero? When, in *Also sprach Zarathustra*, he wishes to suggest the idea of the Deity, he uses the ancient Gregorian intonation of the *Credo in unum Deum*. To those who have heard that intonation again and again it is a symbol. But what is its meaning to those who never heard it before? Is it a meaningless succession of tones, or is the melody penetrated with the spirituality of the monkish dreamer who composed it long ago?

When Beethoven, in his Fifth Symphony, tells the story of the struggle

of genius against fate, it is the hero as type that interests him. In Tschai-kowsky's *Pathetic Symphony* the struggle becomes personal. Tschai-kowsky admitted that the work had a programme, and that he composed it with sorrow and bitter tears. What the programme was he never told. But the character of the work strengthens the belief in its personal significance. Passion and gruesome mirth are succeeded by the hopelessness of despair. The *Adagio Lamentoso* is a musical death-piece.

No mind-state is so strange, so exceptional, that it may not furnish material for musical inspiration. The buzzing in the ears of the deaf Smetana figures in his autobiographic first string quartette; the melancholy of Stephen Heller gives a gray tone to his *Promenades d'un Solitaire*; Watteau, Prévost, and Massenet collaborate on the score of *Manon*. Debussy leads us to the borderland where the definite blends with the impalpable. His *Afternoon of a Faun* is of "such stuff as dreams are made of." The faun awakens with recollections of a visitation of goddesses, and the music suggests the coming and going of the golden memory. The music would be beautiful, though the hearer had no idea of what the composer was attempting to portray. But, when we link it with Mallarmé's poem, its loveliness deepens ineffably. It is the realization of a vision in a medium almost as subtle and rainbow-hued as the mystery portrayed.

v

Every age has its own way of thinking, and devises art-forms adapted to its peculiar habit of mind. What more natural than that the logical imagination of Bach should flow in the exquisite mould of the fugue? Men have experimented in the fugue since

Bach's day; but, in spite of Mozart and Mendelssohn, it cannot truthfully be said that there has been any essential advance in fugal form since old John Sebastian laid down the pen. Neither the genius of Beethoven nor the erudition of Mozart could make the fugue characteristic of their own day. They were merely men of genius writing in a form which had already been raised to its highest power. The same thing is true of the sonata, though the sonata, with its contrasted themes and threefold development, has a variety of expression of which the fugue is incapable. Nevertheless, when Beethoven tried to make the sonata say the deep things of his nature and reflect the metaphysical genius of the age he lived in, it fused under his touch. That he felt the form unequal to his needs is proved by his attempts to enrich its expressiveness by the addition of fugue, recitative, and operatic aria. The result is beautiful, but of a beauty which does not strictly belong to the sonata. In Beethoven's hands the sonata is in process of disintegration.

The symphony, which is a sonata for orchestra, shows the same unrestful sense as of an organism haunted by a spirit greater than itself, or, at least, of different order. Schumann's use of the same theme in different sections, and his attempts to obliterate the divisions between movements, are vain efforts to adapt to new uses a form which has already done its work. Only when the composer is thinking in the musical speech of yesterday, like the novelist who imitates Smollett or Scott, can he hope to achieve any notable success in symphony form. Brahms, in his symphonies, is more like a belated Viennese than a true modern; Tschai-kowsky's symphonies owe their success to qualities which are not truly symphonic at all.

If Liszt had attempted to express

the Magyar genius in sonata form, he would have failed. He invented the rhapsody and was successful. If he had tried to transcribe the *Preludes* of Lamartine into terms of symphony, he would have been foredoomed to failure. But he turned to the symphonic poem, and success crowned his efforts. Where Liszt made experiments, Richard Strauss works with the assurance of a master. His tone-poems diffuse atmosphere, describe character, tell a story. This the sonata cannot do. Nor is it blasphemy to say so. It is not claimed that the symphonic poem is an advance on the sonata or fugue in point of beauty, only that it says different things equally well. The fugues of Bach, and the *Waldstein* and *Appassionata* of Beethoven, have not been surpassed and probably never will be. But men have other things to say to-day, and they must say them in their own way, or they will be silent among the ages.

Perfect form, rightly understood, is not this or that particular form; it is not the suite, the fugue, the sonata, the symphonic poem; it is congruity between the ideal in the mind of the composer and the way in which he expresses it. Form continues to evolve until the contemporary ideal has been expressed; then the artistic generation turns to something else. It may be that even now the tone-poem has served its usefulness, and that composers will

have to seek a new medium. Some people think they see that medium in the supposedly formless music of Claude Debussy. They do not admit its formlessness, however. They recognize in Debussy the musician of the vague, the intangible, the elusive. His subjects are the aroma of flowers, the mist and the waves, clouds mirrored in the bosom of the lake, the rain falling softly on the grass. If Debussy shrinks from the definite, it is because the prosody of the schools would be as unpardonable a solecism in the music he writes as the use of the lead borders of cathedral stained glass in an impressionist canvas by Renoir.

Art crystallizes only when it has done its work and a change is imminent. Mutability is the principle of its being. Art does not improve from age to age: it changes. The art of to-day has nothing more beautiful to offer than the melody of Arcangelo Corelli, the Prelude in B flat minor in the first book of the *Well-Tempered Clavichord*, the Allegretto in Beethoven's Symphony in A, some of Schubert's songs, and certain elegiac moments in Chopin. And, unless art has finished its task, we may confidently hope that the greater work of the present day will be the classic music of to-morrow. Modernism, rightly understood, is not a menace, but a manifestation of vitality. What is good in it will live; what is bad will sink into oblivion.

THE NIGHTINGALE UNHEARD

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Yes, Nightingale, through all the summer-time
 We followed on, from moon to golden moon;
 From where Salerno day-dreams in the noon,
And the far rose of Pæstum once did climb.
 All the white way beside the girdling blue,
Through sun-shrill vines and campanile chime,
 We listened; — from the old year to the new.
 Brown bird, and where were you?

You, that Ravello lured not, throned on high
 And filled with singing out of sun-burned throats!
 Nor yet Minore of the flame-sailed boats;
Nor yet — of all bird-song should glorify —
 Assisi, Little Portion of the blest,
Assisi, in the bosom of the sky,
 Where God's own singer thatched his sunward nest;
 That little, heavenliest!

And north and north, to where the hedge-rows are,
 That beckon with white looks an endless way;
 Where, through the fair wet silverness of May,
A lamb shines out, as sudden as a star,
 Among the cloudy sheep; and green, and pale,
The may-trees reach and glimmer, near or far,
 And the red may-trees wear a shining veil.
 — And still, no nightingale!

The one vain-longing, — through all journeyings,
 The one: in every hushed and hearkening spot, —
 All the soft-swarming dark where you were not,
Still longed for! Yes, for sake of dreams and wings,
 And wonders that your own must ever make

To bower you close, with all hearts' treasurings;
And for that speech toward which all hearts do ache;
Even for Music's sake.

But most, his music whose beloved name
Forever writ in water, of bright tears,
Wins to one grave-side even the Roman years
That kindle there the hallowed April flame
Of comfort-breathing violets. By that shrine
Of Youth, Love, Death, forevermore the same,
Violets still! — When melts, to leave no sign,
The arch of Constantine.

Most for his sake we dreamed. Tho' not as he,
From that lone spirit, brimmed with human woe,
Your song once shook to surging overflow.
How was it, sovran dweller of the tree,
His cry, still throbbing in the flooded shell
Of silence with remembered melody,
Could draw from you no answer to the spell?
— O Voice, O Philomel?

Long time we wondered (and we knew not why): —
Nor dream, nor prayer of wayside gladness born,
Nor vineyards waiting, nor reproachful thorn,
Nor yet the nested hill-towns set so high
All the white way beside the girdling blue, —
Nor olives, gray against a golden sky,
Could serve to wake that rapturous voice of you!
But the wise silence knew.

O Nightingale unheard! — Unheard alone,
Throughout that woven music of the days
From the faint sea-rim to the market-place,
And ring of hammers on cathedral stone! —
So be it, better so: that there should fail
For sun-filled ones, one blessed thing unknown.
To them, be hid forever, — and all hail!
Sing never, — Nightingale.

THE NIGHTINGALE UNHEARD

Sing, for the others! Sing; to some pale cheek
 Against a window, like a starving flower.
 Loose, with your singing, one poor pilgrim hour
 Of journey, with some Heart's Desire to seek.
 Loose, with your singing, captives such as these
 In misery and iron, hearts too meek,
 For voyage — voyage over dreamful seas
 To lost Hesperides.

Sing not for free men. Ah, but sing for whom
 The walls shut in; and even as eyes that fade,
 The windows take no heed of light nor shade, —
 The leaves are lost in mutterings of the loom.
 Sing near! So in that golden overflowing
 They may forget their wasted human bloom;
 Pay the devouring days their all, unknowing, —
 Reck not of life's bright going!

Sing not for lovers, side by side that hark;
 Nor unto parted lovers, save they be
 Parted indeed by more than makes the Sea.
 Where never hope shall meet — like mounting lark —
 Far Joy's uprising; and no memories
 Abide to star the music-haunted dark: —
 To them that sit in darkness, such as these,
 Pour down, pour down heart's-ease.

Not in kings' gardens. No; but where there haunt
 The World's forgotten, both of men and birds;
 The alleys of no hope and of no words,
 The hidings where men reap not, though they plant;
 But toil and thirst — so dying 'and so born; —
 And toil and thirst to gather to their want,
 From the lean waste, beyond the daylight's scorn,
 — To gather grapes of thorn.

And for those two, your pilgrims without tears,
 Who prayed a largess where there was no dearth,
 Forgive it them, brown music of the Earth!
 Forgive it to their human-happy ears,

Unknowing; though the wiser silence knew!
Forgive it to the music of the spheres
That while they walked together so, the Two
Together, — heard not you.

DR. JOHNSON'S CAMBRIAN EXPERIENCE

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing.

EVEN the motion of driving in a post-chaise captivated the fancy of Dr. Johnson, for he said, "If I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation." Mrs. Piozzi, who, except for prettiness, fulfilled these requirements, for she was a brilliant conversationalist and the owner of a post-chaise, asked her beloved Doctor why he doted on a coach. Johnson's reply was that, in the first place, the company was shut in with him, "and could not escape as out of a room"; and that, in the second place, he could hear all the conversation in a carriage. Any lamentations while traveling thus he considered proof of an empty head or a tongue that wished to talk, and had nothing about which to talk. "A mill that goes without grist," he exclaimed, "is as good a companion as such creatures." As for himself, he felt no inconvenience upon the road, and expect-

ed others to feel none. He allowed nobody to complain of rain, sun, or dust. And so greatly did he love this act of going forward that Mrs. Thrale said she could not tell how far he might be taken before he would think of refreshments.

Yet the impression which Macaulay gave of Johnson's attitude toward traveling is the one generally held: "Of foreign travel and of history he spoke with the fierce and boisterous contempt of ignorance. 'What does a man learn by traveling? Is Beauclerk the better for traveling? What did Lord Claremont learn in his travels, except that there was a snake in one of the pyramids of Egypt?'" History has proved that Macaulay could be brilliantly inaccurate; certainly in this estimate of Johnson he was so. In still another passage Macaulay says that Johnson "took it for granted that everybody that lived in the country was either stupid or miserable." The first twenty-seven years of his life Johnson spent in small country towns, and although he was sometimes miserable because he was wretchedly poor, yet he was never stupid.

It was the young traveler whom he censured, not the mature traveler or

traveling in general. It was characteristic of him to say, "I never liked young travelers; they go too raw to make any great remarks." Indeed, so grave was his sense of the value of travel, that he took it upon himself to rebuke Boswell, — no uncommon occurrence, however, — as Boswell records: "Dr. Johnson expressed a particular enthusiasm with respect to visiting the Wall of China. I caught it for the moment, and said I really believed I should go and see the Wall of China had I not children, of whom it was my duty to take care. 'Sir,' (said he,) 'by doing so you would do what would be of importance in raising your children to eminence. There would be a lustre reflected upon them from your spirit and curiosity. They would be at all times as the children of a man who had gone to view the Wall of China. I am serious, Sir.'"

In his college days Johnson may not have had the same reasons as the young poet Keats for going "wonderways," but reasons he had. With the Doctor, perhaps even more truly than with Keats, curiosity was "the first passion and the last." While an undergraduate, he was heard to say, "I have a mind to see what is done in other places of learning. I'll go and visit the Universities abroad. I'll go to France and Italy. I'll go to Padua." Twice he urged Boswell "to perambulate Spain," and of their tour to the Hebrides everybody knows. There was talk of his going to Iceland, and for a time the great Doctor discussed traveling around the world with two friends.

Of the existence of the journal of Johnson's tour taken in North Wales in 1774, even Boswell did not know. It was published for the first time in 1816 by R. Duppa, with the statement at the close of its short preface that if any one doubted the authenticity of the journal the manuscript could be seen

at the printer's. The tour was begun by the Thrales and the Doctor leaving Streatham at eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, July 15. On their way they stopped at Lichfield, at the house of Dr. Darwin, physiologist, poet, and grandfather of Charles Darwin, of whose roses Mrs. Piozzi wrote, "I have no roses equal to those at Lichfield, where on one tree I recollect counting eighty-four within my own reach; it grew against the house of Dr. Darwin."

After passing through several towns on their route to North Wales, they came, a party of four, Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, little Queeny, and Johnson, to Chester on July 27. Of Chester the Doctor made short work. He was more interested in a grammar school held in part of the Abbey refectory than in aught else, and wrote particularly, "The Master seemed glad to see me."

Of course the master was glad, for was not Johnson the greatest man of his day? There is not one word for the quiet beauty of the Dee, no mention of Cheshire cheese, and nothing about Chester ale, which perhaps Johnson found as bad as did Sion Tudor. Of their sojourn in Chester we get a more lively picture from Mrs. Thrale's comment on the entry in the Doctor's journal than from the journal itself. Johnson wrote, "We walked round the walls, which are compleat." Mrs. Piozzi observed, "Of those *ill-fated* walls Dr. Johnson might have learned the extent from any one. He has since put me fairly out of countenance by saying, 'I have known my mistress fifteen years, and never saw her fairly out of humor but on Chester walls'; it was because he would keep Miss Thrale beyond her hour of going to bed to walk on the wall, where from the want of light, I apprehended some accident to her, — perhaps to him."

Probably nine-year old Miss Thrale did not mind being kept beyond her

hour of going to bed by a stout gentleman who was her devoted slave!

The next day they entered Wales, dined at Mold, and came to Llewenni. Mrs. Thrale's cousin, Robert Cotton, was living at Llewenni Hall, which in 1817, after having been one thousand years in possession of the family, was torn down. At Whitchurch, a few miles away, is an alabaster altar monument to one of the Salusburys who owned this hall, Sir John or Syr John y Bodiau (Sir John of the Thumbs). This ancestor of Mrs. Piozzi's was distinguished not only by two thumbs on either hand, but also by a giant's strength. With his bare fist he is supposed to have slain a white lioness in the Tower of London. Since then white lionesses have all disappeared. Sir John of the Thumbs also killed a mythical beast in a lair below a nearby castle, and overthrew a famous giant. Is it any wonder that Mrs. Thrale, with such a forefather, should sometimes have painted things *plus beau que la vérité*, and that, even as her ancestor was fond of pulling up trees by the roots, when he had nothing better to do, his descendant should once in a while give truth a little tug?

But if Mrs. Thrale had a distinguished progenitor, she had an even more distinguished ancestress, for there at Llewenni Hall lived "Mam Cymru," the Mother of Wales. This Catherine de Berain's first husband was a Salusbury; her second husband was Sir Richard Clough. The second daughter of the second marriage married Salusbury of Bachecraig, and from this marriage Mrs. Piozzi was descended. Later Catherine de Berain became the third wife of Maurice Wynn, who was her third husband. It is said that on the way home from the funeral of her first husband, Wynn asked her to marry him. She had to refuse, however, as Sir Richard Clough had asked her on

the way to the church. But she assured him that she was not superstitious about the number 3, and agreed to give Wynn the next opportunity. She kept her word.

When the Welsh used to speak of a rich person, they did not say "rich as Croesus," but "rich as a Clough." On July 30, Johnson and the Thrales visited a remarkable house built by Sir Richard, the second husband of "Mam Cymru." On the 31st they drove to the Cathedral of St. Asaph, once the even smaller church of Llanelwy, to which Giraldus Cambrensis, in his tour in 1188, referred as "*paupercula*." About that time this tiny cathedral was changed from wickerwork or wood to stone. On the same day they saw the Chapel of Llewenni, founded by one of the Salusburys, where Johnson was surprised because the service, read thrice on Sundays, was read only once in English.

He was dissatisfied, not only with the order of Welsh services, but also with the behavior of Welsh rivers. On this day he writes, "The rivers here are mere torrents, which are suddenly swelled by the rain to great breadth and great violence, but have very little constant stream; such are the Clwyd and the Elwy." About Welsh rivers Johnson makes a great many remarks. He is as scornful of them as an American of the Thames. Mrs. Piozzi says that his "ideas of anything not positively large were ever mingled with contempt." He asked, of one of the sharp currents in North Wales, "Has this *brook* e'er a name?" "Why, dear Sir, this is the *River Ustrad*." "Let us," said Dr. Johnson, turning to his friend, "jump over it directly, and show them how an Englishman should treat a Welsh river." Johnson was always of the opinion that when one had seen the ocean, cascades were but little things. He used to laugh at Shenstone

most unmercifully for not caring whether there was anything good to eat in the streams he was so fond of, "as if," said Johnson, "one could fill one's belly with hearing soft murmurs, or looking at rough cascades!"

It would be difficult to make a summary of all the objects Johnson called "mean" in North Wales. Among them were towns, rivers, inns, dinners, churches, houses, choirs. It is safe to say that the great Doctor could not rid himself altogether of English prejudice against the Welsh and all things Welsh. George Borrow's experience on the summit of Snowdon was not at all unusual, except that in this instance an Englishman became, before English people, the champion of the Welsh. Undoubtedly Johnson was influenced in his contempt not only by his English feeling but also by the fact that he was a true son of the eighteenth century, with all that century's emphasis on power, on size, on utility.

Yet Johnson was not totally incapable of appreciating the romantic scenery of Wales. Some part of it, the more cultivated, he seems to have felt, for on the very next day there is this record: "The way lay through pleasant lanes, and overlooked a region beautifully diversified with trees and grass." It mortified Mrs. Thrale because Mr. Thrale, a lover of landscapes, could not enjoy them with the great Doctor, who would say, "Never heed such nonsense, a blade of grass is always a blade of grass, whether in one country or another. Let us, if we *do* talk, talk about something; men and women are my subject of enquiry; let us see how these differ from those we have left behind." However, Johnson was certainly not insensible to the beauty of nature. In describing his emotions at the sight of Iona he wrote, "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the

distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." On his tour in the Hebrides he welcomed even the inconveniences of traveling, such as wind and rain, when they meant finer scenery and more pictures for the mind.

Much on this same August 2 was found "mean," including Mrs. Thrale's gift to the romantic old clerk of the parish church of Bachecraig where Mrs. Thrale's father was buried. The day following, on their arrival in Holywell, Johnson had to admit that the town was "neither very small nor very mean." He was amazed and impressed by the yield of water from St. Winifred's Well, and the number of mill-wheels the water turned. But when they went down by the stream to see a prospect, Johnson adds very specifically that he "had no part" in it. He was vastly more interested in some brass and copper works, in *lapis calaminaris*, in pigs of copper, and in some iron works where he saw iron half an inch thick "square cut with shears worked by water," and hammers that moved as quick "as by the hand." One has a curious feeling in reflecting that, were the Doctor suddenly translated to this world again, and in particular to this country, the Homestead Foundries would interest him vastly more than any natural panorama of our great continent. In this Johnson was truly a man of his times, which were epoch-making because of their new interest in the mechanics of industry, their gigantic industrial impulse. Without a word for the singular beauties of Holywell, without reference to the legend of St. Winifred, or mention of the ruins of the abbey, he concludes his journal for August 3: "I then saw wire drawn, and gave a shilling. I have enlarged my notions, though, not being able to see the movements, and not having

time to peep closely, I know less than I might."

Another feature of the land impressed him favorably: the houses of country gentlemen. "This country seems full of very splendid houses," he notes on August 4, after visiting a Mr. Lloyd's house near Ruthin, where he had been to see the castle. He writes quite at length on the ruins of Ruthin and ends characteristically, "Only one tower had a chimney, so that there was (little) commodity of living. It was only a place of strength." It was on this day that the keeper of the castle, when he heard that Mrs. Thrale was a native of North Wales, told her that his wife had been a Welshwoman, and had desired to be buried at Ruthin. "So," said the man, "I went with the corpse myself, because I thought it would be a pleasant journey, and indeed I found Ruthin a very beautiful place."

Two days later they dined at Mr. Myddleton's of Gwaenynog, the gentleman who raised the unwelcome monument to Johnson's memory before the Doctor had had a chance to die and while he still considered himself very much alive. This memorial is on the site at Gwaenynog where Johnson used to stroll up and down. It reads: "This spot was often dignified by the presence of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., whose moral writings, exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity, gave ardour to Virtue and confidence to Truth." Perhaps it is not strange that Johnson was not pleased with the monument. He wrote to Mrs. Thrale, "Mr. Myddleton's intention looks like an intention to bury me alive. I would as willingly see my friend, however benevolent and hospitable, quietly inurned. Let him think, for the present, of some more acceptable memorial." To the Doctor death was always an enemy who would,

he knew, outwit him in the end, a terrifying presence against which he struggled. "But who can run the race with death?" he cries despairingly. This premature memorial must have revolted everything in him, for to him "the whole of life" was but keeping away the thoughts of death. Even a dark road troubled him, and he would have no one remind him of his birthday.

Leaving Llewenni on August 18, they started definitely forward on their journey. They passed through Abergele, "a mean little town," to Bangor, where they found a "very mean inn." Certainly meanness is accumulating in Wales! Johnson had the instinctive contempt for things Welsh which so many English people hold. But, after finding Lord Bulkeley's house at Bangor also "very mean," this is the point in the great Doctor's journal where the lover of Wales may take heart.

There was one contrivance of the hand and mind of man which impressed Dr. Johnson tremendously. Where such works of the Creator as Snowdon, for example, failed; where the mystery of this land of legend passed him by, castles succeeded by virtue of their size, the strength of their walls, the completeness of their equipment. In Denbigh, Johnson had eagerly tried to trace the lines of that "prodigious pile" of a castle. So much of the comment we get in this neglected Welsh journal and in his other writings seems to summarize itself in two words: size and power. He told Mrs. Piozzi to get a book on gardening, since she would stay in the country, feed the chickens, and starve her intellect, "and learn," he said, "to raise the *largest* turnips, and to breed the *biggest* fowls." It was in vain that Mrs. Piozzi told him that the goodness of these dishes did not depend upon their size.

From Beaumaris Castle to Carnarvon there is a crescendo of praise ending in the memorable words about Carnarvon: "To survey this place would take much time: I did not think there had been such buildings; it surpassed my ideas." Of Beaumaris, Johnson wrote: "The Castle is a mighty pile. . . . This Castle corresponds with all the representatives of romancing narratives. Here is not wanting the private passage, the dark cavity, the deep dungeon, or the lofty tower. We did not discover the well. This is the most compleat view that I have yet had of an old Castle." And then four last delighted words, "It had a moat."

Nor was the next day, August 20, less of a success. After meeting with some friends, they went to see the castle in Carnarvon which Johnson describes as "an edifice of stupendous magnitude and strength; it has in it all that we observed at Beaumaris, and much greater dimensions: many of the smaller rooms floored with stone are entire; of the larger rooms, the beams and planks are all left: this is the state of all buildings left to time. We mounted the Eagle Tower by one hundred and sixty-nine steps, each of ten inches. We did not find the Well; nor did I trace the Moat; but moats there were, I believe, to all castles on the plain, which not only hindered access, but prevented mines. We saw but a very small part of this mighty ruin, and in all these old buildings, the subterraneous works are concealed by rubbish."

When Johnson and the Thrales were on their way from Llewenni to Bangor they passed through Conway. The Doctor was much exercised in Conway because of the plight of an Irish gentlewoman and her young family who could get no beds to sleep in; but the one feature in this rare old town which might have impressed him, its castle, he did not notice in the journal. Built

by the same architect who planned Carnarvon, it has much of its grace, and is in some respects even more beautifully placed. With its machicolated towers, its vast banqueting-hall, Queen Eleanor's oratory, and the river washing at its foundations, it is still a wonderful old pile. On the return trip Johnson makes a short practical note to the effect that the castle afforded them nothing new, and that, if it was larger than that of Beaumaris, it was smaller than that of Carnarvon. Carnarvon was the largest, and the Doctor was not to be weaned from it any more than from the idea that Mrs. Thrale ought to raise the largest turnips.

The day following this memorable inspection of Carnarvon Castle they dined with Sir Thomas Wynne and his lady. Johnson's comment was brief, "the dinner mean, Sir Thomas civil, his Lady nothing." It would seem that Lady Wynne failed to recognize the greatness of her visitor, and, being accustomed to a distinguished reception, the great man's vanity was hurt. Afterwards he made remarks about Sir Thomas's lady in which she was compared to "sour small beer," and "run tea." Of a lady in Scotland he had said that "she resembled a dead nettle; were she alive she would sting."

This mean dinner and, we presume, its meaner hostess, were but a sorry prelude to a melancholy journey which the party had to take to Mrs. Thrale's old home at Bodvel. They found nothing there as in Mrs. Thrale's childhood: the walk was cut down, the pond was dry. The nearby churches, which Mrs. Thrale held by impropriation, Johnson thought "mean and neglected to a degree scarcely imaginable. They have no pavement, and the earth is full of holes. The seats are rude benches; the Altars have no rails. One of them has a breach in the roof. On the desk, I think, of each lay a folio Welsh Bible

of the black letter, which the curate cannot easily read." Over one hundred and thirty years later the present writer made a tour of these Welsh churches of early foundation. Mysterious, desolate, dilapidated old places they are; in comparison with the ugly, comfortable non-conformist chapels, spectacles for the prosperous to jeer at.

Mrs. Piozzi tells a story which shows that the great Doctor brought terror to the hearts of the Welsh parsons. "It was impossible not to laugh at the patience Doctor Johnson shewed, when a Welsh parson of mean abilities, though a good heart, struck with reverence at the sight of Dr. Johnson, whom he had heard of as the greatest man living, could not find any words to answer his inquiries concerning a motto around somebody's arms which adorned a tombstone in Ruabon church-yard. If I remember aright, the words were, "*Heb Dw, Heb Dym*" (without God, without all), "*Dw o' diggon*" (God is all sufficient).¹ And though of no very difficult construction, the gentleman seemed wholly confounded, and unable to explain them; till Mr. Johnson, having picked out the meaning by little and little, said to the man, '*Heb* is a preposition, I believe, Sir, is it not?' My countryman, recovering some spirits upon the sudden question, cried out, '*So I humbly presume, Sir,*' very comically."

About Bodvel they found the Methodists "prevalent," which could not have been a pleasant circumstance to Johnson. With non-conformity the great Doctor had no sympathy. Boswell says that Johnson thought them "too sanguine in their accounts of their success among savages, and that much of what they tell is not to be believed.

¹ This Welsh epitaph should be written, *Heb Duw, Heb Dym, Duw a diggon*, and is literally translated, Without God, without nothing, God and plenty.

He owned that the Methodists had done good; had spread religious impressions among the vulgar part of mankind; but, he said, they had great bitterness against other Christians, and that he never could get a Methodist to explain in what he excelled others."

This unhappy day they concluded suitably by going to Pwllheli, "a mean old town at the extremity of the country," where they bought something by which to remember its meanness. Pwllheli is still mean, but in a different way, for it has become a cheap watering-resort from which one longs to escape at the first moment to quiet Abersoch, or to Llanengan or Aberdaron, where Americans cease from troubling and tourists are at rest.

Nowadays even the most breathless will grant Snowdon a few words of praise, — praise for its lakes, awe for its rock-strewn valleys like the valley of the shadow of death. Of the two lakes, Llyn Peris and Llyn Padarn, which receive the waters on the northern slope of Snowdon, Johnson did not think much, for he complained that "the boat is always near one bank or the other." As for Snowdon itself the record is, "We climbed with great labour. I was breathless and harassed." There is no word for all that is romantic or awe-inspiring, not an exclamation for the summit to which have mounted king, poet, priest, wise man, through countless ages — only a record of Queeny's goats, "one hundred and forty-nine, I think." Queeny's father was near-sighted and could not see the goats, so he had promised the child a penny for every one she showed him. Dr. Johnson, the devoted friend of Queeny, kept the account.

On their way back to the English border again they passed through Bangor, where Johnson must have been happy in finding that "the quire is mean." On August 28, they were once

more with hospitable Mr. Myddleton. Here they stayed for over a week, and the journal contains, among other things, a long note about a Mr. Griffiths. The addition of the name of his estate or village fails to identify him now; looking for a Griffiths or a Jones in Wales is like looking for a needle in a haystack. Perhaps the present limitation to a dozen patronymics is a blessing for courts of law, but it is baffling for the curious, lay-minded man. The historian finds the old Welsh John ap. Robert ap David ap Griffith ap Meredith ap David ap Vauchan ap Blethyn ap Griffith ap Meredith, and so on for a dozen more "aps," easier for purposes of identification.

On their homeward way, Johnson was enthusiastic about Wrexham and its "large and magnificent" church, one of the Seven Wonders of Wales. On the 7th of September they came to Chirk Castle, but I cannot find that they went into this residence, a place which undoubtedly would have delighted Johnson more on account of its "commodity of living" and solid grandeur than because one of its heiresses was the unamiable Warwick dowager who had married Addison. They left for Shrewsbury after they had viewed the little waterfall of Pistyll Rhaiadr, where the Doctor remarked only upon its height and the copiousness of its fall. If Johnson had been an up-to-date Cambrian railway tourist he could not have entered and left North Wales in more approved style, for he came in by way of Chester and left by Shrewsbury. Safely out of Wales, they journeyed homeward through Worcester, probably Birmingham, and Oxford. On September 24 there is this simple record: "We went home."

It is to be remembered that on this tour Johnson lacked the companionship of the faithful Boswell. Yet the scantiness of the diary and its critical

attitude cannot be accounted for wholly on this ground, but were due, I think, far more to the fact that the Doctor was thoroughly English in prejudice. Tobias Smollett's feeling in *Humphrey Clinker*, for example, is even more English and uncomplimentary. All through his tour of the Hebrides, although he denounced Scotland and all things Scotch, called the Scotch liars and their country naked, yet the Doctor had an uneasy conviction of their superiority. So far as Wales was concerned, he simply did not consider this country of Arthur, of bard and of poet, this country of an indestructible nationalism, worthy his serious interest. Had he lived in Shakespeare's day his concern would have been much greater, his respect more solicitous.

On the first visit to Mr. Myddleton the preservation of the Welsh language had been discussed. In his journal for that date Dr. Johnson wrote, "Myddleton is the only man, who, in Wales, has talked to me of literature." He was visiting people who, almost universally, were supremely indifferent to Wales and all things Welsh. In other words, he was visiting the upper or ruling classes. Cradock, in his *Letters from Snowdon*, published in 1770, wrote, "There is a certain supineness in the greatest part of country gentlemen, which renders them inattentive even to their own good. They live upon their estates, unsolicitous of what passes in life, and provided they enjoy the dull comforts of an animal existence, they are satisfied. Undisturbed with the spirit of enterprise and ambition, they follow the dull track of their ancestors, without thought, and without reflexion, and live and die unknown." It is not so many years ago that the children of the gentry were not allowed to learn Welsh, for fear their English accent might be spoiled. Now, happily, they are taught Welsh,

a fact which not only improves the relationship between them and the working classes, but also is contributing generously to a revival of all that is best in Welsh song and literature.

Dr. Johnson was in Wales at a time when the intellectual interests of Welshmen were most flagging: that is, just before the introduction of the Welsh Sunday-schools which, with their educational rather than exclusively religious functions, gave impulse to a period of modern Welsh literature. Not only in chronology, but also in importance, the establishment of the Welsh Sunday-school must take precedence of Lady Charlotte Guest's translations of the *Mabinogion*. Yet what Macpherson's *Ossian* did for Scotland in the seventies in arousing interest, Lady Guest did for Wales in 1838. It is possible, if one can presuppose the impossible, that with these translations in hand Dr. Johnson's journal would have been very different. However, one is fearful that, even fortified with Lady Charlotte's beautiful translations, there would have been passages in the authentic Welsh *Mabinogion* as angrily rejected by him as was Macpherson's imposture. Johnson said that he never could get the meaning of an Erse song explained to him. He asked a young lady who had sung such a song what it was about, and she replied that it was for the entertainment of the company. He explained that it was its meaning he could not understand, whereupon she answered that it was a love-song. And that was all the intelligence, Johnson said, that he could get.

There was strong probability, as a Welsh traveler in 1682 expressed it, of Welsh being "English'd out of Wales, as Latin was barbarously Goth'd out of Italy." From the time of the Great Rebellion, however, the condition of the Welsh language began to improve,

and it is possible greatly to over-rate the difficulties that Johnson met in coming to know the life of the people. Impatiently he had exclaimed, "Let us, if we do talk, talk about something; men and women are my subject of enquiry; let us see how these differ from those we have left behind." But from any evidence in his journal Johnson did not consider it worth his while to discover how much the Welsh really do differ from the English. The visible physical fact with which he was confronted was the dark-haired, dark-eyed Welshman, of dark complexion, of medium stature, very Spanish-looking, sometimes almost Oriental. What he heard were voices quite different from the English, — quiet, and pure in enunciation. What he must have felt — if he felt the Welsh as distinct, except in inferiority — was a race as different as the South is from the North, sensitive, imaginative, excitable, deeply impressionable to everything that is beautiful, as capable of the "howl" as the Irish, yet more critical, of an intellectual independence which makes Roman Catholicism unwelcome to the Welsh, with a shrewdness that is the logic of money-getting; a captive race with minds which can never be servile. Yet in a letter to Boswell announcing that he had visited five out of the six counties of North Wales, Dr. Johnson wrote: "Wales is so little different from England, that it offers nothing to the speculation of the traveler." A strain of contrariness in him — tonic some call it — made him emphasize the undesirable features of a country or a personality. He had taunted Boswell with the sterility of Scotland. Three years after this Welsh journey, forgetting even his interest in castles, he was able to say: "Except the woods of Bachycraigh, what is there in Wales, that can fill the hunger of ignorance, or quench the thirst of curiosity?"

THE VALUE OF POLITICAL EDITORIALS

BY EDWARD PORRITT

THREE events in the political annals of the Anglo-Saxon world, all occurring within the last four years, seem to warrant the inference that the partisan newspaper has sustained an enormous loss of power. Looked at from outside a newspaper office, and disregarding the long-standing traditions of the power of the press, the general election in England in 1906, the general election in the Dominion of Canada in 1908, and the revision of the Dingley tariff at Washington in 1909, are sufficiently significant to raise the question whether it is worth while for any daily newspaper to attach itself to a political party.

Statesmen and politicians still feel the need of a partisan press — of newspaper support that they can rely upon to stand by them through thick and thin, and particularly at election times. This need is perhaps less felt at Washington than at the other political centres of the Anglo-Saxon world; for the Washington government certainly does less for newspaper proprietors and editors than any of the other Anglo-Saxon governments. The need is still felt at Westminster and Ottawa. Otherwise there would be no peerages, baronetcies, or knighthoods, for English newspaper proprietors and editors; and capitalists who incidentally control newspapers in Canada would secure fewer material rewards — tariff and bounty favors and senatorships — than go in the Dominion to men who have had the foresight to secure the control of newspapers in the large cities, and

who are careful that these newspapers shall give a steady support to the government in power.

The recent experience of the Liberal government in England unmistakably suggests that in the past the Liberals have overestimated the support of a partisan press. As regards newspaper support, the Liberals were never in worse plight than they were at the general election of 1906. In the newspaper world they had at that time not even begun to recover from the demoralization and havoc that followed the split in the party on the Home Rule question in 1886. The organs of Whiggism in London, in the provinces, and in Scotland, that in 1886 fell away from Gladstone and the Liberal party, had by 1906 become the editorial exponents of the retrogressive Toryism of the Balfour administration of 1902–05. Two or three new Liberal papers had come into existence. But these new recruits were confined to London; and in January, 1906, when the Campbell-Bannerman government, which had come into power in December, 1905, made its appeal to the constituencies, the number of first-class daily newspapers supporting the Liberal party, all told, did not exceed the number of daily newspapers in London alone that were supporting the cause of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain.

The Tories in London had the editorial support of no fewer than fourteen morning and evening newspapers. Ten of these were two-cent papers, with constituencies among the wealth-

ier middle classes. The Liberals in London had five daily newspapers with them. Only one of these — the *Westminster Gazette* — is a two-cent paper.

The other four are one-cent papers. In provincial England the Liberals had no morning newspaper support in Birmingham, or anywhere in the wide extent of the Midlands that has come to be known as the Chamberlain zone. In Manchester they had one morning and two evening newspapers. In Liverpool they had a morning and an evening newspaper. In Leeds their only out-and-out supporter was a one-cent evening journal; while in Newcastle they were at this time without any newspaper support. In Scotland they were in an even worse plight; for, in 1886, the *Scotsman* in Edinburgh, the *Herald* and the *Evening Times* in Glasgow, and the *Free Press* in Aberdeen, had gone over to the Tories; and in 1906 there was only one evening newspaper in Edinburgh, one evening paper in Glasgow, and a morning paper in Dundee thirled to the Liberal party.

From 1832 to 1886 the Liberals had had an enormous advantage over the Tories as regards support by the daily and weekly press. This was the hey-day of Liberal journalism; for during part of this long period it was only by the aid of subsidies from the Carlton Club that Tory newspapers in Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, could be kept on their feet. After 1886 the Tories ceased to need newspapers that required support from the party headquarters. From 1886 to 1906 the conditions of 1832-86 were reversed; and as a result of the Home Rule split it was the Liberals who had to find money to put new daily papers afoot, or to sustain existing newspapers in London, Plymouth, Birmingham, Leeds, New-

castle, and Edinburgh. Not since the old *Morning Chronicle*, under the editorship of James Perry, gave the Radical party a lead in the last two decades of the eighteenth century, were the Liberals in a more distressful plight, as regards newspaper support, than they were when Campbell-Bannerman made his appeal to the constituencies in 1906. Naturally, there was much foreboding as to the effect of this preponderating advantage of the Tories, with regard to newspaper support, on the fortunes of the Campbell-Bannerman government.

But the election proved that these misgivings had been unnecessary, for it resulted in a House of Commons in which the Campbell-Bannerman government had a majority of 135 over every possible combination of Tories, Irish Nationalists, and Labor members, a majority for which there is no precedent since government by party was first established in England.

Nor was the Liberal success the only significant development in the election of 1906 so far as the newspaper press was concerned. The Independent Labor party had not then, and has not now, a single daily newspaper on whose editorial support it can rely. None the less, twenty-nine or thirty of its candidates were returned to the House of Commons; and, in spite of lack of support in the daily press, the Labor party has since 1906 increased its parliamentary strength to thirty-three or thirty-four. Editorial support assuredly did little for the Tory party in 1906; and it accomplished even less for Toryism during the summer and autumn of 1909, when the mind of the English people was focused on the Lloyd George Budget with an intentness unequaled since public attention was riveted on the three bills of 1830-32 out of which there was developed the first great Reform Bill.

At the general election in Canada in October, 1908, the Liberals in Dominion politics were in exactly the opposite position as regards the daily press to that of the Liberals in England at the general election of 1906. Since 1896 the Tories in Canada have been at a disadvantage in the newspaper world of the Dominion. It lies within the power of the government at Ottawa to do more for its newspaper supporters than is possible for any other government in the Anglo-Saxon world. The Dominion government uses printing-ink lavishly. It has an enormous amount of advertising patronage in its bestowal — official notices, advertising for the Intercolonial Railway, the Department of Agriculture, and above all for the Immigration Department; and moreover the government printing-house at Ottawa can handle only part of the work required for the government. Practically all this advertising and printing goes to the newspapers whose proprietors support the Liberal party. Nor is this all the government largesse that finds its way to these newspaper proprietors; for there is a remarkable connection in Canada between the control of Liberal newspapers and directorships in companies which derive enormous advantage from the iron and steel bounties, from the protective duties in the interest of the Nova Scotia coal-mines, and from the high duties on iron and steel and on other products of industrial plants.

Cabinet positions and senatorships have also a frequent connection with the control of newspapers; and generally in Canada it is quite worth while for a capitalist who is interested in industries on which the government bestows largesse to include a daily newspaper or two among his enterprises. It is not necessary that he should know anything about newspaper production. It

is no more necessary than that legislators who are at work on a tariff bill should be able to tell a blast furnace from a brewery. It is not even necessary that the capitalist should be over-careful that his newspaper venture quite pays for itself over the counter. In meal or in malt, provided he stands well with the government, he is almost certain to get an equivalent for any financial loss that his newspaper may entail upon him; and when it has served his ends and he is tired of it, some other capitalist-politician is almost sure to be ready to take it off his hands.

As a result of twelve years of conditions in the newspaper world, largely determined by these influences, the Liberal government at Ottawa, at the general election of 1908, had a great advantage over the Conservatives as regards the daily press. Especially was this the case in the Maritime Provinces, where the newspaper activities of one well-known capitalist, notorious for his part in the exploitation of the highly-protected coal industry and the bounty-supported iron and steel industry in Cape Breton, had left the Conservatives without an organ in the daily press in the city of St. John, and had bestowed on the Liberal party two mechanical thick-and-thin supporters of the Laurier government in Halifax, and a third similarly-controlled newspaper in Cape Breton.

The election in 1908 should have been an easy one for the Laurier government. The opposition in the House of Commons had been led for ten years by a man without any magnetism, who in his personal influence is poles asunder from such leaders as Macdonald and Laurier; while, as regards the Conservative party itself, not since 1896 has it had any policy except a parrot-like cry for more protection and less British preference.

From 1896 to 1908 the opposition at Ottawa was effective to some extent in keeping a check on graft and in bringing graft into daylight. But during these years it was without a constructive policy, or indeed any policy, to offer as an alternative to that of the Laurier government. It gave the country no lead; indeed, between 1896 and 1908, His Majesty's loyal opposition did not earn its carfare to Ottawa. With a weak opposition like this to confront, and with the press so generally on its side, the election of 1908 ought to have been a walk-over for the government. The government was returned to power, but it lost ten or eleven seats; and the remarkable fact about these losses was that the most serious inroad on the strength of the government was in the province of Nova Scotia, where the capitalist friend and patron of the government had been so careful that there should be no shortage of newspaper support for the Liberal party.

The situation in the United States during the revision of the tariff in 1909 was quite different from that in England and Canada at the general elections of 1906 and 1908. In England it was the electorate that ignored the Tory newspapers and their propaganda. To a less degree it was the same in Canada in 1908. In this country it was the President and Congress that snapped their fingers at the press, and proceeded with revision as though newspapers were non-existent. There were many remarkable facts about the revision of 1909. The one of significance here is that, with only here and there an exception, as for instance in Philadelphia and Pittsburg, all the important daily newspapers in the country — Republican as well as Democratic or independent — condemned in outspoken language the action of the Senate on the tariff. There were in the newspapers many expressions

of disappointment and dissatisfaction with the Payne bill as it went from the House to the Senate. It was urged that it embodied few reductions that could by any chance reach the general consumer. But when Senator Aldrich recast the Payne bill and made some of its provisions even more protective than the Dingley rates of 1897, condemnation by the press was almost universal, without regard to party lines.

There can surely never have been a measure for which the dominant party at Washington was responsible, to which more condemnation was meted out by the press than the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. From April to July the daily newspapers of both political parties teemed with condemnation, and with iterated and reiterated declarations that the bill as recast by Senator Aldrich, and complacently accepted by the Republican stand-pat senators, was not embodying the kind of revision to which the Republican party stood committed by its national platform of 1908, and by the speeches made by Mr. Taft before and after his election as President.

All this outcry was of little avail. Except for the repeal of the duty on hides, which may in time reach buyers of shoes, nothing was done for the general consumer; while, as concerns the textile schedules, and particularly as regards cottons and silks, the consumer is to-day in a worse position than under the Dingley act. It may be that the vigorous condemnation by the press of the late revision will tell at the congressional elections of 1910. It is to be hoped that it will; otherwise there never was such a waste of newspaper space on editorial pages as that between February and September, 1909.

All this editorial writing had scarcely a measurable influence on Mr. Sereno E. Payne, Mr. John Dalzell, Mr. Fordney, and the other members of the

Republican majority in the Committee of Ways and Means when they were drafting the House bill. Senator Aldrich's attitude could not have been more irresponsibly Bourbon if he had been assured that during the whole time that he was revising the tariff all the newspaper editors of the United States were at the North Pole serving as an affidavit-making body-guard for Commander Peary. Even on Mr. Taft all the editorial writing in favor of an honest downward revision had no appreciable effect while the bill was before the House and the Senate — none certainly after the President had confronted and measured Senator Aldrich, and had decided that the summer of 1909 would be more pleasant at the White House if during the hot weather he abandoned the little concern on behalf of the general consumer that he had evinced in the more exhilarating weather of December, 1908.

The question naturally arises how we are to account for these remarkable situations in the newspaper world of England, Canada, and the United States. It would need an examination of the political and social anatomy of each country to attempt a detailed explanation. All that can be offered here are a few conjectures. My impression is that President Taft and the Republican stand-pat majorities at Washington ignored the outcry of the press for six reasons: (1) the Republican leaders at Washington know that political meetings in this country are rarely called except by the men in control of the local organizations; (2) they were confident all through the summer of 1909 that no hostile popular action against the Republican majority at Washington would be initiated by men in control of the local political machines; (3) they were aware that tariff legislation in all its dishonest and insidious details can never be popularly

understood; (4) they knew that people in this country have proverbially short memories for political betrayals; (5) they concluded that the Democratic newspapers would find fault with any tariff originating with the Payne and Aldrich committees of Congress; and (6) they were confident that, while Republican newspapers might be hostile to the Republican tariff when it was going through Congress in 1909, they would be back in the fold with a thick-and-thin support of the Republican party before the congressional elections of 1910, and certainly would be in line long before the presidential election of 1912.

In England the explanation of the position of the Tory press in 1906 would seem to be threefold. Toryism at Westminster at the end of the Balfour administration of 1902-05 had exhausted itself, much as Toryism had exhausted itself in 1828 when Wellington was the only man in the party eligible for the premiership. From 1902 to 1905 Toryism had been reactionary. It had tied itself more closely than ever to the sacerdotalists in the Established Church, and to the distilling and brewing interests; and, to crown these reactionary movements, it had committed itself to a revival of protection, and had also permitted itself to be hamstrung on the Chinese coolie question by the mining magnates of the Rand. In 1906 it was a hopeless cause that the Tory journalists had to champion. This may be part of the explanation of the newspaper situation in England four years ago.

Another explanation is forthcoming in the fact that since the opening years of the twentieth century there has been a sweeping and general change in English methods of political propaganda. The platform as an engine of propaganda dates back to the time of Wesley. In politics it came into service

soon after the American Revolution, and increasingly as the Reform acts of 1832, 1867, and 1884-85 enlarged the parliamentary electorate. It was never more in service than it has been since the turn of the century. Again, as in the eighteenth century, political propagandists adopted the methods of religious preachers. The Independent Labor party, which was organized in 1902, followed the example of the Salvation Army. It had not money to hire halls, and it accordingly took its stand on the street-corners and in the market-places. The two older political parties had to follow suit. Unlike the Labor party, the Liberal and Conservative parties had to undertake propaganda work in rural as well as urban England; and the result has been that increasingly since 1904 England has been alive with open-air political meetings, held on village greens and at the cross-roads, as well as at the street-corners and in the market-places, the squares, and the parks of the towns and cities.

This open-air propaganda gave the election of 1906 a new significance in the political history of England; and my impression is that this direct, continuous, and personal appeal by the politicians to the people, which the

newspapers of both parties were compelled to chronicle, accounts in a large measure for the extent to which political editorial writing receded into the background.

Only one explanation of the situation in Canada in 1908 suggests itself to me. Neither the Liberal nor the Conservative party in the Dominion is dominated by any political convictions. Since the Liberals came to an end of their eighteen years of opposition in the House of Commons, in 1896, both parties have stood for little else than opportunism. From Confederation in 1867 to 1896 the Liberal party was a party of convictions and ideals, and in that period of nearly thirty years it accomplished much for the political education of Canada. It bade farewell to convictions and ideals and to the work of popular political education just as soon as it came into power at Ottawa. By 1908 the difference in regard to political principles and convictions between the Liberals and the Conservatives was so extremely microscopic that the task of stimulating enthusiasm for the Laurier Government was about as hopeless for the Canadian Liberal journalists of 1908 as the somewhat similar task which confronted Tory journalists in England in 1906.

JAPAN'S AMBITION

BY ARTHUR MAY KNAPP

THE protest of China against the reconstruction of the Mukden-Antung Railway, and the quiet but determined way in which Japan proceeded in the work in apparent defiance of Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria, have very naturally renewed the discussion concerning the ultimate aims and ambitions of the Japanese which was rife at the close of the late war, when, it will be remembered, the entire civilized world was speculating upon the portent of the great military power rising in the Far Orient. As then, it is now again being seriously asked, whether the signs do not indicate that the virus of modern imperialism has been infused into the veins of the people of the Island Empire.

It was of course inevitable that the enormous triumph of Japan over a first-class Western power should awaken in the Occident a widespread sentiment of jealousy and distrust, and that the universal admiration of the nations evoked by the doughty deeds of the Japanese soldiery while the war was in progress would be followed by the sure reaction of fearsomeness at the advent of so formidable a new power in the family of nations; the dread becoming so pervasive, that even the mighty republic across the seas, the staunchest friend of the new power, yielded to its influence so far as actually to discuss the possibility of war with the nation which it had hitherto regarded with a unique affection and a fostering care.

Were it possible to discuss the question of Japan's imperialistic ambitions

on the basis of ordinary human nature, or on that of the common history and experience of mankind, the fear evinced by the Western powers might in some degree be justified; but the fact cannot be too strenuously insisted upon, or too often dinned into the Occidental mind, that the ambitions of this nation may not, any more than its moralities or its social codes and customs, be judged by Western standards. As its history is unique, so is the essential character which has grown out of that history. Its extraordinary past is by no means so remote that it should not be taken into full account in forming any intelligent judgment concerning its present dispositions and tendencies.

One of the most frequent charges, for example, brought against this nation since the close of its successful war has been that of the "cockiness" imparted to its disposition by the consciousness of its great triumph. Aside from the fact that the reports of such a tendency have emanated mainly from tourists, who have come into contact only with the demoralized coolies of the treaty ports, the sole habitat of the genus hoodlum, there exists, as is well known to every old resident here, a salient and pervading characteristic of Japanese nature, the direct result of age-long influences, which negatives even the possibility of fixing such a charge upon the nation. It is wholly natural for the average Westerner to indulge in the spirit of vainglory over the successes of his nation in the field

of war, whereas the entire training of the Japanese mind has for centuries been in the direction of self-depreciation. So ingrained has that habit become, that to commend one's self, or aught which one has done, is the grossest violation of the social code. The very structure of the language itself is a rebuke to the spirit of vainglory, with the result that in all conversation the idea of merit being involved in one's personality or in one's deeds is kept completely in the background. Boasting of any sort being thus the supreme social offense, it becomes therefore wholly impossible for any one who knows the nation to imagine it given over to priding itself upon its triumphs, even when the fame of them was ringing through the world. However great may have been the actual sense of satisfaction pervading the nation, it simply could not find expression either in the conversation or in the demeanor of the Japanese people.

The facts in the case fully confirm the force of such *a priori* consideration. Apart from the hoodlum element created in the ports by contact with Western civilization, never did a nation in the hour of overwhelming victory, or one in which the sentiment of patriotism is so superlatively developed, bear itself so modestly. The vast army returned from its hard-won fields of battle, without rejoicing parade or outward show of triumph, and straightway melted away into the walks of civil life and industry with even less public notice than that which marked the close of America's Civil War. Even more significant than this is the fact, unprecedented in history, that the war was followed by no slightest hint of wrangling for the proper apportionment of credit or fame between either the different branches of the service or any of the units thereof. Admiral Togo's dispatch announcing the great

victory in the naval battle of Tsushima, and attributing his success to the virtues of the Emperor alone, or, in other words, to the sentiment of patriotism animating the entire force under his command, was the expression of the consciousness of the whole nation, and in the light of it the charge of "cockiness," growing purely out of the Western conception of the attitude a nation must necessarily assume under such circumstances, is the very last which should be brought against the people of Japan.

The ordinary impulses of human nature being thus no criterion by which this peculiar nation should be judged, so likewise its unique history should ever be taken into account in estimating the likelihood of its advent into that field of imperialism toward which the eager nations of the West are today striving.

For of this fear, which has found such extensive lodgment in the Occidental mind, it needs but to be said that, if it be in any degree well-founded, it signifies that a change far more wonderful and startling than any at which the Western peoples have hitherto marveled has been wrought upon the inmost spirit of this island nation, — a change compared with which its outward transformations during the last half-century would sink into insignificance.

It is a comparatively easy thing for a nation to change its garb, or to import foreign ways, or even to adopt in its outward forms a foreign religion; but to effect a vital change in its essential character, disposition, and temperament, which are the results of age-long training, is entirely another matter. Only an equally age-long process of evolution could possibly accomplish that result.

It is especially in the case of Japan, a nation whose disposition and tem-

perament are the outcome of centuries of isolation, that this consideration should alone be sufficient to negative the charge that the dream of imperialism is to-day engaging its thought or likely to become its ambition. Aside from all considerations of the inherent folly of entering into a contest with any of the great powers for the acquisition of any part of the territory of a world now so completely absorbed and appropriated by them, it is entirely safe to say, especially in view of the fact that the purely practical problem of room for the surplus population of the islands has been solved by the results of the late war, that whatever ideal of imperialism Japan has now in view, it is plainly not that of territorial aggrandizement. Its vision is now, as it has ever been of old, intensive rather than extensive. It is the preservation and maintenance in dignity and power of the ancient Empire, without a dream of foreign conquest or of the acquisition of new territory, upon which the thought of every true Japanese is now centred. Could the nation be accused of boasting, its pride would be found centred in its hoary antiquity, and in the fact that throughout the ages the foot of the invader has never pressed its soil. To keep that fame intact, as it has ever been in the past, is to-day the vital essence of Japanese ambition.

Such being the *a priori* consideration operative to dispel the fear that Japan may join the ranks of the grasping powers of the world, what now are the actual facts of the situation which would seem to portend a vital change in her attitude and intent?

Although even so intelligent a paper as is the San Francisco *Argonaut* has recently remarked editorially that "the Japanese people look to nothing less than the possession of the Philippine Islands and Hawaii," it is never-

theless high time that the attribution of any such design should be relegated to the category of supreme absurdities. Not only has there never been the slightest hint of such desire on the part of the Japanese public, either in the press or in casual discussion, but every foreign resident here, in the least degree cognizant of the thought of the leaders of the Empire, the only ones whose opinion is worth consideration, knows that, so far from that idea having ever found lodgment in their minds, it is absolutely unthinkable, as is and always has been any possibility of war with the American Republic on any issue.

Were the islands in question unappropriated, or in the possession of any power from which hostility to Japan might be feared, or were such possession to be construed as in any way a menace to the safety or integrity of the island realm, it might be possible for the government to fix long-eyes upon them; but the simple fact that they are in the hands of a power regarded with an amity closely akin to positive affection puts an entirely different complexion upon the matter. They who are talking so glibly of the likelihood of a war for any cause between Japan and the United States can have no conception of the force or universality of the profound regard in which the Western Republic is everywhere held in that empire. Looked upon as the motherland of Japan's new birth among the powers, and of its whole modern career, with Commodore Perry enrolled among its historic saints and saviors, one has but to go anywhere in the land and announce himself an American, and straightway the country is his. Under such conditions and with a government peculiarly alive to the necessity of their continuance, any suggestion of war between the two nations becomes, not

merely supremely foolish, but absolutely unthinkable.

When, however, as "Westward the course of empire" still takes its way, the eyes of modern Japan are seen to be turned in that direction, a different aspect seems given to the question whether the lust of territorial aggrandizement has taken possession of her soul. The results of the late war having given her a vast "sphere of influence," the query becomes entirely legitimate as to her intent to exploit that sphere after the fashion of the powers into whose family she has been admitted, their now familiar method being to overlord the territory of some weaker power or people, the foothold thus gained by a specious phrase being followed up sooner or later by open claimancy, full possession, and the establishment of an alien sovereignty.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, that, this having become the confirmed habit of the greater Western powers, the advent of Japan among them should be interpreted as a fearsome indication that an Asiatic nation, having learned their game, is about to play it in alarming fashion, and become the dominating lord over the regions of the East not yet fully appropriated by them, but long regarded as their own ultimate spoil. It is in view of this fear, and of the natural trend of militant powers, that the question of Japan's ambitions in regard to Korea and Manchuria becomes wholly legitimate.

As to the Korean peninsula, not only has it for centuries been traditionally regarded by all Japanese as a part of the sacred soil of their empire, but its strategic position, it being, according to a popular phrase, the "dagger pointed at the heart of Japan," has ever kept the nation alive to the tremendous danger of permitting it to be occupied by any foreign power capable of wielding that dagger. The fortunes

of war having brought it under the nation's direct care, the problem involved in that care, instead of being one of territorial aggrandizement, becomes one of the national safety. The incentive which throbs in every Japanese breast, the preservation of their island home from the clutch of the Northern power (a fate inevitable had that power been permitted to wield the "dagger)," is for the present at least the ruling thought of the Japanese government in its attitude toward its Korean dependency. That the peninsula must be under its direct sovereignty, either in the form of a protectorate held by the firmest of hands, or by open annexation, has become a national necessity. It was not more impossible for America to leave the Philippines as an easy prey to the predatory nations of the West than it is now for Japan to expose Korea to the machinations of European diplomacy. Indeed the barbarous tribes composing the larger part of the population of the southern archipelago might have been much more safely left thus exposed, so far as international interests are concerned, than the moribund and spiritless nation of Korea, whose corrupt and nerveless government offers so easy a mark for the foreign despoiler.

An absolutely effete civilization, such as Korea illustrates, stands in need of the very strongest protection from without which can be given it; and to insure its own safety no mere formal protectorate can be in any way efficient. Japan has just now, in her struggle for her own self-preservation, saved this ancient mother-country of hers from an appalling danger, and the only way to keep it saved is by the strong hand. As the next of kin to a defunct sovereignty, as well as its recent rescuer from the clutches of the Northern bear, she has every right now to assume complete control, her only care being to see to it

that such control be wisely exercised for the benefit of a pathetically despoiled and hopeless people. Whatever the future may develop, there should just now at least be no question raised as to the legitimacy of Japan's ambition anent Korea, nor should her present policy for the redemption of the peninsula be interpreted as evidence that she has joined the greedy nations of the West in their scramble for territorial spoils. The merest glance at the map of eastern Asia, conjoined with the slightest perusal of the recent annals of Korea, should be amply sufficient to disabuse any fair-minded man of the idea that the stigma of modern imperialism should be fastened on Japan because of her treatment of the ward now placed in her keeping.

Of the manner in which she is addressing herself to the task, there has indeed been severe criticism, often justified, but made chiefly, as is the wont in such cases, by those ignorant of the conditions, or unable to realize or appreciate the magnitude of the task in hand. The problem before Japan presenting the same enormous difficulties as those confronting America in dealing with the Philippines, with the exception that Japan, in attempting to revive an effete civilization, has far more intractable material upon which to work, the two cases have also proved almost precisely identical in the fact that the critics of either government, while severe in their strictures upon its action, have as yet suggested no efficient or even possible alternative to such action. That consideration should alone be sufficient to indicate the seriousness of the odds confronting both the protectorates in dealing with their respective wards.

In Japan's case the leading criticism which has been brought against her is the ruthlessness of her treatment of the Koreans, laying her open to the

charge of terrorism, as indicating imperialistic designs and ambitions on her part, and her disposition to regard the peninsula as a conquered province. Such criticism, while justified by the facts, is nevertheless wholly inconclusive as to the motive to be inferred from them. The terrorism to which the Koreans were subjected in the initial stages of Japan's occupation of the country was indeed something almost beyond belief. During a journey there three years ago I again and again saw at many a railway station a whole crowd of the spiritless inhabitants put to flight by a single Japanese simply turning around and looking at them. But what were the facts underlying these distressful conditions? Japan, it will be remembered, took virtual possession of the country at the outset of the war. Being unusually gifted with the sense of proportion, her thought and energies were wholly absorbed in the prosecution of the gigantic struggle; and while it was in progress the inevitable happened. The new field for colonization opened to the Japanese drew to it precisely the same class among them as that which in America flocks into every new mining country. A horde of disreputable adventurers and soldiers of fortune invaded the peninsula, while the government, in its absorption in the greater task upon its hands, placed no check upon the flood until the war came to an end. From the results of that neglect, and from the criticism thereby engendered, Japan is to-day suffering the penalty of losing somewhat of the world's confidence; but from the day the war closed, everything possible has been done by the government to retrieve the distressful situation. The influx of the disreputable class has been stopped, its flow being displaced by that of the quiet, industrious, peace-loving, and cleanly people representative of the pervading

domestic life of the Island Empire. The scenes I have described at the railway station are no longer witnessed. Instead of them, I to-day note an aspect strikingly suggestive of the influences silently at work for the regeneration of the land.

Every traveler in Korea who has recorded his impressions has noted the abjectness of the native life there, as evidenced in the streets and dwellings of the people. A Korean town, even the capital city not excepted, is to all outward appearance hardly more than a collection of dog-kennels. Now, if the Japanese had done no more than to give the inhabitants, as they have done, a striking object-lesson in the ways of civilized life, they would already have sufficiently indicated the necessity of their presence in the centres of Korean population. To-day, along the line of the great railway extending the whole length of the peninsula, at each station, amid the reek and squalor of the Korean town, may be seen a group of the dainty, cleanly, and charming Japanese dwellings, recognized by every traveler in this land as an index of the high civilization here attained, and constituting an invaluable object-lesson for the nation to which it seeks to extend that civilization.

Nor is this by any means the only indication that the ruthlessness which marked the initial stage of the occupation of the peninsula, and which might justifiably have then been interpreted as evidencing an imperialistic motive, has now given place to a disposition more in accord with the kindly and peace-loving nature of Korea's island neighbor. The simple fact that Japan, the moment the war was over, placed at the helm of her new dependency by far the ablest and most distinguished of her statesmen, the recognized leader of the remarkable group of men which for the last forty years has guided her

own empire through the chaos of its regeneration, showed not only that she was fully conscious of the magnitude of the problem confronting her in Korea, but also how far her methods were to diverge from those of imperialism. The whole administration of Prince Ito in the peninsula has shown that his face has been set as a flint against the acquisition by Japan of territory upon the mainland. All the world knows that, when the war closed, Korea was looked upon by the powers as the main reward of the victors. The right to annex it as an integral part of the Japanese Empire would have been universally conceded, and it is moreover beyond question that upon that strictly logical basis the task of Korean regeneration would have been far easier than upon the nebulous and illogical one which has proved the chief stumbling-block in the way there, just as it has in America's administration in the Philippines. And yet, in spite of such obvious advantage to be gained, and in the teeth of urgent counsel, given not only by many of his countrymen, but by foreign advisers of the government, Prince Ito placed himself squarely upon the issue, and has since steadfastly adhered to the principle of maintaining the protectorate until education in self-government should raise the Korean nation to the dignity of independence, and set it again upon its feet.

That such task may indeed prove in the lapse of years to be impossible; that the civilization of Korea may have already become so utterly effete and corrupt as to be incapable of reform; that other counsels may gain sway in the Japanese government when its present wise leaders pass from the scene, are of course among the possibilities which the future may reveal; but for the present the Ito policy, anti-imperialistic in its very essence, is the efficient motive of Japan in her relations with Korea.

How far it has been really efficient, how deeply impressed the Koreans themselves have already become by the sincerity and steadfastness with which Prince Ito has clung to it, may be evidenced from the fact that at the very time of the assassination of the estimable Mr. Stevens in San Francisco, struck down simply because he was a foreign adviser of the Korean government, the prince himself was walking in the streets of Seoul unattended and without fear of harm.

Since the above was written, the lamentable assassination of Prince Ito at Harbin by a Korean zealot has thrown Japan into the deepest mourning. At first sight the deed would seem to indicate the existence of a sentiment of profound hatred on the part of the Koreans as a nation toward the policy with which the prince has been identified. From the steady advance, however, which that policy has of late been making among the native leaders, further evidenced by the grief of the Korean Crown Prince, who is heart-broken at the loss of his cherished guide and mentor, it is far more probable that the deed was that of a youth actuated by the insanity of misguided patriotic feeling, and of the same class as that of the crazy zealot by whom Mr. Stevens met his untoward fate.

However that may be, there is in the minds of all who are cognizant of the actual relations between Japan and Korea, a striking parallelism between this latest assassination and that of President Lincoln. Just as the latter had its most untoward result upon the reconstruction policy by which the South was to be restored, every one now acknowledging that by the assassin's pistol the conquered states had lost their best friend and counselor, so now there is reason to fear that by the untimely death of Japan's leading statesman, whose heart was set upon

the purpose of restoring the independence and autonomy of Korea, the fulfillment of the dream of the nationalists of that distressful land must be greatly deferred, if it be not forever unrealized.

As to Japan's other "sphere of influence," Manchuria, it goes without saying that the difficulties confronting her there from the anomalous status of a country in which the sovereignty of China is nominally recognized, while two foreign powers are in actual control, are of such a character that no definite conclusion can justly be drawn as to the leading motive guiding her actions there. That motive must necessarily change as circumstances develop the extraordinary situation. The plain evidence of her initial motive, however, was her marked spirit of forbearance at the close of her struggle with Russia. According to the rules of war in vogue among the nations who are to-day complaining of the use of undue influence in her "sphere," Manchuria should have been placed in the same category as Korea, and yielded to her as the reward of victory. The fact that, apart from leases of a railway and of a strip of land twice conquered at enormous sacrifices of blood and treasure, she contented herself with the gain of an "open door," its privilege to be shared by all the powers which stood by while she was fighting their battles alone, ought to be sufficiently impressive to still the tongues of those powers now seeking to bring against her the reproach of imperialism. It ought also to reveal and to emphasize the true source and direction of her national ambition, that ambition being to an extraordinary degree insular, and thus directly antagonistic to any thought or dream of imperialism. It is, as I have already said, intensive, not extensive.

The sole aim of Japan is to secure the

future safety and to enhance the prosperity of its own island realm, and of its eminently peace-loving inhabitants. Foreign conquests, or acquisitions of territory, form no part of its dreams. Its intense patriotism, become a veritable religion, is centred upon and bounded by its own beautiful land, and it cares for no other. Its tremendous struggle to secure its safety now over, it is seeking by every possible means its development on industrial and commercial lines through the lawful channels of trade.

Whatever may have been the momentary stimulus given to the military spirit of the people by their two great wars, that spirit is alien, not only to their history, to their habits of life, and to their ingrained love of seclusion, but more than all to their passion for industry and for the peace by which alone it can be fostered. When, conjoined with this, the position of their country, enthroned upon the seas, with the same mighty stimulus to commercial life which has brought Britain its enduring fame, is taken into account, the underlying ambition of the Japanese becomes plainly manifest.

And this, after all, is the real crux of the international situation anent Japan, the vital source of the jealousy and suspicion with which her career is now being watched by the Western powers. A new and formidable competitor in the fields of industry and commerce has appeared on the eastern horizon, and it is of course inevitable that its advent should be viewed with unusual alarm, the whole commercial world being pervaded by the fear that Japan is about to show in the realm of trade the same aptitude and the same marvelous efficiency she developed in the field of war. This is an alarm which, however, in the broader view of the ultimate results of the development of competitive energies

upon the world's civilization, will in due time be completely dissipated.

Though not at first sight wholly germane to the subject in hand, the intensity of Japan's purely national ambition, centred as it is upon home development, and thus differentiated from the imperialistic craze, has also a marked bearing upon another very different Western interest. I have noted in the American and English press of late that for some reason not at all fathomed here, an unusually vivid hope is just now being entertained in the missionary world that the Japanese field has suddenly become ripe for the harvest of conversion to Christianity.

Of this it must be said that, if aught in this hope were being justified or were ever likely to be justified, its realization would run directly counter, not only to the whole course of Japan's ambitions, but also to that of the annals of Christian missions themselves. As Lafcadio Hearn once so clearly pointed out, "never within modern history has Christendom been able to force the acceptance of its doctrines upon a people able to maintain any hope of national existence. The nominal success of missions among savage tribes or the vanishing Maori race only proves the rule." But to-day the consciousness of national existence, the pride of having secured a place among the great powers of the world, the stimulus of patriotic fervor, the passion of loyalty, all centred upon the progress and development of their own fair land, these are the very breath of life to every subject of the Island Realm, and so long as these remain to animate the soul of the people, the realization of the missionary hope is doomed to sure disappointment.

On the other hand, and curiously enough on the self-same ground, there is some justification for the enthusiasm now being shown in the mission

field of Korea, where the hope of a separate national existence is becoming dimmed, through the possibility that the old civilization has grown to be so effete and spiritless that national regeneration will prove to be out of the question. Were the mission boards, taught by the failures of the past, in-

spired now to adopt the only means by which the vital current of thought in any people can be changed, and were they to send there, to reinforce the present band of "workers," only men of mental light and leading, they might indeed find there, but never in Japan, a field ripe for the harvest.

OPPORTUNITY

BY WILLIAM H. EDDY

FOOLISH is he who says that at his door
 I knock but once, a furtive moment stay,
 Fearing lest he shall hear, then haste away,
 Glad to escape him — to return no more.
 Not so, I knock and wait, and o'er and o'er
 Come back to summon him. Day after day
 I come to call the idler from his play,
 Or wake the dreamer with my vain uproar.

Out of a thousand, haply, now and then,
 One, if he hear again and yet again,
 Will tardy rise and open languidly.
 The rest, half puzzled, half annoyed, return
 To play or sleep, nor seek nor wish to learn
 Who the untimely, clownish guest may be.

THE KINZER PORTRAITS

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I KNEW when I did it that I was doing an inconsiderate thing. It was clearly apparent that the portraits did not wish to be separated. Perhaps I should better convey my sense of the impression of passionate unity they gave me if I said that they willed not to be separated. You may think me talking nonsense, but when I told Schlatter to send me Captain Kinzer's likeness only, I was conscious, even as I spoke, of agitation roused round about me, of active opposition, of indignation waxing to anger. Don't ask me how I knew this. I can only tell you what intelligent people know already, — that those who love and collect "old things" have a kind of sixth sense that enables them to perceive atmosphere where other people see only more or less pleasing shapes of wood, porcelain, metal, canvas, and paint. And sometimes, somehow, this perception of atmosphere, of the aura about old portraits, furniture, jewels, and such-like, is raised to thenth power and passes over into a perception of emotion. The experience is as vivid as strange, as convincing as incredible. But you must take my word for it in this case. I have no other proof to offer — save two bits of broken string.

Just this miracle of an enlarged perception took place for me as I stood in the back room of Schlatter's shop, before the pictures of Nicholas Pabodie Kinzer and Susan Woolsey, his wife, appraising them critically with reference to their merits and the needs of my dining-room. I felt the musty,

dusty air of the crowded place throb and stir around me suddenly, and I knew myself in the presence of old passions that, somehow, I had roused.

Schlatter's shop is up a side-street that ascends the hill. You go down a few steps into the front room, dark, and crammed with the most alluring pieces of his old mahogany, pewter, and china. Passing edge-wise and cautiously through this jumble, you enter a larger, lighter place at the back, where everything is dust and disorder. Old pictures on the walls, decrepit furniture piled in stacks awaiting the repairer, mouldy books, tarnished silver, decaying work-baskets where ancient needles are rusting in bits of yellowed flannel — all the heaped-up paraphernalia of forgotten lives is here. You know the kind of room, the sight and the odor of it, or else this tale is not for you. Here, with the rest, on this day were the two portraits I speak of, one of which I meant to possess. I am a mildly obstinate man, and it did not occur to me to wince or retreat before that curious impression I gained of opposition to my will in this matter. Rather, I think, the feeling moved me to be more heady, and I paid no attention to Schlatter's gentle insistence. I think he felt what I did. Certainly he looked disturbed and roused himself to expostulation, an attitude unusual in him toward his patrons.

"I like the man's face," I repeated with decision. "I will take that one, but not the woman."

"O Mr. Raynie, sir — I would

hardly like to separate them," urged Schlatter. "Don't you feel for yourself, sir, that it would be — inadvisable? And the lot ought to go together. I did but get the two portraits at the sale, and Captain Kinzer's chronometer and his wife's writing-case. Besides, of the two portraits, the woman's is the better work."

This was true. Both pictures had been done by some obscure portrait-painter of the early nineteenth century, and were conscientious work for that period; but the artist had a touch of cleverness that came out most strongly in his presentation of the woman's face.

The handsome captain whose likeness I coveted looked wooden in comparison with his wife. He was of the physical type one immediately designates as a "fine man," ruddy, chestnut-haired, clear of eye, and cheerful of countenance. He was arrayed in fine blue cloth and ruffles, obviously his best attire. Apparently he was taller and less squarely-built than the typical sea-captain of a hundred years ago, and his face, while not sensitive, looked as if you might call him interesting if you met him on the street. What I am trying to say is that he did not appear simply full-fed, active, and jolly. There was about him a hint of something finer than the mere animal satisfaction of the typical "fine man," and yet he was also obviously comfortable, sensible, and squarely set upon the earth. It was for just this combination of fine and coarse that I liked him and coveted his portrait. I have coveted that union of qualities for myself all my life long! But I shall go to my grave, as I came from my cradle, lean, inquisitive, thoughtful; over-fragile in body, and over-speculative in mind. Since Plymouth Rock there have been two types of men among my father's people — the red-headed Raynies, and the big-nosed Raynies.

The former are the fighters, the more forceful strain. I myself am a big-nosed Raynie, which means that I was born doomed to an irritable temper, critical tastes, and a somewhat malicious humor. I am a little bald, a little stooped, and much softer-hearted than I seem. But I was not soft-hearted enough to feel sentimental objections about separating the portraits of this once-happy pair, nor were the attractions of Susan Woolsey Kinzer of a kind to melt me. At thirty I admired a woman of that type — who failed to admire me. Ever since I have felt what seems to me a decent and becoming irritation against her like.

Mrs. Kinzer had black hair, opaque gray eyes, an aquiline nose, an air of much breeding and great restlessness. Her face was thin, strong, intense, almost pleading. There is no calm where such women are. They are not comfortable to live with. I said something of this sort to Schlatter.

"Does that matter in a portrait, sir?" he inquired disapprovingly.

"More than anywhere else," I said promptly. "If she were a live woman, she would be out of the house, gadding, half her time, but a picture is at home forever. Really, I can't have her about, Schlatter. She is a Lucifer of a lady, I tell you. She would be stirring up dissensions when she seemed to be hanging quietly on the wall looking down at my guests. She would be working against me behind my back. She is much better off leading a quiet life secluded here in your dusty room, where there is no mischief within her reach. I'll take the captain's portrait, but not hers. Now show me what other relics you have of them."

Schlatter did not think me crazy, because he is used to the prattle of would-be collectors like myself, and has learned to be tolerant of their fancies for the excellent reason that the most

whimsical buy most freely. But he did think me almost indecently regardless of the finer proprieties in thus parting husband and wife. I could see his opinion in the set of his head as he turned away to look in the surrounding piles of junk for the other things that had once belonged to the Kinzers. He was very stiff with me, and obstinate in his haggling.

In the end I bargained and paid for the man's portrait and the lady's writing-case, the latter being an old-fashioned rosewood box such as our grandmothers used. The chronometer and the lady herself were left in Schlatter's back room, but the scamp got from me a check nearly as large as he had intended to ask for the pair of portraits, and so we both were satisfied. If I had outraged the unwritten civilities of collecting, I had at least paid damages.

Schlatter sent home my purchase promptly. The captain's portrait, with its atmosphere of geniality and good comradeship, was destined for the dining-room ultimately; but for the time being, it was hung over the fireplace in the library. I have a trick of liking to live with new belongings for a time; partly, I suppose, from something like a small boy's candid joy in a new possession, and partly from a more sophisticated desire to see if they wear well in close intimacy.

I sat down before the fire that evening in a complacent frame of mind, pleased with my purchases and, within limits, with myself. Had I not stood firm in the face of Schlatter's desire to foist upon my domestic life the simulacrum of an eager, self-centred, agitating woman, whose mere pictured presence was enough to upset the comfort of my bachelor establishment? I leaned back luxuriously in my deep leather chair, lit my cigar, snapped my fingers at the recollection of Mrs. Kinzer's plain but ardent face, and looked,

for sympathy in my mood, up to the portrait of Captain Nicholas Pabodie Kinzer. Doubtless he too had known at times this pleasant sense of escape, this satisfaction that Mrs. Kinzer was not always at his elbow!

The hearth-fire blazed up fitfully and threw intermittent lights and shadows over his handsome face. Yes, I liked the man and felt that I understood him. Probably the lady had liked him too. Even his painted personality was winning, lovable; and yet, with all his cordial, open gaze, there was a something I could not quite make out that seemed enhanced a little now I had him to myself. What was it? a subacid edge? a note of disapproval? or only a natural reserve? He could — if you will pardon the language of the day — he could "keep you guessing." His amiability was no mere stupid, temperamental affair. He would be a man of resource and some subtlety, if driven to the wall.

From studying the captain's comely face I turned, when my cigar was out, to examining Mrs. Kinzer's writing-case. It was a handsome article, the rosewood inlaid with mother-of-pearl and silver ornaments, opening at an angle to form a sloping desk in the lap. It contained some yellowing stationery headed by elaborately interlaced initials in pale violet; one or two small coins; a withered rose; a bit of bead-work; a tarnished trinket or two — about such a collection, all told, as I imagine would be found in most ladies' writing-cases. The deeper of the two compartments possessed a perfectly obvious and simple-minded false bottom, which I presently removed. Underneath it I found what I had hoped I might — a few of the documents in the case. These were, as might have been expected, a small collection of letters from Captain Kinzer to his wife, written on his various voyages, and each

one apparently preserved for some definite reason. They were rather dry and formal letters, most of them. A number contained explicit directions about matters of business, and had evidently been preserved on that account. But there was one, of many pages and worn with much handling, that was of a different sort. I took it up with a hesitation that I felt to be unduly sentimental. Why should I not hear what they had to say to each other, this long-silent pair? Evidently there was no soul left on earth who cared for them or had an interest in their effects but myself, else these latter would never have come to the auction-room.

I fortified myself with the remembrance that the big-nosed Raynies were always soft-hearted at the wrong time, and unfolded the brittle sheets. After I had once begun reading them, it would have been impossible for me to put them down again, so alive did the letter seem to me, so vital in its survey of the relations of this wedded pair, and — yes, by Heaven! — so true to the hearts of all loving men and women who yet war with one another, as loving men and women have always done and will always do.

The letter was dated in some Brazilian sea-port, and its beginning was as abrupt as a blow on the face from a friendly hand.

MY DEAR WIFE, — God knows what you mean by the letter I found awaiting me here. I do not. What have I done that a man ought not to do? What have I left undone that a man should do? Have I not been faithful to you? Provided for you as comfortably as my means allow? Cherished you in sickness and in health? Reasoned with you in your tantrums and absurdities, and patiently sought to bring you back to the paths of common sense when you wandered from

them, as women will? Not that I consider you more unreasonable than other women, and, indeed, I believe you better than most, more amenable to loving persuasion and less obstinate than the common run. But Heaven knows I do not understand the disposition of a female, nor do I consider it wholly desirable that a man should do so. In that case I think the world would never get forward, nor the business of life be done.

Such things as this are always coming up between you and me. They have clouded our marital happiness from the beginning. I would be thinking that the sun shone and the skies were fair, that we were happy in our circumstances and contented in one another, and, suddenly, as though at some secret signal unheard by me, there would arise a storm, tears and wild reproaches, or, worse, frowns, dark looks, and sulky silences. You would behave as a woman grieved, cut to the heart — and by me! But how, when, where, as Heaven is my witness, I have never adequately known, nor could I by any reasonable endeavors ascertain from you. A man grows tired of these things. Were I a drunkard, or a spendthrift; were I miserly, or sharp of tongue, or footless, then might you have some justice in these moods. But, wife, I am none of these things, as is well known to you. I am a simple man, seeking to be an upright one, and a loving husband when I am so allowed.

I do not know that writing you this will help to clear up this to-do, but I am well aware that to have speech with you on the subject is impossible. If I am to free my mind wholly, it must be by the written word. You may tear my letter to pieces unread if you choose, but I counsel you not to do so.

Look now at the way this matter you complain of in the letter that has just

reached me, looks to me. It is a mere tempest in a tea-pot, and must seem so to any folk of decent judgment:

You receive a letter from me written hastily as we came to port after a severe storm at sea, during which I lost two men overboard and my vessel was not a little damaged by the fury of the wind and waves. You do not think, "He was completely exhausted by his anxieties when he wrote thus hastily and incompletely to me." You refuse to use any such tender imagination as regards my condition and that of the ship whose safety is more to me than my own. You seem to pity yourself for the brevity of my epistle, rather than me for the length of my troubles.

Perhaps I did indeed write somewhat dryly, and, as you phrase it, austere. It would not be wonderful were it so, since I was suffering from a broken arm at the time (the which I concealed from you for your greater comfort) and had not recovered from the exhaustion of nearly seventy hours of hurricane. These, madam, are not the conditions under which a man writes a letter like an epithalamium to a consort of ten years' standing. Be a little reasonable, my Susan. I hear you say, as I have so often heard, that Love is not reasonable, and you love me. Pray believe that I thank Heaven for your affection, without which my life would indeed be destitute of soft influences, but do not expect of me the incredible. I firmly believe it not possible for a man doing a man's work in the world to meet the demands for sympathy and affection made upon him by a childless-wife. Do not expect it, even of me. Fix your thoughts upon higher things, and thank your Creator that all is so nearly well with us as it is, instead of repining because you do not find me such a lover as you meet in the sickly romances with which you divert your unoccupied mind.

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And yet in truth there are moments even in my busiest days when I think of you with a longing that I verily believe would satisfy (for the moment) even your unreasonable self, and more than once in every voyage I waken in these nights of tropic stars with such a yearning for the soft rain of kisses on my eyelids that in very truth it seems I can hardly support my lonely, unwived estate longer.

Thus, you see, even I am unmanly enough at times to repine because of the separation my calling involves. Why, then, should I chide you because you always do so? Forgive me, Susan, if I am harsh with you for your own good, but I would have you see and perform the part of a reasonable woman and good wife.

Doubtless at this point you would tell me again that unreason is a lover's part. 'T is a notion you seem to cherish. Now I am unread in romances and perhaps unwise in dealing with women, but to me it seems that reasonableness should dignify every function that we exercise in life.

If you wish to know the heart of a man, I will show it you. We are like this: unreason repels us; exactions annoy us; tears eat away the substance of affection as the winter tides gnaw away the shore. I know not why these things are so, but when you implore me to tell you that I love you, my whole soul rises in revolt. I cannot say the words at that moment, nor have I any desire to say them. A coyness of spirit torments me, and sets me far from you in my spirit. Yet sometimes when you are wayward or unloving, almost could I pour out my heart before you, molten, and cry "I love you" till my clamor reaches the gate of Heaven. God, who made man and woman both, alone knows why these things are so, knows why my proud heart refuses to meet your longing with the words you

so desire, — knows why they spring unbidden to my lips such time as you desire them not. It is all too deep for me. I can only beg you to forbear to ask for words of love from me — in order that I may lavish them upon you to your heart's content; for, again, God alone knows how devoutly, how sincerely, I do believe that, in spite of my proud stomach or your begging lips, in spite of all these whimsies, which, I take it, are not You nor I, but merely the old Adam and Eve in us, unmastered and unchastened — I do believe, I say and swear, that you are the woman God created for my mate. More than this I cannot say; less than this I do not feel, no matter how perverse you find my lips, how feeble my pen. If there be unity in marriage, then is there unity between us two.

Do you not know that we were meant to be peace and refreshment, not torment and disturbance, to one another? Ay, and a sweetness like to that of a midsummer noon. Could I but show you what I sometimes feel!

And now may God bless you and keep you, woman of my heart, and hasten the day when I shall take you in my arms again. And if when that day comes, you find me silent, or find me awkward; if you think scornfully of my speech, or slightly of my caresses — then read again this writing. I have tried to set forth fully, once for all, what I feel in my heart concerning these matters, both of satisfaction and displeasure. And if I seem to contradict myself, it is but the heart of man that is contradictory. Now that the task is once accomplished, I shall not try again. But I am

Your husband forever,

NICHOLAS KINZER.

I put down the faded sheets excitedly. To me these seemed brave and living words, and there was a stirring at my

heart such as I had not felt for years. Just then the fire flared up sharply and threw the light on Captain Kinzer's face. He was looking down at me with gravity and something like reproach. He seemed to be asking me austere where was my vaunted Raynie delicacy and good taste, and where I thought to find my own profit in this revelation of the passion of hearts that had ceased to beat?

I did not know how to tell him how greatly it seemed to my advantage to feel this vivid interest in him and his remote predicament, and so I stared stupidly back at him from my chair.

As I sat thus, I could have sworn that I saw the picture move slightly to one side and back again, and that I heard the long creak of the string supporting it as it see-sawed across the picture-hook. This startled me somewhat. I felt a pricking at the back of my neck, and my spinal cord seemed to turn to water for the moment. Then I rallied my forces and looked at him more boldly. I was not really thinking of the creaking string, or the moving picture, or even of my own sudden fear, but of the blurred words on the yellowing pages. They had bitten deep into my consciousness. Those anguished misunderstandings and fiercely tender reconciliations were a part of all that I had missed. Just for the instant I was profoundly conscious of this loss, and these old squabbles seemed not so much futile as infinitely touching, human, and, in their final result, effectual. Yes, effectual, for they had aided this restless, alien pair to achieve that union for which the poised and the hysterical alike yearn.

To my own surprise I lifted up my voice and bore witness to my thought.

"You were a diverse pair," I said. "You were irresistibly drawn together; you fluttered feebly apart. She was caught in the net of her own tempera-

ment, beating her wings ceaselessly against obstacles that existed only in her thought. You were the captive of your own stolidity, the victim of your own grave excellences. But, with all your battlings, you two were one. You found that unity which is the end of love. You achieved the Ultimate Desire."

I said this enviously, bitterly even. For, curiously and incomprehensively, the old pain was tearing at my heart, and I felt again the stabbing of the old despair. My cynic humor disappeared like a mist-wreath. I forgot the mental attitude suitable for a big-nosed Raynie. I was magnetized by contact with the vital earnestness of Nicholas Kinzer. If any miracle happened in my house that night, it was this: I felt again, and keenly. This was, and to me still is, the incomparable marvel. But I cannot deny that another curious thing also occurred, and I explain one as little as the other.

While I spoke, the door into the hall suddenly jarred open and swung back as if it were in the grip of a strong wind, though the outside door was fast, and no windows were open. Then the picture above the mantel moved forward like something straining against a leash, and again I heard that creaking of the string across the hook. As I sprang up, the picture came to the ground, but instead of crashing at my feet it seemed to be lifted gently by the draft and was borne across the room without damage and left leaning, face inward, against the farther wall, beside the open door through which that viewless wind so strongly blew. Following and gazing down at the picture, I saw that the string was broken raggedly as if it had been sawed across. I did not know what to think or say. There came to me a poignant, overwhelming sense of the closeness of the most vital of all human relations, and a sense of my own incredible folly in that the

years had gone by and left me lonely and unbound to any soul. I babbled something senselessly, stupid with shock or fright. I know I heard myself saying, "Why, my life has been wasted, just wasted —" And then, somehow, I found myself across the hall, up the stairs and safe in my own bed-room where no marvels were. My grandmother's mahogany was solid to the touch, and the switch of the electric lights was under my hand. I lit the room brilliantly, locked the door, and shut even my own thoughts on the outside.

In the morning I slept later than usual. When I awoke, it was to hear the telephone jingling sharply in the hall below, and I rose on my elbow and took down the receiver from the extension that stood on my bedside table. Schlatter was on the line, asking for me. He requested somewhat urgently that I stop in at his shop on my way to the office. For an impassive German, his manner might be called agitated, and I pondered this fact as I made my toilet. When I went downstairs, I found that the library as well as the other rooms had already undergone the morning dusting and putting to rights. The shades were raised, the sunshine was pouring in, and Lena, the bright-faced Nova Scotian who presides over these matters, was stirring about briskly.

I looked cautiously in at the library door on my way to breakfast. There was nothing uncanny in the familiar aspect of the room, but, undeniably, the portrait of Captain Nicholas Pabodie Kinzer was no longer hanging over the mantelpiece. Lena had moved it a little, but it was still leaning against the wall, face inward, trailing its broken strings across the rug.

The morning sun was pouring into Schlatter's little front room also, but Schlatter himself was gloomy and I might say accusing. The morning smile

was missing from his round German face.

"Mr. Raynie, sir," he began, "an odd thing has happened, a very odd thing. I don't like it — not at all."

"What do you mean, Schlatter?"

He shook his head. His eyes bulged with a mixture of emotions as he led me into the back room. He pointed to the wall where the Kinzer portraits had hung together, side by side. It was bare and vacant. Involuntarily I turned and looked beside the door through which we entered. Leaning against the wall, close to the door-jamb, face inward, was a picture that I recognized from its size and frame as Mrs. Kinzer's portrait. The string that had held it was broken raggedly as though it had been sawed across a nail, and the fraying ends were trailing on the dusty floor.

"Last night, Mr. Raynie," said Schlatter solemnly and breathing deep, "when I locked this room and left the shop, Mrs. Kinzer's portrait was hanging on the wall yonder, where it has always hung. This morning" — he paused — "this morning, sir, I found it there beside the door. The room had not been entered. The windows were tight. The door had not been tampered with. But — there it was. You may not believe me, but it is God's truth. Did n't I tell you, Mr. Raynie, sir, that it was — inadvisable to separate the portraits?"

He stepped forward, took up the picture, and turned it about, face outward. Susan Woolsey Kinzer looked me squarely in the eye. Her lean, high-bred face was irradiated with something that made it look less plain. It seemed to me that there was a curious light in those opaque gray eyes. And why not? Had she not borne testimony to the eternal things, and conquered me as well as Nicholas Kinzer?

"I know it sounds perfectly mad,"

said Schlatter nervously, "but — but if you had lived with old things as long as I have, sir —"

"Oh, don't apologize, Schlatter," I said with an attempt at airiness, though my heart was beating hard and fast, "I know a bit about old things myself." And with that I bethought me to take off my hat, as I was in a lady's presence. Schlatter looked relieved, but still apprehensive. Just then some one opened the door of the front shop, and with a muttered apology he slipped out and left me alone with Mrs. Kinzer. Hat in hand, I stood there staring at her. At last I shook my head.

"You need not have been so melodramatic," I said. "Women like you always conquer. They always conquer, and they are never forgotten. I would inevitably have returned for you to-day or to-morrow. You would have had your own way without this spectacular touch. I am capable of understanding a long attachment — and incapable of cruelty. I do not criticise your passion, but I do assail your methods. Those bits of broken string — it was beneath you, really!"

The opaque gray eyes looked through me, beyond me, as insolently as they might have done in life if their owner, hearing, had not wished to seem to hear. Feeling somehow rebuked for my attempted frivolity in the face of her intensity, I followed Schlatter into the front shop and gave him there the order to send Mrs. Kinzer's portrait to my house.

The pictures hang side by side to-day above my library mantelpiece. To the collection of odds and ends in Mrs. Kinzer's writing-case, I have added some bits of frayed and broken string. I cannot say that I enjoy my evenings as I used. The library is no longer a restful room, and I have thought of building on another if it can be well contrived.

PHILOSOPHY OF TRIMMINGS

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

Iamque tenebat Nox — Night already held the mid spaces of the sky, and the Professor was in his roof-garden. The town was asleep. It was calm and quiet and restful up there, and invited meditation. There were numbers of people sitting about, it is true; but they were not talking — or at least, if they were, it was in the still, small voice. They shared Hawthorne's theory of communication: speech was intended for the use of those who could converse in no other way.

Of course it was not a really truly roof-garden: it was only the Professor's quiet and secluded little study. And as for the people I mentioned, they were the friendly books among which he sat, and had sat for years. They were not books by specialists in learning, but works by the great general practitioners of Life.

The Professor and his wife had returned, shortly before, from a social function. It had taken them hours to prepare for it, hours to go and come, and it would take them hours to recover from it. It was not different in the essential from most of the social functions they attended: they had enjoyed, at a very liberal estimate, about twenty minutes of real sociability; and now they were at home again, exhausted physically, nervously, spiritually, and financially, and filled with skepticism as to the sociability of society.

It was to regain his calm that the Professor had gone up into his roof-garden. He had sat for some time

pondering on the trimmings of society, and was now gravitating into a meditation on the trimmings of life. For the trimmings of polite society, though they might be more conspicuous and more inane, were nevertheless but one province of the great world of trimmings universal. Men were everywhere, and at all times, in greater or less degree a prey to either the deception or the tyranny of that which was only incidental or accidental to the main business of life.

There was education, for example. The Professor thought of the administration of his college — of all the regents, registrars, clerks, secretaries, committees, and advisers, of all the printing and writing and classifying and pigeon-holing, of all the roll-calling and quizzing and examination. What was all the marvelous system for? Why, simply this: in order that young men and women who came to college to get an education might be prevented from avoiding the thing they came for.

And as for instruction itself (this was a college of liberal arts), what expense for illustrative and experimental apparatus, for professors and assistants, and for scores of thousands of books, nine-tenths of which were repetition or obscurity of the remaining tenth! The shelves of a monstrous library would soon be insufficient to contain them. Many of them would never be read, and most of those that *would* be read were far from indispensable. The Professor could n't help feeling some

sympathy with the western legislature which refused its university faculty an appropriation for books on the ground that they had not yet read through those that they already had in their library.

And all this was to teach young people a few ordinary facts, to develop in them the faculty of thought, and to communicate an attitude toward life, — something which could be got, he had often heard, within four bare walls, if you had five feet of books, a few rough benches, and one or two good teachers. There was such a thing as having so many aids to liberal culture that you never got to the real business of liberal culture, which was to think. Plato and Aristotle and the great men of their time — and of all time — had been fortunate in the absence of trimmings. Yes, the Professor had even been told that all you needed to do to get a liberal education was to sit at one end of a log, provided at the other end you had a MAN.

And there was business, too. Once upon a time in the Professor's institution an auditing system had been installed. He couldn't remember clearly, but he thought it was at the persuasion of certain professors of history and literature who were convinced that the scientific method as employed by them might be carried with profit even into the realm of business administration. The scheme involved the creation of a number of highly-paid clerks, necessitated endless printing, and cost thousands and thousands of dollars a year; and when it was put into operation nobody could fill in the blanks properly without the aid of the professor who invented the scheme; and the educational interests of the institution began to suffer so much from the nervousness of the faculty at large, especially of the mathematicians, who found little time for anything but the study and

signing of blanks, that the system was abandoned — particularly as there was general apprehension that its inventor might die or resign, and leave his fellow professors defenseless. The original reason for its installation had been that the professor of philosophy had once been unable to explain a shortage of two dollars and forty cents.

And there was government — from the household to the nation. What duplication, triplication, and multiplication of men and measures and things, what quantities of red tape, and what circumlocution offices! And war — what a magnificent trimming it was, and what magnificent trimmings it had: uniforms, battleships, parades, big guns, manifestoes! And all this to settle questions of right and wrong after the manner of wild beasts; questions, too, raised only by men's ignorance of the real, or their unwillingness to see it. Why not campaign as in antiquity — fight in fair seasons only, and when you did fight get at it directly, in an intimate and familiar way, like Athenian and Spartan? Modern warfare a contest of wit, not of brute strength? Very well, then, let the Horatii and the Curiatii get together and have an adding match, or let them spell down, or try the paradigm of the Greek verb. Let whole nations do it! *There* would be slaughter for you, and the greatest impulse of all toward the beating of swords into ploughshares, and the inauguration of an era of good spelling.

In philanthropy, too — it cost almost as much to organize charities as to relieve the object of charities. It cost almost as much to invest a dollar in foreign missions as the dollar was worth. Balls for the benefit of the poor cost thousands of dollars, and netted tens.

Nothing escaped trimmings — not even the most sacred things. Even

religion had its trimmings. Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father, the Professor had often been told, was this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep yourself unspotted from the world. The chief end of man was to glorify God and serve Him forever. It was true, of course, that men's ideas might differ as to methods, but it was also true, if the Professor understood the past and the present, that the trimmings of religion were especially numerous and mischievous. He thought of the expense of maintaining church worship — paid choirs and organists, paid florists, salaried janitors, printing, hymn-books, pastors, and assistant pastors. He thought of the dozens of organizations in the modern church — the brotherhoods, sisterhoods, motherhoods, clubs, societies, leagues of every description, social, financial, educational, missionary, industrial, athletic, musical, political, dramatic. He thought of petitions buried in verbiage, of the intellectual gymnastics which many times passed for sermons, and which in an hour obscured beyond recognition a truth which the text in the beginning made utterly clear, and which had needed only a few words and a little ceremonial to give it lodgment in the emotion. He thought of theological speculation, of wars and rumors of wars, of all the ills religion had been guiltlessly guilty of by reason of trimmings —

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!

And yet men had always maintained that the conversion of souls was the end toward which religious effort was to be directed; if there was any single detail on which there was unanimous consent as to the method of glorifying God, this was it: men were to go out into the highways and byways, to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. And this was the last and least directly striven for of all.

Whether men did not really after all believe in this, or whether they were exhausted before they came to it, it was notorious that they stopped short of its accomplishment. The average man would spend his time, his money, and his strength in maintaining church services and promoting benevolences, but it was all but impossible for him to bring himself to do personal work among his neighbors, or in his own family. It was as if the chief end of man were indeed to glorify God, but that he could not or would not get further than the glorification of trimmings.

Yes, trimmings were universal. Wherever he looked, the Professor saw abundance of the inessential. Many a time, when he had tried to divide the truth, his sword, arm and all, had buried themselves in an unresisting mass of ribbons and fluff, and had been withdrawn without a drop of blood to tell of life.

Why was there so much in the world that was indirect, inessential, and merely time-consuming and fruitless? Why were religion, charities, social communion, education, and even recreation, so beset behind and before by trimmings that men could live long and die without intimate acquaintance with the real? The Professor was philosopher enough to know that whatever was, however useless or vile, had some reason for existence. He was impelled to look into the Philosophy of Trimmings.

With the instinct of the scientific mind, he reached for pencil and paper, and put down ten or twelve numerical heads at the left margin of the page. There was nothing like mathematical demonstration. For a great many college professors, you know, the lines of Spenser —

But wise words, taught in numbers for to run,
Recorded by the Muses, live for aye —
mean something of this sort.

Opposite number one he set down Ignorance as a full-flowing source of trimmings. Whether from the accident of natal environment, or from subsequent decree of fortune, or from general incapacity and dullness, a great many men dwelt so continually in the realm of trimmings that they were ignorant of the attractiveness of the kingdom of the genuine, or were unaware even of its existence. The Professor recalled an old story: Hieron had it thrown up to him, by a certain one of his enemies, that his breath was foul. Going home, therefore, to his wife: "What do you say?" he cried. "You never told me of this!" But she being a properly discreet and guileless girl, "I thought," she said, "that this was the way *all* the men smelled!"

So there were many who knew nothing of the charm of simplicity and truth, and who made life into coarse and gaudy kaleidoscopic change. Among them were the rich and the powerful, who had always had their desires, and who had always been fawned on, and flattered, and separated from the wholesome truth; and among them, too, were the newly-rich, and the silly poor who envied and imitated them; people who judged plays by the scenery, novels by the description, and men by their clothes; and all others whose vision was so blunt or whose natures were so careless that their eyes never penetrated beyond the exterior.

For short, the Professor called this class fools — not meaning to reproach them, you understand. He knew that fools were born, not made. A wiser man than he had said that, though you should bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet would not his foolishness depart from him. He would follow Thackeray's instruction and example: whenever he could, he would smash the idols with good courage; but he would not be too fierce with

the idolaters — they worshiped the best thing they knew.

Opposite the second head the Professor placed Vanity. Many men, and women, were filled with inordinate love of praise — not so bad when they themselves were genuine, and when what they strove for was legitimate fame, the fame

That the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;

but productive of endless cheap trimmings when they were of common clay, and were resolved on distinction whether for worthy causes, or unworthy. For the emptier of merit your seeker after distinction, the greater the number and brilliance of the trimmings he must perforce employ to attract attention. Here were to be catalogued men and women in the whirl of society, ministers and professors who diverted their congregations and classes with refined vaudeville, "original" poets and short-story writers, and the remainder of the long line of life's players who for the most part were capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise.

Thirdly in the Professor's list came people of Disordered Taste, who could be amused only by constant novelty. He did not stop long here — just long enough to make a note of neurotic society queens (and kings), jaded epicures, and the blasé and burned-out in general. God made them, and therefore let them pass for men.

For the fourth head he wrote down the Unwilling — those who had unpleasant or impossible duties to perform, and who avoided the labor of execution, or the shame of confession, by prolonging their attention to the trimmings. He recalled once being sent into the garden, in his now far-away childhood, to get a currant switch — for purposes which his mother knew

perfectly, and regarding which he himself had what he later learned to call a good working hypothesis. A half-hour afterward, she came out and found him patiently pulling weeds along the whole row of bushes. He would come soon, when he had finished.

He called to mind an incident of his later youth, too, when he had taken a young lady to a picnic ten miles away, driven a circuit of fifteen to get home, gone a mile or two beyond the gate and back, played a game of croquet, sat an hour in the parlor, invited her to another picnic, and gone away without having asked her the question, as a preliminary to which he had planned the whole day's events. This was not unlike the religious association of his college experience, which conducted an extensive and expensive epistolary campaign during the summer vacation, met five hundred students at the station at the beginning of the year, helped them find rooms, saw them through the line on registration day, gathered and compiled their religious statistics, delivered repeated invitations to its meetings, entertained them at socials and sacred concerts, all to pave the way for personal work with them — and by this time noticed with relief that it was time to prepare for the June examinations.

The fifth class was not so innocent. There were many who employed trimmings deliberately, to deceive. There were monarchs, for example, who wanted money for the wars, and blinded their peoples with splendid words and ways. There were framers of tariff legislation, pseudo-artists, orators, and musicians, professors who did n't want to resign, magicians, and clairvoyants. It was to the interest of all of these for the audience to see, not the real thing, but the trimmings.

Against number six the Professor placed a less reprehensible cause of

trimmings. This was man's natural Impatience of Inactivity. He thought of certain of his students who always groaned unutterably when they hesitated for a word in translation. He called to mind, too, a classmate in philosophy, who, at the moment he was called on, promptly began to recite, and talked on until he came to something. Mankind, especially in his own country, liked to see "something doing." There was something reposeful in activity, even if you were not sure it was going to accomplish your end. The Professor had been in many committee meetings, sacred and profane, when a plan of action was adopted and everybody was set to work, without any one's knowing very well what it was all about. By the time he *had* found out, he was in the case of the Knickerbocker historian, and had to pause and take breath, and recover from the excessive fatigue he had undergone in preparing to begin his undertaking; "in this but imitating the example of a renowned Dutch tumbler of antiquity, who took a start of three miles for the purpose of jumping over a hill, but having run himself out of breath by the time he reached the foot, sat himself quietly down for a few moments to blow, and then walked over it at his leisure."

Only — most people had neither the courage nor the sense of the Dutchman, but turned back, or kept on sitting, or took a run for another hill, with the same result. The world was full of people who were either running toward hills, or blowing from effort; by the look of them you would think them mighty leapers. But when hills were climbed, it was usually by sober people who made no great fuss either before or during the ascent.

When the Professor came to the seventh head, he pondered for some time. He knew there were more causes

for trimmings than a mere half-dozen, and yet at the moment he could think of nothing more to set down. He leaned back and thought. Perhaps if he let his mind wander a while in the general realm of trimmings, he would receive a suggestion.

He had n't gone further than the trimmings on his wife's last hat (hats were good that year) when the suggestion came. It was Art; and the trimmings that resulted from *it* were legitimate and desirable. The reason why he had not thought of it before was, of course, that he had not been looking for virtue in trimmings. But you must not get the idea that the Professor was set against *all* trimmings — one of the kind who think clothes are *only* for covering and warmth, church-spires only for the support of lightning-rods, and language and pictures only for the convenience of advertisers. Not at all. Quite the contrary: one of the few principles of art which he thought he understood was that architecture — and all the other arts — stood in need of certain devices to emphasize dimensions and outlines, to aid the eye and the soul to comprehend the essential meaning of what was before them. The human body in painting and sculpture needed skillfully arranged drapery — and so it did in life — to set off its exquisite lines. A temple needed color and ornament to give it clearness of outline and grace, a vase was the better for decoration to give its graceful proportions more distinctness.

In the same way religious devotion stood in need of music and speech and form; the poem must have rhyme or rhythm; and the general business of life had to be clarified and expedited by the trimmings of organization and the amenities. Without this kind of trimmings life could not be lived abundantly, and civilization would degenerate into the barbarism of anarchy.

But the Professor's principle of art went on, further, to specify that ornament existed not for its own sake, but for the sake of what it ornamented. Here was the trouble with that great work of art, human life: it had not in all cases been left to artists to furnish the trimmings. Pseudo-artists, well-meaning bunglers, and even artisans, had all too frequently been commissioned on great works. Ignorance and conceit and commerce had filled the world with base imitations, which contained but a negligible part of the excellence of the models, and were possible only because the indiscriminating multitude lived by trimmings alone. Just as there were pseudo-Plautuses and pseudo-Peruginos, so were there pseudo-culture, pseudo-religion, pseudo-education, pseudo-sociability, and pseudo-amusement.

And that human kind was wasting itself over trimmings was not the worst thing about it. That was indeed bad; but far worse was the fact that trimmings were responsible for the great breaches between men and men. The hierarchy of human society was in the last analysis due to the inessential. All men were by nature desirous of distinction — among them the undeserving no less than those who possessed merit. To such, since reality could bring no distinction, the way to it lay open only through paths that *were* available. They could not excel; therefore they would differ. Trimmings, loud and expensive imitations of the real, would insure them their desire. These could be purchased. Enter money. Enter strife and struggle, selfishness, injustice, violence, oppression, crime, splendor, misery. The history of civilization was filled with it. The history of mankind, the Professor had read, was the history of the struggle for liberty, liberty from what, if not from the oppression of those who

were in blind and passionate pursuit of trimmings?

The Professor left eight, nine, and ten blank, for future convenience; he might think of something further before sleep overtook him — or he overtook sleep. He would take the sheet and pencil to his room, so that he could get up and use them in case he had an idea — like the great men he had read about.

Meanwhile, he jotted down a remedy. Of course you expect one; and, being a professor, of course he had one to propose.

It did n't require much space. It was just the single word, Philosophy.

When I tell you that it was philosophy, of course your first thought is that the Professor was a doctrinaire. But he was n't, except in the innocent matter of thinking that the subject he taught was indispensable to any rational education — which you know very well is common to all professors. For your real doctrinaire you must go to modern subjects, not to professors of ancient literature, who have met so much twentieth-century civilization in Athens and Rome as to recognize that what is called progress is after all more or less a matter of trimmings; that

Science proceeds, and Man stands still.
Our world to-day's as good, or ill,
As cultured, nearly,
As yours was, Horace —

and who look twice before organizing an international faculty base-ball game on the strength of possessing an untested soap-bubble.

The Professor was under no delusions. He knew that philosophy was no cure-all. If it had been, trimmings would have gone out of style long before Socrates.

Not that it had no potency. The Professor could testify to its efficacy. The trouble was, you could n't get people to take it. Some made faces at the

first dose, and declared that the remedy was worse than the disease. Others would not look at it: they had taken medicine before, and it was bitter. Still others had already tried it, and it had done them no good. The fact was, there were so many worthless imitations that many never got the genuine, soon became discouraged, and lost faith. For trimmings obscure philosophy as well as other goods of life.

But real philosophy, the Professor knew, was a good thing for rich and poor alike, and neglect of it was harmful to both young and old. And an older and wiser than either he or Horace had said that wisdom was the principal thing, and called happy the man who found it. Length of days was in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

You see that the Professor's philosophy was the kind without trimmings, or at least that it was very lightly trimmed, and by his own hand. I ought to have told you in the first place that it was neither Stoic, nor Epicurean, nor anything else with a name.

But if it was without fixed form, and variable according to the taste of the individual artist, it was nevertheless not void. It had one immutable tenet: Plato's earnest desire for the vision of the truth. Its essence was the just perception of values — to know a good thing or a good man when you saw one; to realize in thought *and* action that the eternal verities were few, but real; that the simple and the untrimmed goods of life were in the main the nearest at hand and the most abundant, and also the most valuable; and that trimmings for trimmings' sake did not pay.

And it was not a philosophy of the head only. It was also a philosophy of the heart. If it were not so easy to be misunderstood, perhaps it would be as well to call it religion; for if you strip

religion of its trimmings, you find at its heart a philosophy of life, or you find nothing at all. And it was like religion, too, in this: that it did n't depend upon learning, though learning (of the untrimmed sort) made it more intelligent and efficacious.

And if the Professor was no doctrinaire, and no conventionalist, neither was he that other unpleasant but indispensable character, the uncompromising idealist. He would not rail at trimmings, like a Juvenal; he would laugh at them, like a Flaccus. After all, the world was bound to have trimmings, and part of the world liked trimmings better than anything else. Definitions might vary. It was the fitting thing for each to measure himself by his own yard-stick.

But for his single self, he had as lief not be, as live to be in awe of such a thing as trimmings. He would not be enslaved. Every philosopher was a king, and every fool a serf. He would be answerable to his own conscience. He would submit to trimmings when they were necessary, enjoy them when they were innocent, encourage them when they were real art, laugh at them when they were silly, and despise them

only when they were vile. He would follow the sage's advice to be, not seem. He would teach his students, first of all, the messages of the great souls of literature; he would let his charity begin at home, in just and generous dealing with those whose lot was less fortunate than his own; he would let his religion be the giving of the cup of cold water in His Name, and to owe no man aught but to love one another; he would meet his friends on the basis of congeniality of spirit, without regard to their rank or the amount of their possessions; his diversions, too, he would seek also in the realm of the unconventional. He would cling to the eternal verities, according to the teaching of his friends of the roof-garden, and with as little indirection as possible in the midst of a society whose members were so intent on the trimmings of life as to lose the reasons for living:

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

So concluding, the Professor descended from the roof-garden, and slept the sleep of the man who has formulated a restful theory of conduct — and has not yet been called upon to put it into practice.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

VIII

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

AND now let us turn and deal, in such sequence as may be, with the progress of the battle itself. Lee, whose plans I'm inclined to think were more clearly defined in his mind than Grant's were in his, had ordered Ewell to attack at 4.30, — the very hour Grant had first set for resuming the offensive, — his object being to divert attention thereby from his front on the Plank Road, where he meant to make his supreme effort as soon as Longstreet, Anderson, and Mahone should arrive. Lee's plan, in that it aimed a crushing blow at his adversary's most vital point, was better and indicative of a clearer if not higher soldierly genius than Grant's, displayed in his order for a general assault all along the lines.

Ewell accordingly, a little before five o'clock, threw his left brigades against Sedgwick's right; but Sedgwick flung him back with a vengeance, and then by determined assault forced him to his very utmost to hold his lines. The loss of life on both sides was heavy.

Griffin in his front drove the enemy's weighty skirmish line back into their breastworks, which, during the night, had been made exceedingly strong, and was assembling batteries to bring their fire on to them before he assaulted. At five o'clock the signal gun at Hancock's headquarters boomed, and his troops and those of Wadsworth, who had been waiting for it, moved promptly, the latter through the encompassing woods,

with Baxter in his centre, Rice on his right, and Cutler on his left, all facing south for the Plank Road.

To Birney, an erect, thoughtful-looking man, wearing a moustache and chin-beard, — the steady light of his eyes would have made him notable in any company, — Hancock assigned the command of his right. It included Birney's own, Mott's and Getty's divisions, together with Owen's and Carroll's brigades of Gibbon's division. He moved with Hays's old brigade on the right of the road, its front when deployed, owing to its losses of the day before, barely equal to that of an average regiment. On the left was Ward's of his own division and part of Owen's brigade. Mott's second brigade was on the left of Ward and completed Birney's front line. In the second line was Getty, formed with Wheaton across the road, the valiant Vermonters on his left; and in rear of their fellow brigades was Eustis. Carroll was in two lines of battle behind all the foregoing that were north of the road; and there, too, in line but not moving with him, was the Nineteenth Maine of Webb's brigade, which had reported to him when the battle was raging, in the twilight of the previous evening. It was under the command of Selden Connor, late Governor of Maine, and rendered great service that day, as it had on many a field. When Carroll moved he told Connor to wait for Webb.

Birney soon struck his foes of the night before, and, after some quick, sharp fighting, drove them from their hastily-thrown-together defenses, consisting of logs, chunks, and brush which they had collected during the night, Ward's and Hays's brigades capturing colors and prisoners. Birney, followed by Getty, now pushed on, covering ground very rapidly, giving the enemy no rest, and gathering in prisoners by the score. By this time Hays's brigade had obliqued to the left, and was wholly on the south side of the road, abreast with its companion brigade. Soon Wadsworth, sweeping everything before him, emerged from the north, and, wheeling to the right, the colors of some of Baxter's brigade mingling with those of Hays, Owen, and Ward on the south side of the road, joined in the pursuit of the now almost routed men of Heth's and Wilcox's divisions, who had experienced such heavy losses the night before.

Birney, finding Wadsworth on the north, drew Getty to the south side of the road. Meanwhile Cutler, his left on the road, was advancing in two or three lines of battle, behind the right of Baxter's brigade and the left of Rice's, the latter's right reaching and curving to the slopes of the Tapp field. The momentum of the advance had not yet been checked.

About this time Lyman reached Hancock at the junction of the Plank and Brock roads, under orders from Meade to report by orderlies the progress of events during the day. On making his mission known, Hancock cried, "Tell General Meade we are driving them most beautifully. Birney has gone in and he is just clearing them out beautifully." On Lyman reporting that only one of Burnside's divisions was up when he left headquarters, which, as will be recalled, were within a few hundred yards of the Pike, "I

knew it! Just what I expected!" exclaimed Hancock. "If he could attack *now*, we could smash A. P. Hill all to pieces!"

Meantime Wadsworth has crossed the last morass on his side, which, on account of its tortuous course, irregular and in places almost declivitous banks, and densely matted thickets, made a line of strong defense. His and Birney's fronts are now drawing near their line of farthest advance. Wadsworth is within two or three hundred yards of the Widow Tapp field, and Baxter and Birney are within a like or less distance of the easterly line of the field prolonged. Rice, who asked to be turned toward the enemy when he was dying at Spottsylvania a few days later, has caught sight through the trees of the old field's pearly light, and is preparing to try to take a battery planted among its starting broom-grass. Birney's sharpshooters are already abreast of the east line of the field, and can get glimpses of the meagre, huddled buildings, with their splaying peach and knotted plum trees, whose leaves and the sashes in the windows tremble at every discharge of the guns, — and are beginning to place their shots among the cannoneers of Williams's North Carolina battery, whose right piece is almost, if not quite, in the Plank Road, belching shell and shrapnel, firing over McGowan and Thomas of Wilcox's division, who, the former on the north, the latter on the south, side of the road, are still contesting, but on the verge of disrupting completely. The field and the day are almost ours.

The Plank Road back to the junction is packed, wounded men making their way alone, trying as best they can to stanch their wounds, some more seriously hurt resting their arms on the shoulders of their fellows, many on stretchers, with appealing eyes, and not a few of them breathing their last.

Mingled with and trailing one another are scores on scores of lank, wild, staring prisoners, quickening their step to get beyond the range of their own men's guns; and, breasting them all, mounted staff officers coming and going with all possible speed. Edging alongside the road are patient little mules with boxes of ammunition strapped to them; and off in the woods on both sides of the road the dead are scattered, some not yet cold; and off, too, among them is many a poor coward who at heart despises himself but cannot face danger. And yet I have not a bit of doubt that here and there among them is one who, before yielding a moral conviction, would face the fires of the stake with calm equanimity.

And now, over the throng in the road, the motley, fast-breathing, torn shreds and tatters of war, a section of our artillery, with elevations too low and time-fuses cut entirely too short, bursts its shells, shells that are intended for the enemy's line, where our men are beginning to feel a new pressure, and are fighting with increasing desperation, but where, owing to the character of the woods and the ground they have covered, they are, so far as organization is concerned, in bad shape. There is now scarcely the semblance of continuous and effective formation; regiments and brigades that started in the rear are now in the front and on different flanks; their commanders scattered through the woods in little detached, anxious groups, a staff officer or two, an orderly with the headquarters guidon. Every one is filled with a desire to go ahead, but each one is helpless to remedy the disorganization that is growing greater and more distracting at every moment. Wadsworth and Getty are in or near the road, the former ablaze and looking for a chance to lead a regiment at the first sight of the enemy, — that was his

prevailing weakness as a commander, — the latter cool as usual, although each moment tells him now that a crisis is near. What is that screaming war-cry they hear at this moment through the increasing roar of the musketry? We need not tell them, they know it well: it is the wild fierce yell of Gregg's Texans as they greet Lee, and come on to meet almost their extermination. Ward, Owen, and Hays's old brigade, all that is left of it, keeping step to that trumpet of Duty which ever spoke to their dead leader, have crushed or brushed away Lane, Scales, Walker, and Cooke, and are now crowding Thomas back and on to McGowan, who at last, under withering fire from Wadsworth, is staggering into the field behind the guns.

In line behind Birney is Wheaton, and then the iron-hearted Vermonters. Coming up on the north side of the road is Carroll, his brigade in two lines, the crash of the musketry, the battlefield's hottest breath, only bringing new fire into his face. Yes, he is coming up with that brigade, which, when the Confederates in the twilight of the second day at Gettysburg broke our lines and were spiking the pieces, Hancock called on to regain them. As one of those gallant regiments, the Fourth Ohio, had boys in it from my old home, with some of whom I played in my childhood, my heart beats again with pride, and tenderness, too, for one of them, a close friend, Nelson Conine, was killed that day and his body never found. Yes, with pride and tenderness my heart beats as I see them following the heroic Carroll.

Webb, Alexander S. Webb, my old West Point instructor, — Heaven bless him! his hair, once so dark, now almost as white as snow, — is leading up his starry brigade, starry for its leader and starry for men like Abbott of the Twentieth Massachusetts and Connor of the

Nineteenth Maine that are behind him. Yes, he is leading them up, and nowhere on that field beats a heart with more native chivalry. On, too, are coming to join him my friend, William Francis Bartlett of Pittsfield, the embodiment of his country's valor, ennobled with a spirit of heavenly, redeeming magnanimity; and that other hero from Massachusetts, Griswold, at the head of the Fifty-sixth. They belong to the division of "Tom" Stevenson, of Burnside's corps, who is soon to lay down his life. Meade had intended to hold this division at the Pike for a reserve, but Hancock, scenting a crisis, had asked for it.

Sheridan is at Chancellorsville. Torbert is there too, and unwell; and before night has turned the command of his division, the First, over to Merritt. Custer, having set out at two o'clock, has reached the Brock Road where it is intersected by what is known as the Furnace Road, one that rambles by the Welford and Catherine furnaces back to Chancellorsville and forward to the Catharpin Road. He is already feeling pressure from Rosser and Fitz Lee, who have an eye on that strategic point. Gregg, one of the best and most reliable cavalry commanders, is at Todd's Tavern. Wilson, who has been drawn in during the night to Chancellorsville for renewal of ammunition and supplies, is posting one of his brigades at Piney Branch church and the other at Alrich's. His division, the third, had done about all the cavalry fighting of the day before, save that of Gregg, who drove Rosser and Lee back to Corbin's bridge. I cannot mention those names of Wilson and Custer and Merritt without seeing their faces again as cadets, and feeling a wave of warm memories. God bless the living; and Trumpets, peal once more for me, if you will, over Custer's grave.

That we may account for what hap-

pened on Hancock's front in the next thirty minutes, during which the tide that had been running our way so irresistibly halted suddenly, and rushed back angrily, let us go to the other side of the field: there we shall see what set it against us and came near sweeping us at last into utter defeat.

But, before we do this, it should be said in justice to Hancock, through whose hands the victory now slips, that at seven o'clock he ordered Gibbon to move with Barlow's big, fresh division and attack Hill's right; for by this time he had discovered that a part at least of Longstreet's corps was in his front up the Plank Road. Unfortunately this order was not carried out: Gibbon said he never got it — two staff officers say they delivered it to him. We cannot resist the vain regret that Barlow was not moved as Hancock wanted him moved, for another story would certainly have had to be written; and I have no doubt that to Hancock's dying day the longings over this failure kept repeating themselves out of the fogging coast of the Past like a mournful bell on a swinging buoy.

When the narrative parted with Lee about eleven o'clock the night before, he was in his tent on the western border of the Widow Tapp's field. Whether his night was one of care or sleep we know not, but in the course of the evening he sent his accomplished aide, Colonel Venable, with an order to Longstreet, in bivouac at Richards's shops, to leave the Catharpin Road and strike over to the Plank and join Hill at an early hour. About eleven o'clock a guide reported to him; at two A. M. he started, following the guide through wood-roads. The guide lost the way, but his divisions reached the Plank Road at daylight, and then, doubling up, quickened their pace, and came down the road abreast. Before them the sun was rising very red, bronzing

the tree-tops; behind them was Richard H. Anderson's division of Hill's corps, who had bivouacked at Verdier-ville. In all, fourteen fresh brigades were coming on to strike the hard-fought, torn, and wearied divisions of Birney, Wadsworth, and Getty, and to struggle with them and Webb, Carroll, and Owen, for the mastery of the field. And all this time Barlow, Brooke, and Miles, as well as Smyth with his gallant Irishmen, are held, expecting a part if not all of Longstreet's ten brigades to appear on the Brock Road from the direction of Todd's Tavern! Does any one who knows Gregg's record as a soldier think for a moment that he would not have unmasked at a very early hour the first steps of a movement of this kind from his position at Todd's Tavern? It is true that word had been sent in to Hancock during the night that Longstreet's corps was passing up the Catharpin Road to attack his left; but, as a matter of fact, his tired troops, as we have seen, having covered twenty-eight miles or more, had gone into bivouac at dark some eight or ten miles west of the tavern, and were in deep, well-earned sleep.

The evidence goes to show that Meade, Hancock, and presumably Humphreys in a measure, all harbored in regard to Longstreet's movements a notion of him appearing suddenly on the left, which, like a portentous spectre, was forever casting its image on their minds. There is no evidence, however, that any such notion had stolen into Grant's mind, for, neither at that time, nor ever after, was there magic in the name of Longstreet, Lee, or any other Confederate, for him. (Warren always, when Lee's movements were uncertain and a matter of discussion, referred to him as "Bobbie" Lee, with an air and tone that said he is not a man to be fooled with.) And so, let Longstreet be on the road to strike him

at whatsoever point, Grant wanted Hill and Ewell to be beaten before help could reach them; hence his sound conclusion of the night before, to attack at daylight.

Meanwhile, the sun is mounting and Longstreet's men are coming on, — not long ago I traveled the same road and the limbs of the trees almost mingled over it, and the woods on each side were still and deep, — can now hear the battle, and are meeting the faint-hearted who always fringe the rear at the first signs of disaster. They are passing the crowded field-hospitals, and encountering ambulances, horsemen, stragglers, and the ever-increasing stream of wounded; and swerving off through the woods on both sides of the road are the limp fragments of Heth's division. And now comes one of Lee's aides, making his way urgently to Parker's Store to tell the trains to get ready to withdraw, and another to Longstreet to hurry up, for, unless he comes quickly, the day is lost. At this appeal the men break into the double-quick, and Kershaw, whose division is perhaps a hundred yards ahead of that of Field, rides forward with a staff officer of General Wilcox who has been sent to show him his position. But before they reach Wilcox's line, it breaks, and Kershaw hurries back to meet his division. Out in the old field Lee, Hill, and their staffs are throwing themselves in front of the overthrown, fleeing troops, imploring them to rally. From all accounts, Lee's face was a sky of storm and anxiety, and well it might be, for Catastrophe was knocking at the door. It is now a question of minutes. The rolling musketry is at its height, one roar after another breaking, sheets of bullets are thridding the air, and a half-dozen resounding cannon are rapidly firing blasting charges of double canister, for our men are close up.

Kershaw throws all of Henagan's brigade, save the Second South Carolina, well to the left of the road; that he deploys on the right under the fire of Birney's troops, who are penetrating the woods to the left of the Confederate batteries. His next brigade, Humphreys's, is rushing up, its left on the south side of the road, Henagan having swung off, making room for him in the immediate front of our most advanced line. Field throws his first brigade, G. T. Anderson's, to the right of the road; but before this movement could be followed, Longstreet, who was on hand with his usual imperturbable coolness, so says Venable, tells Field to form and charge with any front he can make. Accordingly in an instant he puts his second brigade, the Texans, in line of battle under Gregg.

Just as they start, Lee catches sight of them and gallops up and asks, "What brigade is this?" "The Texas brigade," comes back. "General Lee raised himself in stirrups," — so said a courier, in the *Land We Love*, only a few years after the war, — "uncovered his gray hairs, and with an earnest yet anxious voice exclaimed above the din, 'My Texas boys, you must charge.' A yell rent the air," and the men dashed forward through the wreckage of Hill's corps. On they go, and now they have passed through Poague's guns, their muzzles still smoking, when suddenly they hear, "Charge, charge, men!" from a new, full voice, and there behind them is Lee himself, his warm brown eyes aflame. "Come back, come back, General Lee!" cry out Poague's cannoneers earnestly; he does not heed and rides on; but a sergeant now takes hold of Traveller's rein. It is a great pity that we have not a picture of that sergeant's face as he turns the big gray horse and exchanges a firm, kindly glance with his rider. Lee yields to his better judgment and joins

Longstreet who, on the knoll near by, is throwing his brigades in as he did at Gettysburg, with the calmness of a man who is wielding a sledge.

Field, the large, handsome "Charley" Field of our West Point days, he who rode so proudly at the head of the escort for the present King of England when he came as a boy to visit the Point, — I wonder, if in the reveries of his old age he was mounted once more, whether it was Benning's Georgians or the battalion of West Point cadets that he was leading, — oh, what children of Destiny we are! — But on he comes with Benning, who is following the track of the Texans. Perry, commanding Law's brigade of Field's division, is turning into the field at double-quick, and beginning to form spryly. His Fifteenth Alabama passes within a few feet of Lee, behind whom, on their horses, are a group of his staff. His face is still flushed — he has just returned from trying to lead the Texans — and his blazing eyes are fixed intently on Kershaw's leading regiment that is forming line of battle and through whose ranks the retreating masses of Heth's and Wilcox's divisions are breaking. Aroused by this jeopardous disorder, he turns suddenly in his saddle toward his staff and, pointing his gloved hand across the road, says in vigorous tones, "Send an active young staff officer down there." Then, looking down on the ragged men filing by him, he asks kindly, "What men are these?" A private answers proudly, "Law's Alabama brigade." Lee bares his gray hairs once more and replies, "God bless the Alabamians!" They, with colors slanting forward, grasp their arms tightly and swing on, the left obliquing till it brushes the young pines along the northern boundary of the old opening. Already from the smoke-turbaned woods come bleeding and mangled Texans and Georgians,

their blood striping across the dooryard and the path to the well; but on with increasing speed toward the dead-strewn front march the brave Alabamians.

And who is this officer on the litter? Benning; Gregg has already been borne to the rear. And now what organization is that we see coming into line, there on the western edge of the field beyond Lee and Longstreet, obstructed by Hill's retreating fragments? That is "Charley" Field's largest brigade, made up entirely of South Carolinians. And the colors over them? The Palmetto Flag, the ensign and pride of their contumacious, insubordinate state, the first to nurse the spirit which has led the dear Old Dominion and her sister states into their woe. As usual, it is fluttering mutinously, hankering to engage the Stars and Stripes, which has not forgotten that this Palmetto ensign flaunted over the first guns to fire on it, as it flew, the emblem of Union and Peace, flew warm with the hopes of the obscure of all civilized lands, and dreaming of the day when every flag of the world shall do it homage. And at its very sight the nation's colors flame anew with righteous hostility; and where or whensoever seen, in the Wilderness or at Gettysburg or Chickamauga, with an eagle's scream the old banner of Washington's day has cried, so to speak, "Come on, Palmetto Flag!" And lo! to-day, to the credit of our common natures, the two banners are reconciled.

The onset of Gregg's Texans was savage, — it could not have been less after asking Lee to go back. They dashed at Wadsworth's riddled front, through which the battery had been cutting swaths; and besides that, two 12-pound guns and one 24-pound howitzer had run forward into the Plank Road and begun to pour canister into his huddled and crumbling flanks. Fatigue and want of coherence were

breaking down the fighting power of his men, yet they met this shock with great fortitude. Cope, and he was right there, said in a dispatch to Warren, "Wadsworth has been slowly pushed back, but is contesting every inch of the ground"; and it was not until Benning and Perry struck them that they began to waver, then break, and finally disrupt in great confusion. About half of them, under Rice and Wadsworth, fled back across the morass to the last line of logs and chunks from which they had driven the enemy; the other half with Cutler took the course they had come the previous evening. The narrative has already told where they were met.

While these troops were breaking, Carroll, not yet engaged, was ordered by Birney in person to send some of his brigade back to the north side, he having moved by flank across to the south of the road, having heard heavy firing in that direction. He sent the Eighth Ohio, Fourteenth Indiana, and Seventh West Virginia; and, notwithstanding their proverbial gallantry, they, too, with Wadsworth were soon swept away, what was left of them drifting back to the junction.

Thus, apparently, at that moment the north side of the road was clear for Field; but he could not push his advantage, for Birney, Ward, and Coulter, who had taken Baxter's place after he was wounded, held Kershaw stubbornly. Moreover, Owen, followed by the Nineteenth Maine of Webb's brigade, who had reported to Carroll the night before, had gained a position on the immediate south side of the road, and was firing into Benning's and Perry's right, causing them to suffer severely.

"The enemy held my three brigades so obstinately," says Kershaw, "that urged forward by Longstreet, I placed myself at the head of the troops and

led in person a charge of the whole command, which drove the enemy to and beyond their original lines." This position was just about opposite to where Wadsworth was now collecting the fragments of his command on the north side of the road, and was held by Carroll and the Vermonters, and these men Kershaw could not budge. Grimes and Wofford, who had advanced on Kershaw's right, had not made material headway against McAlister on Mott's left, but they had discovered what finally almost gave them the day, that our lines did not extend to the unfinished railroad, in fact they did not reach over a half-mile, if that, from the Plank Road.

In the midst of Kershaw's onslaught Getty was wounded, and Lyman in his notes says, "Getty rode past me looking pale; to my inquiry he said, 'I am shot through the shoulder, I don't know how badly.'" A man [goes on Lyman] of indomitable courage and coolness. One of his aides (the fair-haired one) shot through the arm, the other, his horse shot. Immortal fighting did that Second Division, Sixth Corps, on those two bloody days."

While Carroll, the Vermont brigade, and the stout-hearted of all the broken commands that had rallied behind them, were standing off Kershaw, up the road comes Webb at the head of his gallant brigade. Wadsworth and Birney are there, trying to form troops for an advance. "There were several commands and no orderly arrangement as to lines, front, etc.," says Governor Connor. On reporting to Birney, Webb is directed to deploy on the right of the road and move forward and join Getty, whom Birney, just before he was wounded, had asked to send some strength to the north side of the road. But after some hard fighting, the troops he had sent had been forced back and had gathered on the original line of

battle along the Brock Road. Webb deploys, and on he comes; the Nineteenth Maine have gladly reunited with their comrades and been put on the extreme right. On the left is the Twentieth Massachusetts under Abbott. "Waved my hand to Abbott," says Lyman, "as he rode past at the head of the Twentieth, smiling gayly." Smile on, dear heroic young fellow! Your smile will play on many a page, and the Wilderness holds it dear; for her heart is with you, and in years to come, when the dogwood and the wild roses are blooming, she will softly breathe your name through the tree-tops as she recalls that smile. Oh, how close we are to woods and streams, the traveling winds, the banded evening clouds, and, yes, even the distant stars!

On comes Webb, his line strung out through the woods, no skirmishers ahead, for he is expecting momentarily to come up with Getty, when suddenly there is a terrific crash, causing a fearful loss. But, standing among the wounded and the dying, his brigade holds fast and returns the fire; the enemy are just across the morass, in places not more than twenty or thirty yards away. He has come squarely up against what is left of Gregg's, Benning's, and about all of Perry's fresh brigade. Woolsey of Meade's staff sends back word: "7.27 A. M. Webb, who went in a short time since, is doing very well. The fire is very heavy, but not gaining. Wounded returning on Plank Road. 7.35. The fire is slackening and our men cheer. 7.40. The firing is heaviest on the right of the Plank Road [Webb's]; our men are cheering again." And there they battle back and forward amid a continuous roar of musketry; not they alone, for Kershaw, knowing that Lee's and Longstreet's eyes are on him, is crowding his men desperately against Carroll's

and Birney's and Mott's iron-hearted veterans, and those ever steadfast sons of the Green Mountain State. The barked, slivered, and bullet-pitted trees around them are wreathed in smoke, and, like sheaves of wheat, bodies are lying on the leaf-strewn ground, unconscious now of the deafening crashes with which the gloomy Wilderness jars far and wide, and roars to the over-arching, listening sky.

The enemy having appeared on Webb's right in force, he changed front to rear at double-quick on his left regiment, the Twentieth Massachusetts, and stood them off.

Meanwhile Hancock, having been notified by Meade that Burnside was about to attack Field's flank, sent for Wadsworth and told him that he had ordered three brigades, Webb's, Ward's, and Bartlett's of Stevenson's division, to report to him, and wished that he with these additional troops would carry, if possible, the enemy's position on the right-hand side of the road. The intrepid Wadsworth, returning to the front, and seeing the Twentieth Massachusetts athwart the road where Webb had left it, his vehement spirit set ablaze by Hancock's ardent and communicative aggressiveness, asked in pungent, challenging tones, "Cannot you do something here?" Abbott hesitating, mindful of Webb's order to hold that point at all hazards, the high-spirited Wadsworth, who by nature was more an individual combatant than the cool and trained commander, leaped the little barrier of rotten planks torn from the decaying road-bed, and of course Abbott and the Twentieth followed him. Wadsworth's horse was killed, and the regiment was met immediately with a withering volley. After striving in vain to drive the enemy, Abbott had to desist from further efforts. He then ordered the men to lie down so as to es-

cape a wicked, sputtering fire; but he himself, young and handsome, coolly and without bravado walked back and forth before his line, his eyes and face lit by the finest candle that glows in the hand of Duty. "My God, Schaff," said to me the brave Captain Magnitsky of the Twentieth, with moistened eyes, "I was proud of him as back and forth he slowly walked before us." A shot soon struck him and he fell. They tenderly picked up the mortally wounded, gallant gentleman and carried him to the rear.

Just then my friend Bartlett's regiment, and that of Griswold, were making connection with Webb's wheeling brigade, for he was now changing front forward again. On their way to him they had passed over our own and Confederate wounded, and had shared their canteens alike with the suffering. One of Griswold's — of which Stephen M. Weld of Boston was lieutenant-colonel, who, when Griswold was killed, took command — gave drink like a good Samaritan to a wounded Confederate, who, as soon as the line passed him, seized a musket and began to fire on the very men who had been kind to him. With righteous indignation they turned and exterminated the varmint; and then on with renewed determination to have it out with their country's enemies. When Bartlett reached Webb he went forward with him, under his command, and two more valiant hearts were not beating that day. Wadsworth, his zeal ablaze, catching sight of Bartlett's colors flying defiantly in the face of Field's oncoming veterans, called on him in person to charge over some troops weakened by repulses, who were hesitating — and he and his men responded well. I can hear Bartlett's voice ringing, "Forward," and see his spare, well-bred face lit up dauntlessly by those intense blue eyes; eyes I have seen glint more than once with pleas-

ant humor, for he had, besides courage, the spirit of comradeship, that pleasant, cloud-reflecting stream, rippling and green-banked, that flows through our natures. But in a little while a shot struck him in the temple, and he followed his college friend Abbott to the field hospital; — he had already lost his left leg at Yorktown, and been seriously wounded in two places leading an assault at Port Hudson.

Wadsworth, after the charge, exclaimed, "Glorious!" but, like all the gains, theirs was temporary. For Field, having fresh veterans coming up from where Burnside should have held them, drove the line back to its original position; yet, try as he might, Webb finally fought him to a standstill. And so was it on the other side of the road: Carroll, Grant, and Birney's remnants, and McAlister of Mott's division, had thrown Kershaw and Wofford back till they, too, were glad to stop for a while.

At the mention of McAlister's name my sense of humor asks, "Can't you stop the narrative long enough to tell about General——?" This general represented Gibbon's lone response to Hancock's order to attack at seven o'clock up the bed of the unfinished railroad with Barlow's big division. He was a whiskey-pickled, lately-arrived, blustering German, and when he reached McAlister on the left of the line, he wanted to burst right through, saying his orders were "To find the enemy wherever he could find him and *whip him!!!*" Having blown this trombone Germanic blast, he spurred his nag and dashed at the "rebels." Pretty soon he sent to McAlister to come up and relieve him, which McAlister refused to do, when back came part of the brigade running and blank with them. "I want to get ammuni-

tion," he said. "Where?" asks McAlister. "Away back in the rear," he exclaimed, and off he went. "That was the last I saw of him or his command," says McAlister. Notwithstanding there is a considerable strain of German blood in my veins, there is something about the swelling assertive military airs of that nationality which is very humorous and at the same time very nauseating. But I suppose really that McAlister ought to have given the poor fellow a little aid, if, for no other reason, than that his land sent so many Hessians here during the Revolution.

When the narrative was halted it was saying that the Confederates and ourselves were glad to stop for a while. It was now going on ten o'clock, and there was a lull all along the lines. And while it lasts, let us turn to Hancock, not forgetting that the dread of Longstreet on his flank was still haunting him, and we shall see that, while Birney and Wadsworth and Webb were engaging so fiercely, he was beset with distracting and untoward happenings "in good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over." At nine o'clock, while his attention is strained on the renewed offensive up the Plank Road, a dispatch from Humphreys is handed to him: "Sheridan has been ordered to attack Longstreet's flank and rear by the Brock Road." "Flank and rear by the Brock Road!" he repeats to himself. Humphreys must have located him definitely, and, to help confirm this halfway expected news, for prediction has been pointing her finger that way steadily, the distant boom of Custer's guns comes through the smothering timber; and the footsteps of the haunting peril that has been dogging him all the morning are closer than ever.

(To be continued.)

OUT OF THE DARK

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

LOOKING back to the whole thing, it seems to me that the curtain went up, as it were, on that casual remark of Ellerton Bellmont's. From then on, every word, every gesture, made up an inevitable part of the whole, like the fitting together of a piece of mosaic.

There were the four of us — Frederick Clay (Clay of Kentucky, sir, no damned Yankee in his!), the two Bellmonts, Eustace and Ellerton, and myself, all lounging in wicker chairs on Eustace's porch at Linside. We were all smoking, and all comfortable, and there was nothing in the peace of that late summer afternoon to suggest that when the day should presently slip down into the past, it would have set its stamp forever on at least three out of the four.

In spite of the heat, Clay had engaged Eustace in a fierce argument on the tendencies of the modern drama, leaving the younger Bellmont and myself to keep up a desultory undercurrent of conversation.

It was then that Ellerton stretched a little deeper in his chair, and putting his hands behind his back, made a remark, quite apart, I remember, from the former subject of our idle talk.

"I always like," he said, "to sit here on Eustace's porch and look down at that little glimpse of the drive as it goes under the gate. I like to see people appear there a second, and then disappear. It's something like life, like that old simile, you know, of the sparrow flying out of the dark into the lighted hall to circle about there a

moment, and then fly away again into the night."

The Linside drive, after surrounding a bed of flaming geraniums directly in front of the porch, dived into a sort of green tunnel of shrubbery which led down to the entrance, where one had again a white glimpse of it under the gate, as it joined the main thoroughfare, which in its turn was obscured by more trees.

It was to this little peep of the drive under the arch of the gate that Ellerton referred, and I was struck once more, as I had been time and again, by the difference that there was between the two brothers. In Ellerton's face, and about his manner, there was youth, of course, but there was as well a sense of poetry, of imagination, and one was aware of the touch of his understanding even though he spoke so little. With Eustace, on the other hand, the attitude of the critic was always in evidence, perhaps inevitably so when one remembered how very much *The Touchstone* paid him for this attitude. But, however clever his criticisms might be in print, there were times when his friends wished he would occasionally fling all aside in some warm glory of enthusiasm.

"By the way, Eu, who has the Island House this summer?" Ellerton went on, referring to a house set on a tiny island in the midst of a sweet little green river, the flicker and dance of which were visible from where we sat.

Ellerton was just back from some little God-forsaken hole in the country

somewhere, while Clay and I had run out from New York for the week-end, so we were all three more or less strangers to the summer news of Linside.

"The Island House?" Eustace said vaguely, his mind still intent on the modern drama. Looking at his handsome, rather heavy face, — one cannot be an authority on things to eat and to drink without paying for it in some way, I suppose, — I remember thinking suddenly that he was the very type of man who would appeal by his reserve to a certain kind of woman, the kind who is piqued by the inscrutable, and I wondered if Eustace really did possess that other soul — the soul that we are told is given a man to show a woman when he loves her.

"Oh, the Island House," Eustace said, jerking his mind away from Clay's argument. "It's rented this year to some Southern people, and by the way, Clay, they have your name," he added.

"What state are they from?" Clay demanded promptly, for he was as keen on the question of family tree as he was on the breeding of a horse.

"Kentucky," Eustace returned. "In all probability they are your cousins. They have named the island Shalott; a thing," he added, "that I refrained from doing in all the time I lived there, — it was quite too obvious."

"H'm," said Clay. "Is there by chance a Lady of Shalott? Under those circumstances the cousinship might be worth claiming."

Looking at Eustace idly for an answer, I saw something that took me by keen surprise. I saw his face flush suddenly crimson. Any evidence of feeling or embarrassment was so foreign to him that I glanced on to Ellerton questioningly. He was regarding his brother in surprise also, a surprise that gave way suddenly to a flicker of delighted boyish amusement, which was voiced by a frank chuckle from

the Kentuckian. After that first flush of telltale color, however, Eustace recovered himself, and answered coolly enough.

"Yes, there is, as you suggest, a Lady of Shalott," he said. "There are, in fact, three, — Mrs. Clay and her two daughters."

"And you are perhaps on intimate terms with the family?"

Again Clay's ripple of mirth brought the color to Eustace's face.

"I called, naturally, when they first moved in, to inquire if my tenants were comfortable."

"And afterwards?" the other persisted fiendishly.

"Oh yes, of course afterwards too; in fact, I've seen quite a bit of them all summer."

"And how do my cousins, the ladies of Shalott, amuse themselves?"

"Mrs. Clay seems chiefly occupied with her housekeeping — an excellent woman who knows very well what constitutes a good dinner. The young daughter is still of the schoolroom age, so I really don't know how she occupies herself. Miss Clay, however, like your true daughter of the Blue Grass, spends a good deal of her time on horseback."

"On horseback!" Clay repeated quickly, any mention of horses or horsemanship being always a sure key to his interest. "Hark!" he added on the moment, raising his hand for silence. And the rest of us, listening, caught the sound of a horse's hoof-beats on the hidden road below us.

"Speak of the angels," Clay said. "For I suppose Miss Clay of Kentucky is the only person up here who rides a gaited horse."

And listening more sharply, my slower horse knowledge took in the fact that instead of the sharp trot that our Northern roads are accustomed to, the hoof-beats in question fell with

a soft slip-slop, a whispered blurr of sound. Almost at the same moment Ellerton ejaculated, "Whew! that's hitting the pace!"

Following his eyes, I caught the last glimpse of an enormous white automobile as it tore past the little opening in the hedge-rows where the Linside drive joined the main road.

"Gaited horses," Clay said judiciously, "are n't for ladies to ride up here. Gaited horses are country-bred — automobiles are n't. And white cars are the worst kind," he added.

The words were scarcely lost in silence when there came up to us distinctly from the road, first the warning note of an automobile's horn, then a sudden clatter of plunging hoofs, a woman's short, sharp, scream, and then all silence save for the terrified wild beat of iron hoofs fleeing along the road to the Linside entrance.

Clay leaped to his feet. "Gad!" he cried. "He's bolting!"

I do not suppose it was more than a few seconds that we four stood with caught breath listening to the flying hoof-beats, yet in that moment I had time to glance at Eustace, and to wonder at his calmness. I think now that he — never a horseman — had not taken in the sense of Clay's words, and did not realize whose horse it might be that was running so madly down there out of sight between the hedge-rows.

Then for a moment at the Linside entrance, where the white car had been framed the instant before, I saw a horse flash into view, and with a sudden turn which almost threw him, wheel in at the gate, to be obscured the second after by the overhanging greenery of the drive. A horse's flying body, and on his back a woman. I know I saw her — saw the light swing of her body as the animal plunged in at the gate, and saw too the set of her small dark head as it disappeared from sight;

yet at my side Clay ejaculated in a half-whisper, "Lord, he's thrown her!"

Then we all caught our breath again to listen to the scratching splatter of the gravel as it flew from the driveway, and to the pound, pound, pound, of the nearing hoofs.

We had sprung off the porch and strung out across the drive, waiting, and at last with a snort the horse stumbled out of the green tunnel. Clay leaped for the bridle, and held on, though the beast tried to tear himself free in frantic half-circles.

"Whoa, boy! Whoa, old man!" the Kentuckian panted; and presently the horse came to a stand in the middle of the torn-up gravel. His head was flung high, with staring, frightened eyes, and red, spread nostrils. On his back sat a woman. A beautiful, beautiful woman, slender and graceful, and lithe, with enormous, startled dark eyes, and masses of black hair. Her face was dead white. One hand pressed against her bosom, the other hung limply down, not grasping the reins, and her eyes, so startled and dark and strange, were fixed upon Eustace Bellmont.

I sprang toward her breathlessly. "Are you hurt, are you hurt?" I cried.

Her eyes did not so much as waver from Eustace's face, but Clay's cheerful voice took me up in surprise.

"Hurt? Heavens, no! He gave my arm a bit of a wrench, but that's all. Whoa, boy! Whoa!"

"Good man!" cried Eustace. "But don't let him trample my geraniums."

A sudden sick astonishment crept up my spine and crested the hair at the back of my neck. Neither Clay nor Eustace Bellmont saw the woman — the woman who sat there almost in touch of them, and who looked, and looked, at Eustace! Stiffly I turned to Ellerton. His eyes were wide and dark like hers, and he looked at her as strangely as she looked at his brother.

"I'm afraid there's been a bad accident down there on the road," Clay said. "We'd better tie this brute up and go down."

"No, wait a moment until I get one of my men," Eustace returned. "You can't tie him anywhere here that he won't stamp my turf to bits."

And the woman sat and looked at him.

I could have broken my heart for her — for some power to comfort that beautiful dark creature so close there to Eustace, and who looked and looked at him in such poignant surprise. It seemed as though her eyes *must* wake some answering sight in the man. Yet they did not, and his concern was all for the protection of his grass; and at last slowly, lingeringly, with an unbelievable astonishment, she drew her eyes from his face, and turned them pitifully, questioningly, first to Clay, then to me, and at last to Ellerton. When her gaze came to me I know my throat ached and ached, and I could have cried out with sorrow for her. Yet she seemed to find nothing in my face, and it was on Ellerton's that her eyes came to rest. And as they did so all the poetry, all the imagination of the boy's expression merged itself in a sudden smile like the flashing up of sunlight. I know he did not speak, and yet I seemed to *feel* him say, "Never mind, never mind, sweetheart — it will be all right, I *know* it will be all right!"

And looking at him all at once the woman smiled too, a radiant answer.

The horse gave a great snort, and sprang to one side. There was the juicy snap of crushed geranium stems, the pungent fragrance of their bruised leaves.

"Gad!" Clay gasped, wrestling with him.

"Good Heavens, man! Can't you keep that brute off my flowers — that

bed cost me thirty dollars!" Eustace cried irritably.

At my side I heard Ellerton draw a sharp breath, and when I turned again to the woman, suddenly she was gone. I looked at Ellerton. He was staring at the empty saddle, and his face was dazed and dead of expression. Presently, however, he became aware of my look and answered it full and straight, and without words each knew what the other had seen.

All at once a mounted groom, frantic with haste, burst out of the driveway and spurred up to us. As he caught sight of the man, for the first time I saw upon Eustace's face a dread of what might have happened, for he knew men better than he did horses.

"It's Miss Clay's groom!" he muttered, his face dead white, and his voice almost lost in fear.

The man was all to pieces, and when he reached us he could only choke out, "She's killed — she's killed! O Mr. Belmont, sir, I saw her killed right before my eyes!"

Eustace stood looking at him for a moment, then he put his hands up to his head. "We were engaged to be married," he said, speaking to no one.

Afterwards he turned and began to run madly down the drive, and the rest of us ran with him.

Of the events which followed, my mind seems only to have retained a series of sharp pictures, and it leaps on from one to another, breathlessly, disconnectedly, like a flung stone skipping across a pond. I see first that expression of awakened horror on Eustace's face, then the bowed look of his shoulders as he ran just in front of me, and I hear the crash, crash, of gravel under our hurrying feet. Then the picture in the road: the white car turned into the ditch; men with motor caps and pushed-up goggles; hysterical women with silly floating veils, and in the

midst of them, on the ground, the dark figure of the Lady of Shalott who had come and looked at Eustace. One arm lay limply down upon the road, the other was flung across her breast. I remember when they raised her up, that arm fell back, and her coat opened to show a splash of crimson on her white blouse.

I turned my eyes sharply away and glanced at the face. The same glad look was there — the look that Ellerton's smile had given her.

And through it all, through all the little nothing that we could do, and through that desolate walk back from the Island House, Eustace moved like

a man in a dream. He spoke once, however, just as we stepped up on the Linside porch.

"And it was only yesterday," he said incredulously, "only yesterday that we promised each other if anything happened, if one of us died, that one would come to the other — if such things are possible. So of course they can't be," he said, "or she would have come — she would surely have come."

With a quick movement Ellerton slipped his arm through his brother's, his eyes daring me to tell what I had seen.

But perhaps afterwards he told Eustace himself.

IN BEMERTON CHURCH

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THIS aisle George Herbert paced, and in this choir
 With fervent music charged his pen,
 And quaintly wrought his lines of pleading fire
 Excusing unto God the ways of men.

Yea, up this grassy path, and through this porch,
 With tenuous form and aspect sad,
 He led the wanton English Muse to church,
 The lovely pagan Muse, "well-drest and clad."

OUR HOUSEKEEPERS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

OUR finding our Chambers was the merest chance. One day on the way to the Underground, J. and I saw the notice, "To Let," in windows above the Embankment Gardens by the River, and knew at a glance that we should be glad to spend the rest of our lives looking out of them. But something depended on what we looked out from, and as the notice also said, "Apply to the Housekeeper," we went at once to ask her to show us what was behind them.

The house was all that we could have hoped: as simple in architecture, with bricks as time-stained, as the courts of the Temple or Gray's Inn. The front door opened into a hall twisted with age, its sloping roof supported by carved corbels, the upper part of the door at the far end filled with bull's-eye glass, and no housekeeper could have been more in place than the little old white-haired woman who answered our ring. She was scrupulously neat in her dress, and her manner had just the right touch of dignity and deference, until we explained our errand, when she flew into a rage and told us in a tone that challenged us to dispute it, "You know, no coal is to be carried upstairs after ten o'clock in the morning." Coal was as yet so remote that we would have agreed to anything in our impatience to look out of the windows, and, reassured by us, she became the obsequious housekeeper again, getting the keys, toiling with us up three flights of stairs, unlocking the double door, — for there was an "oak "

to sport, — ushering us into Chambers that Adam mantelpieces and decorations made worthy of the windows, dropping the correct "Sir" and "Madam" into her talk, accepting without a tremor the shilling it embarrassed us to slip into her venerable hand, and realizing so entirely our idea of what a housekeeper in London Chambers ought to be, that her outbreak over the coal we had not ordered, and might never order, was the more perplexing.

I understood it before we were settled in our Chambers — for, of course, we took them. But they were not really ours until after a long delay over the legal formalities with which the English love to entangle their simplest transactions at somebody's else expense; a longer one in proving our personal and financial qualifications, the landlord being disturbed by a suspicion that, like the Housekeeper's daughter, we were in *the* profession and spent most of our time "resting"; and the longest of all over the British Workman, who, once he got in, threatened never to get out. In the meanwhile we saw the Housekeeper almost every day. We did not have to see her often to discover that she was born a housekeeper, that she had but one thought in life, and that this was the house under her charge. I am sure she believed that she came into the world to take care of it, unless indeed it was built to be taken care of by her. She belonged to a generation in England who had not yet been taught the folly of interest in their work, and she was old-fashioned

enough to feel the importance of the post she filled. She would have lost her self-respect had she failed in the slightest detail of her duty to the house. From the first the spotless marvel she made of it divided our admiration with our windows. The hall and front steps were immaculate, the white stone stairs shone, there was not a speck of dust anywhere, and I appreciated the work this meant in an old London building, where the dirt not only filters through doors and windows, but oozes out of the walls and comes up through the floors. She did not pretend to hide her despair when our painters and paperers tramped and blundered in and out; she fretted herself ill when our furniture was brought up the three flights of her shining stairs. Painters and paperers and the bringing up of furniture were rare incidents in the life of a tenant and had to be endured. But coal, with its trail of dust, was an endless necessity, and at least could be regulated. This was why, after her daily cleaning was done, she refused to let it pass.

Once we were established, we saw her less often. The daily masterpiece was finished in the morning before we were up, and at all times she effaced herself with the respect she owed to tenants of a house in which she was the servant. If we did meet her she acknowledged our greeting with ostentatious humility, for she clung with as little shame to servility as to cleanliness; servility was also a part of the business of a housekeeper, just as elegance was the mark of *the* profession which her daughter graced, and the shame would have been not to be as servile as the position demanded.

This daughter was in every way an elegant person, dressing with a deference to fashion I could not hope to emulate, and with the help of a fashionable dressmaker I could not afford

to pay. She was "resting" from the time we came into the house until her mother left it, but if in *the* profession it is a misfortune to be out of work, it is a crime to look it, and her appearance and manner gave no hint of unemployment. In an emergency, she would bring us up a message or a letter, but her civility had none of her mother's obsequiousness; it was a condescension, and she made us feel the honor she conferred upon the house by living in it.

The Housekeeper, for all her deference to the tenants, was a despot, and none of us dared to rebel against her rule and disturb the order she maintained. To anybody coming in from the not too respectable little street the respectability of the house was overwhelming, and I often noticed that strangers, on entering, lowered their voices and stepped more softly. The hush of repose hung heavy on the public hall and stairs, whatever was going on behind the two doors that faced each other on every landing. We all emulated her in the quiet and decorum of our movements. We allowed ourselves so seldom to be seen that after three months I still knew little of the others except their names on their doors, the professions of those who had offices and hung up their signs, and the frequency with which the Church League on the First Floor drank afternoon tea. On certain days, when I went out towards five o'clock, I had to push my way through a procession of bishops in aprons and gaiters, deans and ordinary parsons who were legion, of dowagers and duchesses who were as sands on the stairs. I may be wrong, but I fancy that the Housekeeper would have found a way to rout this weekly invasion if, in the aprons and gaiters, she had not seen symbols of the respectability which was her pride.

What I did not find out about the

tenants for myself, there was no learning from her. She disdained the gossip which was the breath of life to the other housekeepers in the street, where, in the early mornings when the fronts were being done, or in the cool of summer evenings when the day's work was over, I would see them chattering at their doors. She never joined in the talk, holding herself aloof, as if her house were on a loftier plane than theirs, and as if the number of her years in it raised her to a higher caste. Exactly how many these years had been she never presumed to say, but she looked as ancient and venerable, and had she told me she remembered Bacon and Pepys, each in his day a tenant, or Peter the Great who lived across the street, I should have believed her. She did not, however, claim to go further back than Etty, the Royal Academician, who spent over a quarter of a century in our Chambers and one of whose sitters she once brought up to see us: — a melancholy old man who could only shake his head, first over the changes in the house since Etty painted there those wonderful Victorian nudes, so demure that Bob Stevenson insisted that Etty's maiden aunts must have sat for them, and then over the changes in the River, which also, it seemed, had seen better days. Really, he was so very dismal a survival of an older generation that we were glad she brought no more of her contemporaries to see us.

For so despotic a character, the Housekeeper had a surprisingly feminine capacity for hysterics. I thought she would never recover from the disreputable performance of 'Enrietter, my first servant, who was old in vice as she was young in years; though, after all, if there were to be hysterics, I had much the better right to them. From the fire, which occurred one hot July night in the third month of our tenancy, she never recovered at all.

The Fire of London was not so epoch-making. Afterwards the tenants used to speak of the days "Before the Fire," as we still talk at home of the days "Before the War." J. was in France, where I was to join him, and I had replaced 'Enrietter for the time by a charwoman, who arrived at seven o'clock in the morning and left on the stroke of eight in the evening, so that at night I was alone. I do not recall the period with pride, for it proved me more of a coward than I cared to acknowledge. When the trains on the near railroad bridge awoke me, I lay trembling, certain they were burglars or ghosts, forgetting that visitors of that kind are usually shyer in announcing themselves. Then I began to be ashamed, and there was a night when, though the noises sounded strangely like voices immediately outside my window, I managed to turn over and try to go asleep again. This time the danger was real, and, the next thing I knew, somebody was ringing the front door-bell and knocking without stopping, and before I had time to be afraid I was out of bed and at the door. It was the young man from across the hall, who had come to give me the cheerful intelligence that his Chambers were on fire, and to advise me to dress as fast as I knew how and get downstairs before the firemen and the hose arrived, or I might not get down at all.

I flung myself into my clothes, although, as I am pleased to recall, I had the sense to select my most useful gown in case but one was left me in the morning, and the curiosity to step for a second on to the leads where the flames were leaping from the young man's windows. As it was too late to help himself, he was waiting, with his servant, to help me. A pile of J.'s drawings lay on a chair in the hall — I thrust them into the young man's out-

stretched arms. For some unknown reason J.'s huge *schube* was on another chair — I threw it into the arms of the young man's servant, who staggered under its unexpected weight. I rushed to my desk to secure the money I was unwilling to leave behind, when a bull's-eye lantern flashed upon me and a policeman ordered me out. Firemen — for London firemen do eventually arrive if the fire burns long enough — were dragging up a hose as I flew downstairs and the policeman had scarcely pushed me into the Housekeeper's room, the young man had just deposited the drawings at my feet, and the servant the *schube*, when the stairs became a raging torrent.

I had not thought of the Housekeeper till then; after that there was no thinking of anything else. My dread of never again seeing our Chambers was nothing to her sense of the outrage to her house. Niobe weeping for her children was not so tragic a spectacle as she lamenting over the ruin of plaster and paint that did not belong to her. She was half dressed, propped up against cushions on a couch, sniffing the salts and sipping the water administered by her daughter, who had taken the time to dress carefully and elegantly for the scene. "Oh, what shall I do! Oh, what shall I do!" the Housekeeper wailed as she saw me, wringing her hands with an abandonment that would have made her daughter's fortune on the stage.

Her sitting-room had been appropriated as a refuge for the tenants, and this sudden reunion was my introduction to them. As the room was small, my first impression was of a crowd, though in actual numbers we were not many. The young man whose distinction was that the fire originated in his Chambers, and myself, represented the Third Floor, Front and Back. The architect and his clerks of the Second

Floor Front were at home in their beds, unconscious of the deluge pouring into their office; the Second Floor Back had gone away on a holiday. The Church League of the First Floor Front, haunted by bishops and deans, duchesses and dowagers, was of course closed, and we were deprived of whatever spiritual consolation their presence might have provided. But the First Floor Back filled the little room with her loud voice and portly presence. She had attired herself for the occasion in a black skirt and a red jacket, that, for all her efforts, would not meet over the vast expanse of gray Jaeger vest beneath, and her thin wisps of gray hair were drawn up under a green felt hat of the pattern I wore for bicycling. I looked at it regretfully; mine, which I forgot, would have completed my costume. I complimented her on her forethought, but "What could I do?" she said, "they flurried me so I could n't find my false front anywhere, and I had to cover my head with something." It was extraordinary how a common danger broke down the barrier of reserve we had hitherto so carefully cultivated. She had her own salts which she shared with us all, when she did not need them for the Housekeeper, whom she kept calling "Poor dear!" and who, after every "Poor dear!" went off into a new attack of hysterics.

The Ground Floor Front, a thin, spry, old gentleman, hovered about us, bobbing in and out like the little man in the weather house. He was in the insurance business, I was immediately informed, and it seemed a comfort to us all to know it, though I cannot for the life of me imagine why it should have been to me, not one stick or stitch up there in our Chambers being insured. The Ground Floor Back was at his club, and his wife and two children had not been disturbed, as in their Chambers the risk was not immediate,

and, anyway, they could easily walk out should it become so. He had been promptly sent for, and when a message came back that he was playing whist and would hurry to the rescue of his family as soon as his rubber was finished, the indignation in the Housekeeper's little room was intense. "Brute!" the Housekeeper said, and after that, through the rest of the night, she would ask every few minutes if he had returned, and the answer in the negative was fresh fuel to her wrath.

She was, if anything, more severe with the young man whose Chambers were blazing, and who confessed he had gone out toward midnight leaving a burning candle in one of his rooms. He treated the fire as a jest, which she could not forgive; and when at dawn, after boasting that account-books committed to his care were now no doubt in ashes, he wished us good-morning and good-bye, she did not hesitate to see in the fire his method of disposing of records it was convenient to be rid of.

Indignation served better than salts to rouse the Housekeeper from her hysterics, and without this distraction she could not long have remained unconscious of another evil that I look back to as the deadliest of all. For, gradually through her room, by this time close to suffocation, there crept the most terrible smell. It took hold of me, choked me, sickened me. The Housekeeper's daughter and the First Floor Back blanched under it, the Housekeeper turned from white to green. I have often marveled since that they never referred to it, but I know why I did not. For it was I who sent that smell downstairs when I threw the Russian *schube* into the arms of the Third Floor Front's servant. Odors, they say, are the best jogs to memory, and the smell of the *schube* is for me so inextricably

associated with the fire, that I can never think of one without remembering the other.

It was the chief treasure among the fantastic costumes it is J.'s joy to collect on his travels. His Hungarian sheepskins, French hooded capes, Swiss blouses, Spanish bérets, Scotch Tam o' Shanters, Dalmatian caps, Roumanian embroidered shirts, and the rest, I can dispose of by packing them out of sight and dosing them with camphor. But no trunk was big enough to hold the Russian *schube*, and its abominable smell, even when reinforced by tons of camphor and pepper, could not frighten away the moths. It was picturesque, so much I admit in its favor, and Whistler's lithograph of J. draped in it is a princely reward for my trouble. But that trouble lasted for eighteen years, during which time J. wore the *schube* just twice, — once to pose for the lithograph and once on a winter night in London, when its weight was a far more serious discomfort than the cold. Occasionally, he exhibited it to select audiences. At all other times it hung in a colossal linen bag made especially to hold it. The eighteenth summer, when the bag was opened for the periodical airing and brushing, no *schube* was there: not a shred of fur remained, the cloth was riddled with holes; it had fallen before its hereditary foe: the moths had devoured it. For this had I toiled over it; for this had I rescued it on the night of the fire as if it were my crowning jewel; for this had I braved the displeasure of the Housekeeper, from which indeed I escaped only because, at the critical moment, the policeman who had ordered me downstairs appeared to say that the lady from the Third Floor Back could go up again if she chose.

The stairs were a waterfall under which I ascended. The two doors of

our Chambers were wide open, with huge gaps where panels had been, the young man's servant having carefully shut them after me in our flight, thinking, I suppose, that the firemen would stand upon ceremony and ask for the key before venturing in. A river was drying up in our hall, and the strip of matting down the centre was sodden. Empty soda-water bottles rolled on the floor, though it speaks well for London firemen that nothing stronger was touched. Candles were stuck upside down in our hanging Dutch lamp, and all available candlesticks, curtains, and blinds were pulled about, chairs were upset, the marks of muddy feet were everywhere. I ought to have been grateful, and I was, that the damage was so small, all the more when I went again on to the leads and saw the blackened heap to which the night had reduced the young man's Chambers. But the place was inexpressibly cheerless and dilapidated in the dawning light.

It was too late to go to bed, too early to go to work. I was hungry, and the baker had not come, nor the charwoman. I was faint, the smell of the *schube* was strong in my nostrils, though the *schube* itself was now safely locked up in a remote cupboard. I wandered disconsolately from room to room, when, of a sudden, there appeared at my still open front door a gorgeous vision — a large and stately lady, fresh and neat, arrayed in flowing red draperies, with a white lace fichu carelessly thrown over a mass of luxuriant golden hair. I stared, speechless with amazement. It was not until she spoke that I recognized the First Floor Back, who had had time to lay her hands not only on a false front, but on a whole wig, and who had had the enterprise to make tea which she invited me to drink with her in Pepys's Chambers, where the Housekeeper, who had hitherto discouraged

familiarity in the tenants, now joined us as a friend.

After the first excitement, after the house had resumed as well as it could its usual habits, the Housekeeper remained absorbed in her grief. Hitherto her particular habit was to work, and she had been able, unaided, to keep the house up to her immaculate standard of perfection. But now to restore it to order was the affair of builders, of plasterers and painters and paperers. There was nothing for her to do save to sit with hands folded and watch the sacrilege. Her occupation was gone, and all was wrong with the world.

I was busy during the days immediately after the fire. I had to insure our belongings, which, of course, being insured, have never run such a risk again. I had to prepare and pack for the journey to France, now many days overdue, and, what with one thing or another, I neglected the Housekeeper. When at last I was ready to shut up our Chambers and start, and I called at her rooms, it seemed to me she had visibly shrunk and wilted, though she had preserved enough of the proper spirit to pocket the substantial tip I slipped into her hand with the keys. She was no less equal to accepting a second when, after a couple of months, I returned and could not resist this expression of my sympathy on finding the hall still stained and defaced, the stairs still with their blackened groove, the workmen still going and coming, and her despair at the spectacle blacker than ever.

The next day she came up to our Chambers. She wore her best black gown and no apron, and from these signs I concluded it was a visit of state. I was right: it was to announce her departure. The house, partially rebuilt and very much patched up, would never be the same. She was too old

for hope, and without the courage to pick up the broken bits of her masterpiece and put them together again. She was more ill at ease as visitor than as housekeeper. The conversation languished, although I fancied she had something particular to say, slight as was her success in saying it. We had both been silent for an awkward minute when she blurted out abruptly that she had never neglected her duty, no matter what it might or might not have pleased the tenants to give her. I applauded the sentiment as admirable, and I said good-bye; and never once then, and not until several days after she left us, did it dawn upon me that she was waiting to accept graciously the fee it was her right in leaving to expect from me. The fact of my having only just tipped her liberally had nothing to do with it. A housekeeper's departure was an occasion for money to pass from the tenants' hand into hers, and she had too much respect for her duty as housekeeper not to afford me the opportunity of doing mine as tenant. It was absurd, but I was humiliated in my own eyes when I thought of the figure I must cut in hers, and I could only hope she would make allowance for me as an ignorant American.

It takes years for a housekeeper of her type, like certain wines, to mature; and I knew that in the best sense of the word she could never be replaced, though the knowledge did not prepare me for her successor. Mrs. Haines was a younger and apparently stronger woman, but she was so casual in her dress, and so eager to emulate the lilies of the field, as to convince me that it was not in her, under any conditions, to mature into a housekeeper at all. It expressed much, I thought, that while the old housekeeper had always been "the Housekeeper," we never knew Mrs. Haines by any name but

her own. The fact that she had a husband was her recommendation to the landlord, who had been alarmed by the fire, and the hysterics into which it threw "the Housekeeper," and now insisted upon a man in the family as an indispensable qualification for the post. The advantage might have been more obvious had Mr. Haines not spent most of his time in dodging the tenants, and helping them to forget his presence in the house. He was not an ill-looking nor ill-mannered man, and shyness was the only explanation that occurred to me for his perseverance in avoiding us. Work could not force him from his retirement. Mrs. Haines said that he was a carpenter by trade, but the only ability I ever knew him to display was in evading whatever job I was hopeful enough to offer him. Besides, though it might be hard to say what I think a carpenter ought to look like, I was certain he did not look like one, and others shared my doubts.

The rumor spread through our street — where everybody rejoices in the knowledge of everything about everybody else who lives in it — that he had once been in the Civil Service, but had married beneath him, and come down in the world. How the rumor originated I never asked, or never was told if I did ask; but it was so evident that he shrank from the practice of the carpenter's trade that once we sent him with a letter to Mr. Fisher Unwin — who shares our love of the neighborhood to the point, not only of living in it, but of publishing from it — asking if some sort of a place could not be found for him in the office. It was found, I am afraid to his disappointment, for he never made any effort to fill it, and was more diligent than ever in keeping out of our way. As the months went on, he was never caught cleaning anything or doing anything

in the shape of work, except sometimes, furtively as if afraid of being detected in the act, shutting the front door when the clocks of the neighborhood struck eleven. He was far less of a safeguard to us than I often fancied he thought we were to him.

Mrs. Haines was sufficiently unlike him to account for one part of the rumor. She was coarse in appearance and disagreeable in manner, always on the defensive, always on the verge of flying into a temper. She had no objection to showing herself: on the contrary, she was perpetually about, hunting for faults to find; but she did object to showing herself with a broom or a duster, a pail or a scrubbing-brush, in her hands. I shuddered sometimes at the thought of the shock to the old housekeeper if she were to see her hall and stairs. We could bring up coal now at any hour, or all day long. And yet Mrs. Haines tyrannized over us in her own fashion, and her tyranny was the more unbearable because it had no end except to spare herself trouble. Her one thought was to do nothing and get paid for it. She resented extra exertion without extra compensation. We never had been so bullied about coal under the old régime as we were under hers about a drain-pipe with a trick of overflowing. It might have drowned us in our Chambers, and she would not have stirred to save us; but its outlet was in a little paved court back of her kitchen, which it was one of her duties to keep in order, and she considered every overflow a rank injustice. She held the tenants in turn responsible, and would descend upon us like a Fury upbraiding us for our carelessness. It would never have surprised me had she ordered us down to clean up the court for her.

I must in fairness add that when extra exertion meant extra money she did not shirk it. Nor was she without

accomplishments. She was an excellent needlewoman: she altered and renovated more than one gown for me, she made me chair-covers, she mended my carpets. During the first year she was in the house she never refused any needlework and often she asked me for more. She would come up and wait for me at table on the shortest notice. In an emergency she would even cook me a dinner which, in its colorless English way, was admirable. There is no denying that she could be useful, but her usefulness had a special tariff.

It was also in her favor that she was a lover of cats, and their regard for her was as good as a certificate. I came to be on the best of terms with hers, Bogie by name, a tall ungainly tabby, very much the worse for wear. He spent a large part of his time on the street; and often, as I came or went, he would be returning home, and would ask me, in a way not to be resisted, to ring her door-bell for him. Sometimes I waited to exchange a few remarks with him, for, though his voice was husky and not one of his attractions, he always had plenty to say. On these occasions I was a witness of his pleasure in seeing his mistress again, though his absence might have been short, and of her enthusiasm in receiving him. Unquestionably they understood each other, and cats are animals of discrimination.

She extended her affection to cats that did not belong to her, and ours came in for many of her attentions. Our Jimmie, who had the freedom of the streets, often paid her a visit on his way out or in, as I knew he would not have done if she had not made the time pass agreeably; for if he, like all cats, disliked to be bored, he knew better than most how to avoid the possibility. One of his favorite haunts was the near Strand, probably because he was sure to meet his friends there. It was a

joy to him, if we had been out late in the evening, to run across us as we returned. With a fervent "mow" of greeting, he was at our side; and then, his tail high in the air and singing a song of rapture, he would come with us to our front door, linger until he had seen us open it, when, his mind at rest for our safety, he would hurry back to his revels. We considered this a privilege, and our respect for Mrs. Haines was increased when he let her share it even in the daytime. He was known to join her in the Strand, not far from Charing Cross, walk with her to Wellington Street, cross over, wait politely while she bought tickets at the Lyceum for one of the tenants, cross again and walk back with her. He was also known to sit down in the middle of the Strand, and divert the traffic better than a "Bobby," until Mrs. Haines, when everybody else had failed, enticed him away. He deserved the tribute of her tears, and she shed many, when the "Vet" kindly released him from the physical ruin to which exposure and a life of dissipation reduced him.

William Penn showed her the same friendliness, but from him it was not so marked, for he was a cat of democratic tastes and, next to his family, preferred the people who worked for them. He had not as much opportunity for his civilities as Jimmie, never being allowed to leave our Chambers. But when Mrs. Haines was busy in our kitchen he occupied more than a fair portion of her time, for which she made no reduction in the bill. William's charms were so apt to distract me from my work that I could say nothing, and her last kindness of all when he died — in his case of too luxuriant living and too little exercise, the "Vet" said — would make me forgive her much worse. According to my friend, Miss Repplier, a cat "considers dying a

strictly private affair." But William Penn's deathbed was a public affair, at least for Augustine and myself, who sat up with him through the night of his agony. We were both exhausted by morning, unfit to cope with the problem of his funeral. Chambers are without any convenient corner to serve as cemetery, and I could not entrust the most important member of the family to the dust-man for burial. I do not know what I should have done but for Mrs. Haines. It was she who arranged, by a bribe I would willingly have doubled, that during the dinner hour, when the head-gardener was out of the way, William should be laid to rest in the garden below our windows. She was the only mourner with Augustine and myself, — J. was abroad, — when, from above, we watched the assistant gardener lower him into his little grave under the tree where the wood-pigeons have their nest.

If I try now to make the best of what was good in her, at the time she did not give me much chance. Grumbling was such a habit with her that even had the Socialists' Millennium come she would have kept on, if only because it removed all other reason for her grumbles. Her prejudice against work of any kind did not lessen her displeasure with everybody who did not provide her with work of some kind to do. She treated me as if I imposed on her when I asked her to sew or to wait or to cook, and she abused the other tenants because they did not ask her to. She paid me innumerable visits, the object of which never varied. It was to borrow, which she did without shame or apology. She never hesitated in her demands, she never cringed. She ran short because the other tenants were not doing the fair and square thing by her, and she did not see why she should not draw upon me for help. One inexhaustible debt was the monthly bill

for her furniture, bought on the installment system and forfeited if any one installment were not met. I do not remember how many pounds I advanced, but enough to suggest that she had furnished her rooms, of which she never gave me as much as a glimpse, in a style far beyond her means. I could afford to be amiable, for I knew I could make her pay me back in work, though my continual loans did so little to improve her financial affairs that after a while my patience gave out, and I refused to advance another penny.

It was not until the illness of her husband, after they had been in the house some two years, that I realized the true condition of things behind the door they kept so carefully closed. The illness was sudden, so far as I knew. I had not seen Mr. Haines for long, but I was accustomed to not seeing him, and curiously, when Mrs. Haines's need was greatest, she showed some reluctance in asking to be helped out of it. Her husband was dying before she appealed to anybody, and then it was not to me, but to my old charwoman, who was so poor that I had always fancied that to be poorer still meant to live in the streets or on the rates. But Mrs. Haines was so much worse off, that the old charwoman, in telling me about it, thanked Our Lord — she was a devout Catholic — that she had never fallen so low. It was cold winter and there was no fire, no coal, no wood behind the closed door. The furniture for which I had advanced so many pounds consisted, I now found out, of two or three rickety chairs and a square of tattered carpet in the front room, a few pots and pans in the kitchen. In the dark bedroom between, the dying man lay on a hard board stretched on the top of a packing-box, shivering under his threadbare overcoat, so pitiful in his misery and suffering that the old charwoman was moved to com-

passion and hurried home to fetch him the blankets from her own bed and buy him a pennyworth of milk on the way. When the tenants knew how it was with Mrs. Haines and her husband, as now they could not help knowing, they remembered only that he was ill, and they sent for the doctor and paid for medicine, and did what they could to lighten the gloom of the two or three days left to him. And they arranged for a decent burial, feeling, I think, that a man who — as it was remembered — had been in the Civil Service should not lie in a pauper's grave. For a week or so we wondered again who he was, why he kept so persistently out of sight; after that we thought as little of him as when he had skulked, a shadow, between his rooms and the street door on the stroke of eleven.

Everybody was kind to Mrs. Haines now she was alone in the world. The landlord overlooked his announced decision "to sack the pair," and retained her as Housekeeper, though in losing her husband she had lost her principal recommendation. The tenants raised a fund to enable her to buy the mourning which is often a consolation in widowhood. Work was offered to her in Chambers which she had never entered before, and I doubled the tasks in ours. The housekeepers in the street with families to support must have envied her.

Mrs. Haines, however, did not see her position in that light. She had complained when work was not offered to her, she complained more bitterly when it was. Perhaps her husband had had some restraining influence upon her. I cannot say; but certainly once he was gone, she gave up all pretence of controlling her temper. She would sweep like a hurricane through the house, raging and raving, on the slightest provocation. She led us a worse life

than ever over the drain-pipe. She left the house more and more to take care of itself, dust lying thick wherever dust could lie, the stairs turned to a dingy gray, the walls blackened with London smoke and grime. Once in a while she hired a forlorn ragged old woman to wash the stairs and brush the front-door mat, for in London more than anywhere else, "poverty is a comparative thing," and every degree has one below to "soothe" it. No matter how hard up Mrs. Haines was, she managed to scrape together a few pennies to pay to have the work done for her rather than do it herself. She became as neglectful of herself as of the house: her one dress grew shabbier and shabbier, her apron was discarded, no detail of her toilet was attended to except the frizzing of her coarse black hair. All this came about not at once, but step by step, and things were very bad before J. and I admitted, even to each other, that she was a disgrace to the house. We would admit it to nobody else, and to my surprise the other tenants were as forbearing. I suppose it was because they understood as well as we did, that at a word to the landlord she would be adrift in London, where for one vacant post of housekeeper there are a hundred applications. To banish her from our own Chambers, however, was not to drive her to the workhouse, and I called for her services less and less often.

There was another reason for my not employing her, — to which I have not so far referred, — the reason really of her slovenliness and bad temper and gradual deterioration. I shut my eyes as long as I could. But I was prepared for the whispers that began to be heard, not only in our house but up and down our street. What started them I do not know, but the morning and evening gatherings of the housekeepers at their doors were not held

for nothing, and presently it got about that Mrs. Haines had been seen stealing in and out of a public house, and that this public house was just beyond the border-line of what we call our quarter, which looked as if she were endeavoring to escape the vigilant eyes of our gossips. Then, as invariably happens, the whispers grew louder, the evidence against her circumstantial, and everybody was saying quite openly where her money disappeared and why she became shabbier, her rooms barer, and the house more disreputable. It leaked out that her husband also had been seen flitting from public house to public house; and, the game of concealment by this time being up, it was bluntly said that drink had killed him, as it would Mrs. Haines if she went on as she was going.

I had kept my suspicions to myself, but she had never come to our Chambers at the hour of lunch or dinner that there was not an unusual drain upon our modest wine-cellar. I could not fancy that it was merely a coincidence, that friends dining with us were invariably thirstier when she waited or cooked; but her appearance had been the invariable signal for the disappearance of our wine at a rate that made my employment of her a costly luxury. I never saw her when I could declare she had been drinking, but drink she did, and there was no use my beating about the bush and calling it by another name. It would have been less hopeless had she occasionally betrayed herself — had her speech thickened and her walk become unsteady. But hers was the deadliest form of the evil, because it gave no sign. There was nothing to check it except every now and then a mysterious attack of illness, — which she said defied the doctor though it defied nobody in the house, — or the want of money; but a housekeeper must be far

gone if she cannot pick up a shilling here and a half-crown there. I was the last of the old tenants to employ her, but after I abandoned her she still had another chance with a newcomer who took the Chambers below ours, and, finding them too small to keep more than one servant, engaged her for a liberal amount of work. She bought aprons and a new black blouse and skirt, and she was so spruce and neat in them that I was encouraged to hope. But before the end of the first week, she was met on the stairs coming down from his room to hers with a bottle under her apron; at the end of the second she was dismissed.

I hardly dare think how she lived after this. With every Christmas there was a short period of prosperity, though it dwindled as the tenants began to realize where their money went. For a time J. and I got her to keep our bicycles, other people in the house followed suit, and during several months she was paid rent for as many as six, keeping them in the empty sitting-room from which even the rickety chairs had disappeared, and where the floor now was thick with grease and stained with oil. If we had trunks to store or boxes to unpack, she would let us the same room for as long as we wanted, and so she managed, one way or the other, by hook or by crook. But it was a makeshift existence, all the more so when her habits began to tell on her physically. She was ill half the time, and by the end of her fourth year in the house I do not believe she could have sewed or waited or cooked, had she had the chance. She had no friends, no companions, save her cat. They were a grim pair, she with hungry, shifty eyes glowing like fires in the pallor of her face, he more gaunt and ungainly than ever — for a witch and her familiar they would have been burnt not so many hundred years ago.

Then we heard that she was taking in lodgers, — women with the look of hunted creatures, who stole into her rooms at strange hours of the night. Some said they were waifs and strays from the “Halls,” others that they were wanderers from the Strand; all agreed that, whoever they were, they must be as desperately poor as she, to seek shelter where the only bed was the floor. Much had been passed over, but I knew that such lodgers were more than landlord and tenants could endure, and I had not to be a prophet to foresee that the end was approaching.

It came more speedily than I thought, though the manner of it was not left to landlord and tenants. Christmas — her fifth in the house — had filled her purse again. Tenants were less liberal, it is true, but she must have had at least five or six pounds, to which a turkey and plum pudding had been added by our neighbor across the hall, who was of a generous turn. She had therefore the essentials of what passes for a merry Christmas, but how much merriment there was in hers I had no way of telling. On holidays in London I keep indoors if I can, not caring to face the sadness of the streets, or the dreariness of house-parties, and I did not go downstairs on Christmas Day, nor on Boxing Day, which is the day after. Mrs. Haines, if she came up, did not present herself at our Chambers. I trust she was gay because, as it turned out, it was her last chance for gayety at this or any other season. In the middle of the night following Boxing Day she was seized with one of her mysterious attacks. A lodger was with her, but, from fright or stupidity, or perhaps worse, called no one till dawn, when she rang up the Housekeeper next door and vanished. The Housekeeper next door went at once for the doctor who attends to us all in our quarter. It was too late: Mrs.

Haines was dead when he reached the house.

Death was merciful, freeing her from the worse fate that threatened, for she was at the end of everything. She went out of the world as naked as she came into it. Her rooms were empty, there was not so much as a crust of bread in her kitchen, in her purse were two farthings. Her only clothes were those she had just taken off and the few rags wrapped about her for the night. Destitution could not be more complete, and the horror was to find it, not round the corner, not at the door, but in the very house.

The day after, her sister appeared, from where, summoned by whom, I do not know. She was a decent, seri-

ous woman who attended to everything, and when the funeral was over called on all the tenants. She wanted, she told me, to thank us for all our kindness to her sister, whom kindness had so little helped. She volunteered no explanation, she only sighed her regrets — she could not understand, she said.

Nor could I. No doubt, daily in the slums, many women die as destitute. But they never had their chance. Mrs. Haines had hers, and a fair one as these things go. When I remember her tragedy, my confidence is shaken in the reformers to-day who would work the miracle, and, with equal chances for all men, transform this sad world of ours into Utopia.

PROGRESS

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD

WHEN we make boast of human progress it is always with the softening reflection that we have not ourselves to thank for our present high estate. Honor to whom honor is due. We need but turn to yesternorn, to recall the faith with which we held the Devil to account for the inventions of a Gutenberg or the revelations of a Galileo. Progress was of Satan. Whatever threatened to disturb the *status quo* was essentially sinful. God had designed things to be as they were, and it lay not in man's province to question them. The reformer was a menace to salvation, and was by our ancestors scratched and scorched with no less assurance of right-doing than that with which to-day we strangle our murder-

ers, and vaccinate our school-children.

It is not now the fashion, however, to believe in evil, and there are those among us who would impeach our predecessors for their intolerant behavior toward the world's advancement. "Put together all the efforts of all the atheists who have ever lived, and they have not done so much harm to Christianity and the world as has been done by the narrow-minded, conscientious men who persecuted Roger Bacon and his compeers."¹ So speaks a scholar of the day. And his speech is typical; but it is not according to St. Paul. Would we prove all things, we dare not judge so quickly by appear-

¹ Andrew D. White: *A History of the Warfare of Science and Theology*.

ances. "We can only rightly judge of things," says Plato, "in relation to their ultimate aim." "Nor do we know," responds Antonius, "whether men do wrong or not, for many things are done with certain reference to circumstances." And, moreover, who are we that we should sit in judgment on the actors of the past? That we are now upon the stage, with altered faiths and manners, does not affect the verity that our fathers and their fathers' fathers' fathers were but ourselves unfolding toward to-day.

The human race has ever fought its own advancement. Jesus and Darwin were alike accepted under protest. No reform has yet been invited. Each forward move has been resisted; and resisted not alone by the Sadducees, but by the multitude. Even the gods punished Prometheus for teaching men the use of fire. There has been no step onward in the march of knowledge save over the body of some martyred torch-bearer. And the first martyr was the first man. For all ages has he been accursed for his disobedience in seeking added power. Sin and tribulation came into the world through a striving after knowledge: a tasting of "the tree to be desired to make one wise." Such is the preface to the life of every nation, from the Hebrews to the Kickapoos.

We of this big republic complacently affirm the glory of our national achievements, and are not without temptation to acclaim them as proof of superior craft and judgment. But herein do we forget that we are on record as having cast our vote against every move that has contributed to the present century's development. Not one of its essential factors came into play without an earnest effort on the part of the public to thwart it. We, the people, have stood squarely against each and every innovation that has moved the world beyond the days of Washington.

We raised our voices in contemptuous protest against the first projected railways. Had the locomotive awaited its signal from the people, it would not yet have started. When the electric telegraph was shown to us we brushed it aside as a toy, and laughed its inventor to scorn when he offered to sell us his rights for a few thousand dollars. We put into jail as an impostor the first man who brought anthracite coal to market. We broke to pieces Howe's sewing-machine as an invention calculated to ruin the working classes; and we did the same thing to the harvester and the binder. We scorned the typewriter as a plaything. We gathered together in mass meetings of indignation at the first proposal to install electric trolley lines; and when Dr. Bell told us he had invented an instrument by means of which we might talk to one another across the town, we responded with accustomed ridicule, and only the reckless among us contributed to its being.

When, seventy years ago, William Lloyd Garrison preached the abolition of slavery, we tied a halter about him, and dragged him through the streets of Boston. We rained anathemas upon the memory of Jenner when his disciples undertook to vaccinate us. We hooted Dr. Simpson as an atheist for introducing the use of anæsthetics in his surgical practice. We repelled the efforts of our first health officers to establish rules of public hygiene. We stormed in righteous wrath against Robert Ingersoll for suggesting that Moses made mistakes; and when Darwin presented his *Origin of Species*, our outcry was a perfect whirlwind of denunciation, a tempest that blighted men's reputations, and cast out professors from universities and clergymen from pulpits.

There is that in our blood as a social organism which craves fixation.

Man's first business after the Deluge was to anchor the earth to heaven, and from that time to this have we labored to the same purpose, striving ever to hold the world immobile.

"I, Galileo, being in my seventieth year, being a prisoner and on my knees, and before your Eminences, having before my eyes the Holy Gospel, which I touch with my hands, do abjure, curse, and detest the error and the heresy of the movement of the earth." Thus, three hundred years ago, by threat of rack and fire, did we check the planet from turning on its axis, and moving round the sun. Nor was it officially released until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Pius VII put his signature to a decree permitting for the first time the publishing of works treating of the motion of the earth. Verily, a tardy recognition of affairs. But, as bodies politic, it is thus our habit. Not until a full generation after Darwin's pronunciamiento did our colleges permit the teaching of the theory of evolution. It is only now that many of our states are for the first time formally acknowledging the righteousness of alcoholic temperance; and it is but yesterday that our cities officially recognized the parasitic theory of disease, and put into practice the principles of antiseptis. And yet, even so, there still drags behind a clamorous host of individuals clinging faithfully to Moses and to their charms of whiskey and of asafœtida.

We look in vain for the phenomenon of progress among other social forms of life — the bees, the ants, the apes, the beavers; even primitive groups of man himself, as we find them in the Hottentot, the Bushman, and the Gypsy. They are to-day where they were when the shepherds came to Arcady. They are living as their Abrahams lived; doing what they did; think-

ing what they thought. Each generation follows its predecessor in unflinching similitude of knowledge, of habit, of social condition. And, were we let alone, would not we, too, exhibit the same invariability? Indeed, do we not come now and again upon some community hid in the very midst of us that has held fast to a bygone age? — some community which the angel of progress has passed over, leaving it at peace with the tools and the faith of its fathers?

Every onward movement of civilization has been in subjection to an impulse from without. Never does the impulse spring from the race itself. Nor does it at once comprehend the race in seeking its expression. This impulse — from whatsoever realm of mind it may come — confines its epiphany to the Individual. Now here, now there, it seizes upon a son of man and makes of him the reformer, the inventor, the revelator of God. In him is the divine *vis a tergo* made manifest, and by means of him does it push the race from its orbit of instinctive fixity and send it spinning in a larger arc.

The history of human progress is but the world's commentary upon the gospel of the Individual. No truth is ever revealed directly to mankind. The Individual is always the intermediary. Yet never has the race called him or been prepared to welcome him. It has never had any conscious need of him. He has ever been a disturber of peace; a heretic; a dreamer of dreams; despised and rejected of men. Nor does it avail to ask him for what gain he endures the flings and the rage of a perverse generation. It is not for fame, it is not for wealth, it is not for any profit within the giving or the comprehension of his fellows. His genius is not of the race. And his mission, from whom does it come? Verily, not from the rulers of earth.

"Necessity," quotes the sophomore, "is the mother of invention." But whence comes necessity? The bee, the ant, the Terra del Fuego, has had in the making each need anticipated. Life is balanced. There is neither necessity nor invention. Which, therefore, of the two came first upon the earth to break the spell of Paradise? Though we had no records to inform us, we should by reasoning alone decide in favor of invention; for we cannot think of Eden as harboring necessity. Through the Serpent came invention—discovery, a finding out; and from the fruit of this first excursion sprang the needs of man. Therefore, would we record the genesis of progress, we must reverse the glib quotation, for, of a truth, invention is the mother of necessity.

We have already noted that every discovery and every new thing that has been instrumental in changing the thought and activities of man, came into being in face of the world's opposition. Each in turn was rejected as unholy, or a toy without worth. The advent of each of them found man content with the means at hand. No conscious need of his called other implements to his aid. Necessity was not the mother of any of them. The world did not want any one of them. It had no place, no use, for them, until each for itself had created a new field of need and industry. The necessity was not of the world's providing. It sprang from the things themselves.

Like an unbottled genie, each invention has laid hold of man, and made of him its servitor. Every new convenience has added fresh conditions to the fulfilling of life. Each has come to us disguised as a means of saving time and effort, yet each has made time more precious and effort more imperative. The machinery that is ours transcends the mechanical helpmates of ancient

Egypt as the electric arc outblazes the firefly; yet never has the world been so busy as it is to-day. Every labor-saving device increases the cost of labor; every time-saving contrivance makes the day shorter. Worse handicapped are we than Sisyphus. We measure now the day in fractions of a second. A few centuries ago men knew not the meaning of seconds nor of minutes; the hour-glass sufficed for every need of peace or war; while Solomon, with all his wit, saw not beyond the age when there should be demand for closer reckoning than morning, noon, and eventide.

'T is common knowledge that we, to-day, are far more pressed for time, more overborne with work, more distantly removed from opportunity for rest and converse with our souls, than were our countrymen who walked with Franklin. Yet in those days they had not steam nor gas nor dynamo, nor any one of all the multitude of modern agencies designed to conquer time and lengthen life.

Truly, we have sought out many inventions; and to what end? Should the Nazarene return to-day he would but underscore his teachings. He would have no word less to speak. Our wonder-working flames and engines have built for us no avenue to heaven. Neither Paul nor Plato would have uttered different truths because of telegraphs or railways, nor would the Psalmist have sung to-day in closer tune with God. With all our devices, all our multiplicity of knowledge, there has come no higher wisdom to the race. We yet must turn for life's essential guidance to the teachers of the past.

And is there then no meaning in the present progress of the world? To him who can receive it, the answer is already his.

ESSENTIAL FINANCIAL AND BANKING REFORMS

BY CHARLES N. FOWLER

THE reformation of our financial and banking practices is the most important economic question that has ever confronted the world.

The financial resources of France in 1803, when the Bank of France was established, were comparatively small. So were the bank resources of Great Britain small in 1844 when the bank act, under which the Bank of England is administered, was passed. Nor can it be said that a comparison between the banking conditions of the German Empire and those of our own country can be reasonably instituted, so vast is the disparity from every point of view.

The significance of our problem becomes most impressive when considered in the light of two comparisons.

First, Great Britain has only 120,000 square miles; France only 204,000 square miles; Germany only 208,000 square miles; while the United States has 3,200,000 square miles.

Second, the banking resources of the entire world, including the United States, were only \$15,900,000,000 in 1890; while the banking resources of the United States to-day exceed \$20,000,000,000, or are twenty-five per cent larger than the banking resources of the whole world were, less than twenty years ago.

GOVERNMENTAL FINANCE

The United States Treasury should be placed in the same position precisely as that occupied by all of our great cities and states. It should cease exercising all banking functions. It should be re-

lieved from the burden of maintaining \$346,000,000 of United States notes on a parity with gold, by the retirement of these United States notes, or by converting the uncovered amount of them, \$200,000,000, into gold certificates. It will be remembered, there is now \$150,000,000 of gold in the trust fund, leaving \$200,000,000 of these notes uncovered by gold.

The silver certificates, amounting to about \$600,000,000, should all be cut up into one and two-dollar certificates, and instead of buying more silver for subsidiary coin, we should recoin our silver dollars into halves, quarters, and ten-cent pieces, up to the limit of current requirements. These things being done, and the national-bank-notes being disposed of, the silver would cease to threaten the solvency of the Treasury.

The national-bank-notes, amounting now to more than \$700,000,000, should be redeemed, not by the government at the Treasury, but by the banks themselves over their own counters and at convenient places throughout the United States, in a natural commercial way, precisely as the banks now redeem their checks and drafts.

The government should not be engaged in the collateral loan business, redepositing the money, unnaturally withdrawn from the channels of trade, with the national banks, only upon condition that the banks secure the repayment of the amount by putting up security. The government has a first lien upon the assets of any national bank with which it may make a deposit.

The Comptroller of the Currency has statements of all the national banks, and therefore the government could make safe selections.

The government should accept the checks and drafts of national banks, which are its own creatures, in payment of all obligations due to it. These checks and drafts should be deposited the same day in the national banks, in the same locality, so as not to disturb the commercial conditions any more than would the same amount of business done by any commercial house. Actually to abstract the cash, and lock up that amount of reserves, is an act of barbarism; such a thing is not done by any other civilized country in the world. If the Standard Oil Company, or any great corporation, were known to be practicing such methods as the government has been practicing for more than sixty years, a mob would be justified in battering down its doors. So far as possible, the government should be a model in just, wise, and economic practices, not the laughing-stock of the commercial nations of the world.

The government should not draw a check upon itself, but upon its banking agent, precisely as New York City does, or New York State, or any other municipality. When the United States government is put into this position, its credit cannot be assailed and imperiled as it was in 1894, 1895, and 1896, and as it may be again at any moment. For the real burden resting upon the Treasury to-day is about \$1,700,000,000, — consisting of \$346,000,000 United States notes, \$700,000,000 of bank-notes, and \$600,000,000 of silver, — and this vast mass rests upon the mere pin-point of \$150,000,000 of gold, now in the trust fund of the Treasury.

BANKING

In any properly constituted and properly adjusted banking system

there are two prime essentials. First: since gold is our standard of value, there must be an actual reserve of gold to meet the varying demands of *capital* from day to day in various parts of the country. Second: there must be convertibility of book-credits or deposits subject to check, into current credits or note-credits, to meet the varying demands of *cash*.

CURRENCY

Let me illustrate this point. By reason of our fall business there might well be a demand in the United States for the conversion of \$300,000,000 of deposits subject to check into \$300,000,000 of currency or cash, and yet no increase in the amount of reserves required; that is, there might be no demand for additional loans. On the other hand, the converse is equally true. There might be a demand for loans aggregating \$500,000,000, which would call for \$100,000,000 of additional gold as an adequate reserve, while the amount of currency in circulation was actually decreasing, if we had a wise and properly adjusted banking system.

In other words, the expansion and contraction in the reserves might not be followed by a corresponding expansion and contraction in currency or cash at all; but just the reverse might occur, which proves that reserves and currency are two different things; and that the expansion and contraction of each, independently of the other, under the operation of economic law, is essential to a properly constituted banking system.

The bank-note which we have to-day is not a true bank currency, which flows out and flows back to the bank with the same freedom, fluidity, and certainty that checks do. Our so-called bank-note is in reality a bond-note, bound to and controlled by the bonds to which it is related, and in no way responsive to business transactions, be-

cause it is not related to and does not spring into being with business operations. Our bank-notes increase in the spring and early summer because the demand for capital is light, and some profit can be made on the bonds used for that purpose. But with a proper and natural currency, there would be a marked contraction during this period.

In the autumn months, when there should always be a large expansion in our bank-note circulation, there is often a considerable contraction, because capital is scarce and more can be made out of it in some other way than in purchasing or holding bonds for bank-note circulation. Hence the banks dispose of their bonds and retire their notes. What a marvelous piece of uneconomic ingenuity it is, actually reversing every normal demand of trade! And yet this monumental piece of stupidity has remained for nearly fifty years, with the approval of nearly all of our public men who have had charge of such legislation, and declared by them to be "the best banking system in the world." From an economic point of view, our currency system has been no currency system at all. From the day of its inception to this hour, it has been only a bond-speculating scheme, the banks having lost about \$40,000,000 upon their bonds during the last five years, although they have had periods of profit.

Until we come to appreciate and recognize the fact that there is absolutely no difference between a bank deposit subject to check and a true bank-note, except that the one — the bank deposit — is non-current because it passes only by a written order; and the other, the bank-note, is current because it passes without a written order; — until, I say, we appreciate and recognize this great fundamental economic law, we shall not solve the currency feature of the pending problem right; indeed, not at all.

RESERVES

To-day, although we have central reserve cities and reserve cities, we have no reliable central reserve; a fact that we have learned to our commercial sorrow. In plain words, our present reserve system is almost a pure fiction; if, indeed, it is not a source of serious danger, because it invariably proves an exhausted resource — a broken reed.

Furthermore we shall not solve the problem of a central reserve unless when the strain, however great, comes again, we have an actual and adequate reserve in *gold*, not credit, upon which other credits are to be based.

Our standard of value is gold, and therefore our MEASURE of bank credit in the form of deposits or bank-notes, or our BANK RESERVE, should be gold, and gold alone; and we should not be content to place some form of credit in our bank reserves, because to that extent there must be inflation, as we should be basing one credit upon another credit. Again, to the exact extent that we use some form of credit for reserves instead of gold, to just that extent do we drive gold out of the country; the poorer always driving out the better money.

It is a matter of first importance, therefore, that the looked-for reform recognize gold alone as a proper reserve. Of course, our subsidiary coin, consisting of one and two-dollar silver certificates, which will make up our pocket-money and the till-change of our banks, may be passed over as relatively harmless; at least it will be so when it is reduced to the forms suggested, when the United States notes are out of the way, and the redemption of the bank-notes thrown where it belongs, directly upon the banks.

UNIFICATION OF OUR BANKS

With forty-seven states furnishing as many different kinds of banking laws, and requiring reserves differing

in every instance, it can hardly be expected that we should have such a system of banking in this country as its commercial importance demands. Banks, in one state, may do anything known to the banking world. They may not be required to carry any reserve whatever, and may be under practically no restraint. In another state, banks may do one thing, trust companies another, and national banks still another. This conglomerate state of the laws has led to a confusion of relationships between state and national institutions that is most perplexing.

On the one hand, we observe the Comptroller of the Currency trying to have his examiners meet the state examiners for the purpose of preventing the state and national banks from shuffling their securities and improving their assets for examination day. On the other hand, we find the banks distrusting themselves and with little or no confidence in the state or national examinations, forming themselves into groups for mutual protection by establishing clearing-house examinations. This has been done in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Philadelphia; while California as a state is preparing to do the same thing.

Recently I was informed by a leading banker in one of our largest cities that sixteen audits were required every year, that the matter had become a nuisance, and was seriously interfering with the business of the bank.

SAVINGS

The vast savings of the people are being used indiscriminately for commercial purposes, and, what is more to be criticised and deplored, for speculative purposes, although the savings accounts should be segregated and invested in prescribed securities.

Has anything ever been more clearly demonstrated than that some system should be evolved from this commercial or banking chaos? Should it not be simplified, unified, and brought into one harmonious whole for the sake of economy, protection to banking and commerce, and that the welfare of the whole people may be conserved?

Can we hope for any substantial reform in our banking system unless these ends can be achieved?

In this age of gigantic organizations, and vast business enterprises, our banking system should be brought into harmony with the times, and rendered adequate to the demand upon it, and made so powerful and all-comprehending as to be the great steadying force in our world of commerce, instead of the weak thing it is to-day, certain to break down under the slightest increased strain.

The questions involved relate more to economic principles than to banking, and any attempt to superimpose banking practices found elsewhere, will prove a dismal failure. For the problem confronting us is unlike any ever before met, and unless we approach it as an economic question, with due regard to geographical and political considerations, keeping in view our determination to preserve the individual, independent, free form of banking that has grown up in this country since President Jackson drove the last United States Bank out of existence, we shall fail utterly in our attempt at reform.

WHAT WE DO NOT WANT

Geographically, politically, economically and practically the establishment of a Central Bank in the United States to-day is unthinkable; unless the sole purpose of starting such an institution is to serve some special interest to the incalculable and never-ending injury and cost of the American people.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE refusal of the House of Lords to pass the Budget until the people have been given a chance of pronouncing upon its provisions precipitates an issue that is likely, for some time to come, to remain the master-question of British politics. That issue, in brief, is the place the Upper Chamber shall hold in the framework of British government, and the powers that shall belong to it. The problem is as vital and contentious as any that a democracy can be called upon to solve, and its emergence has long seemed to be inevitable. More than sixteen years ago, in the last speech he ever delivered in the House of Commons, Gladstone pointed to it as "a controversy which, when once raised, must go forward to an issue." Nothing came of his warning.

From 1895 to 1906 the question of the House of Lords slumbered. But within the past four years it has been reawakened, as it was bound to be, as every one foresaw it must be, by the accession of a powerful and earnest Liberal Government. Four times at least since 1906, and twice over measures of first-class importance, the Liberals have clashed with the Lords and have been worsted by them. They have seen bills which had passed the House of Commons by a majority of three hundred so mutilated by the Lords that they have had to be thrown into the waste-paper basket. They have seen measures dealing with land-valuation, with plural voting, and with licensing reform, rejected outright by the Upper

Chamber. They have felt debarred from tackling other problems because they were aware beforehand that their solutions would be found unacceptable by the hereditary House. It has, in short, been borne in upon them that free scope for the development of Liberal policy cannot be secured so long as the Lords retain their present constitutional prerogatives, and exercise them in the spirit they have manifested during the past four years. Quite apart, therefore, from the Budget, it has been evident that the Liberals were being rapidly driven to the necessity of subordinating everything else to a settlement of the House of Lords question. But the fate of the Budget has enormously broadened that question, and complicated it,—has vested it indeed with a sudden and unlooked-for gravity, and has given it a turn that involves nothing less than the fundamentals of the British system of government.

Even, however, if the relations between the Liberals and the Lords had been as smooth as they have been acrimonious, even if the Budget had not been of a character to foment their old quarrel, I am inclined to think that the whole problem of the House of Lords could not for long have been prevented from pushing its way to the front. No one who has kept an eye on the recent tendencies of political thought in England can have failed to note its growing alienation from the philosophy, the methods of reasoning, the spirit, and the instincts, which Burke, for instance, and the men of his school,

brought to bear on the problems of government. The Englishman of today is much more of a precisian in politics than were his forefathers. He is more apt than they were to test institutions and arrangements by the rule of thumb; more apt to take up the severely logical and mathematical standpoint; more sensitive to anomalies that offend his sense of symmetry, and less curious to inquire whether, after all, they may not work well; more concerned with the names and appearances of things and less with their substance; more disposed to believe that in politics there really are absolute rules which can be applied with the conciseness of an algebraical formula.

With such standards and habits of mind as these, it is the easiest possible thing to make out a case against the House of Lords. It is an assembly that seems to contradict most, if not all, of the basic principles of democracy. It is not elected by the people, yet it has the power of thwarting and sometimes of overriding the people's will. By rejecting the Budget, — for what it has done is equivalent to rejecting the Budget, — the House of Lords is at this moment asserting a claim which, if admitted, gives it the ultimate power of the purse, makes every government dependent upon its forbearance for the very means to live, and thus raises itself to the position of paramount authority in the State. Of its six hundred odd members, twenty-six owe their places solely to the fact that they are Archbishops or Bishops of the Established Church; five are lawyers of eminence on whom life peerages have been conferred to enable the Upper Chamber to fulfill its functions as the highest court of appeal; sixteen are Scottish "representative" peers, representative, that is, in the sense that they are selected by their brother peers to sit in the House; twenty-eight are Irish

representative peers; four are princes of the royal blood; and over five hundred and forty are hereditary peers. Some of these, the first of their line, have been rewarded with peerages for personal distinction and achievements, or for past services in the party cause that cannot otherwise be requited; but the vast majority of them have inherited seats in the Upper Chamber together with their titles and estates.

It is this indiscriminate application of the hereditary principle that constitutes the most obvious weakness of the House of Lords. Whatever his competency or character, a peer, the moment he becomes a peer, becomes also a member of the governing oligarchy. Some peers have no taste for politics; others have no capacity; others again are men of unsavory reputation. Nevertheless they are *ipso facto* units in the House of Lords; the writ of summons to take their place in Parliament cannot legally be withheld from them; and unless they commit a felony or become bankrupt there is no way of getting rid of them. Not all peers by any means — and it is at once the salvation of the House of Lords and its condemnation that this should be so — rate their privileges very highly.

There is an inimitable conversation in one of Mr. Henry James's tales between the son of an English duke and a young American girl on this very point.

"‘Lord Lambeth,’ said Bessie Alden, ‘are you an hereditary legislator?’

"‘Oh, I say,’ cried Lord Lambeth, ‘don’t make me call myself such names as that.’

"‘But you are a member of Parliament,’ said the young girl.

"‘I don’t like the sound of that either.’

"‘Does n’t your father sit in the House of Lords?’ Bessie Alden went on.

“‘Very seldom,’ said Lord Lambeth.

“‘Is it an important position?’ she asked.

“‘Oh dear no,’ said Lord Lambeth.

“‘I should think it would be very grand,’ said Bessie Alden, ‘to possess simply by an accident of birth the right to make laws for a great nation.’

“‘Ah, but one does n’t make laws. It’s a great humbug.’

“‘I don’t believe that,’ the young girl declared. ‘It must be a great privilege, and I should think that if one thought of it in the right way — from a high point of view — it would be very inspiring.’

“‘The less one thinks of it the better,’ Lord Lambeth affirmed.”

The Lord Lambeths of actual life are very numerous, and their easy, detached, minimizing attitude toward their legislative responsibilities is one of the reasons why the House of Lords still exists. If every peer were a politician, aching to take part in public affairs and to convert his share in national legislation from a useful fiction into an obstreperous and inquisitorial fact, the House of Lords would long ago have been found intolerable. But as it is, most peers, happily, are land-owners, magistrates, sportsmen, business men, and so on, before they are hereditary legislators, and Westminster claims, or at any rate receives, only a fraction of their time and interest. For the most part, they simply abstain from going there. A considerable number of them do not even take the trouble to present the writs that entitle them to sit and vote. When one hundred and fifty members are to be found in the House of Lords at the same time, it is proof that something of unusual importance is under discussion. Three are enough to form a quorum, and the ordinary routine business of the House hardly occupies an hour or so a day, or engages the attention

of more than two score of members. Only two hundred peers, or less than a third of the whole House, were present during the debates which transformed the Education Bill of 1906, the principal measure of the session, beyond the recognition of its framers and led to its abandonment; and in the majority that voted a few weeks ago in favor of submitting the Budget to the people were fifty or sixty peers who had not put in a single appearance since the last Parliament, and who had to be specially sworn in for the occasion.

One consequence of all this is that in ordinary times the gilded chamber is a gilded desert. It is an old jest that the best cure for admiring the House of Lords is to go and see it. A few dozen peers lolling about on the red benches, while one of their number holds forth with studied unemotionalism, among occasional faint murmurs of approval or dissent, do not, it must be owned, make an impressive spectacle. To walk from the House of Commons down the long corridor to the House of Lords is like leaving a power-house to enter a cathedral close. There is none of the responsiveness, the animation, and vehemence about the Upper Chamber that affect one instantaneously in the Lower House. The speakers talk not only in a lower voice but in a lower key; there is no appeal to the vulgarity of mere feeling; everything is grave, quiet, decorous, and chilling. “My surprise knew no bounds,” wrote Lord Shaftesbury, when he drew a cheer from the House. “I had warned Nova Zembla!” As is the dignity of the Senate to that of the House of Representatives, so is that of the House of Lords to every other second chamber with which I am acquainted. It would continue to be dignified and unembarrassed even if Carlyle’s appalling nightmare of “a naked

Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked 'House of Lords' were to be realized in fact. It is so dignified, so sure of itself, so confident in its traditions of courtesy and repose, that it has virtually no rules for regulating debate; its presiding officer, the Lord Chancellor, is armed with no authority even to settle a point of order or decide which of two speakers rising simultaneously shall address the House; and its only means of quelling a disturbance is to have the Clerk of the Parliament read aloud two Standing Orders, dating from the first half of the seventeenth century and prohibiting "all personal, sharp, or teasing speeches."

Another result of the absenteeism of so many of the peers is that those who are constant in attendance, and who really do the work, are for the most part picked men, men with a natural taste and a trained capacity for affairs, men who have won distinction and achievement in one or other of the innumerable fields of public employment and responsibility that the possession of a great empire throws open to Britons. Take away those who are indifferent or objectionable, and there is left an active residuum of peers, say two hundred and fifty in all, who possess between them as much debating and business ability, as much knowledge and statesmanship, as can be found in any legislative chamber in the world. Archbishop Magee used to say that nothing more struck him in the House of Lords than the amount of special information possessed by its members. To go through the roll of its members, tracing back the career and achievements of each, is to be continually astonished at the wealth and diversity of aptitudes and experience that the House is able to draw upon.

In the House as it is to-day, for example, there are some twenty-eight peers, such as Lords Morley, Lansdowne,

Rosebery, and Crewe, whose whole life has been a training in statesmanship; there are some thirty-five who are active railway directors; there are some thirty, like Lords Curzon, Milner, Cromer, MacDonnell, Minto, Tennyson, Aberdeen, and Grey, who have held high, sometimes the highest, administrative office in India, and who have served as colonial governors and governor-generals; there are fifteen who have spent a large part of their time in the diplomatic service; there are at least one hundred who have seen active service in the army and navy; there are about thirty-five intimately concerned in banking; there are the twenty-six archbishops and bishops, representing an imposing array of scholarship, administrative aptitudes, and knowledge of the realities of life among all classes of the population; there are some forty peers who might fairly be called "captains of industry"; there are over eighty who are actively engaged in the work of county administration; there are sixteen or so who would rank among the most eminent of British lawyers and jurists; there are two or three scientists, like Lords Lister and Rayleigh, of the first rank; and there are some one hundred and fifty members of the House who are large landowners in a country where the ownership of land is not only an exacting business education but has always been associated with the discharge of public duties.

To any one who really knows England, an assembly so constituted will not seem unrepresentative. Indeed, it has been ingeniously suggested, and for myself I should not like to dispute the theory, that the House of Lords as a whole, in its dullness, its aversion from change, and the ascendancy in it of the human over the professionally political point of view, corresponds more closely to the outlook and tempera-

ment of the average Englishman than does the House of Commons. But altogether apart from such subtleties as these, I think that Mr. Sidney Low is undoubtedly right, when, in his admirable work on *The Governance of England*, he points out that "a Senate cannot be deemed unrepresentative of some of the best elements of a nation, when among its elements may be included the greatest, or nearly the greatest, poets and painters of their age, the most famous savants, philosophers, and jurists, the most eloquent preachers, the most learned theologians, and many of the magnates of finance, industry and commerce. . . . In spite of the dead weight of the mere titled nobodies, there is probably more intellect and ability in the House of Lords than in any other Second Chamber that could be named. . . . The House of Lords has the influence which belongs to wealth, to high rank and ancient lineage, to landed property, to ideas and sentiments which have been interwoven into the texture of English society, and to traditions, usages and habits of mind which are the growth of ages." Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, again, whose two volumes on *The Government of England* have made all Englishmen his debtors, has justly noted the peculiar confidence which their countrymen of all ranks bestow upon those peers who have attained a position in the forefront of politics. "There seems," he remarks, "to be a feeling that they are raised above the scrimmage of public life; that in rank, wealth and reputation they possess already the goal of ambition, and are beyond the reach of the temptations that beset the ordinary man."

But while the House of Lords thus commands a good deal of the popularity enjoyed by its individual members and a share even of the somewhat excessive deference and consideration

that will be yielded to them so long as England is England; while the part it plays in shaping legislation is assigned in general to those peers who are best able to execute it; and while, on the whole, it is a body eminently responsive to public sentiment, no one would pretend that as a second chamber it is incapable of improvement. Its imperfections, indeed, become almost painfully visible when any measure that really affects the aristocracy and its social and political allies comes up for discussion. Strange faces at such times crowd the lobbies; the hereditary legislator who had to ask a policeman the way to the House of Lords was probably no mere fable. From remote country-seats, forgotten peers rush up to town; and any bill that touches the interests of the Church or the landlords or the brewers or the Conservative party is liable to meet with short shrift at their hands. There is, however, one proviso to be attached to this statement of the case—the bill in question must have been introduced by a Liberal government.

It enormously complicates the problem of the House of Lords that its members belong almost altogether to one party. In the past eighty years the Liberals have appointed considerably more peers than the Conservatives, yet the Liberals in the House of Lords today are outnumbered by nearly ten to one. It is found that a man who was a Liberal before he joined the peerage insensibly takes the color of the class into which he steps. He begins to share its prejudices and its instinctive ways of looking at things; and even though he himself may not fall directly from the faith, nine times out of ten his son is an out-and-out Conservative. For Liberal peers to beget Conservative successors has become a phenomenon so constant that one might almost call it a law of nature.

The result is, of course, that when a Conservative government is in power the House of Lords, except as a ratifying chamber, practically ceases to exist. It passes automatically all the bills that are sent up to it; it forgets altogether that it is supposed to be a revisory and suspensory branch of the legislature; it sinks into the position of a mere annex to the Carlton Club. But directly a Liberal government comes into office, the Lords wake up. They are immediately on the *qui vive*; they scrutinize the government's measures with hostile minuteness; their constitutional prerogatives take on a sudden and expanding activity.

Those prerogatives, like most things in the British Constitution, are ill-defined, and rather a matter of usage and understanding than of hard-and-fast regulation. They amount practically to this, that the Lords have the legal right and the constitutional power to amend or reject any bill they please, other than the Finance Bill of the year; but that if the Commons, after an appeal to the electorate, send the bill back again, and if public opinion clearly favors it, the Upper Chamber is bound to pass it. Their function, in other words, is to interpret the will of the people, to stand between the nation and the vagaries of a chance majority in the House of Commons, and to interpose an interval for reflection and delay during which the maturer judgment of the public on any given measure may have time to formulate itself. Thus, had Mr. Gladstone dissolved Parliament when his Home Rule Bill of 1893 was rejected by the Lords; and had the constituencies returned him to power with an equal or increased majority, the Lords would have had no option but to pass the bill. The fact that Mr. Gladstone did not dissolve Parliament was rightly interpreted as betraying a consciousness

that he had not the country behind him. On that occasion, as on many others, the House of Lords was a truer exponent of the national will than the House of Commons. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact that since 1832 no decision of the Lords on a measure of first-class moment has been reversed at the polls.

As between the two great parties there is unquestionably an appearance of unfairness in the use made by the Lords of their constitutional powers. Having the Upper Chamber at their backs, the Conservatives are able to play the political game with loaded dice. When they are themselves in office, Great Britain is virtually under a single-chamber system of government. When their opponents are in office, it is always open to the Conservatives to retrieve in the House of Lords the defeats sustained in the House of Commons and at the polls.

The great objection to the Lords, indeed, is not that they occasionally reject Liberal measures, but that they never reject Conservative measures; not that they do one-half of their work too thoroughly but that they do not do the other half at all. To this it may, of course, be answered that the bills brought forward by a Conservative government are in general so reasonable, so little revolutionary, and so much in harmony with popular wishes, as to make rejection or amendment unnecessary. But the plea will hardly bear the test of fact. The Education Bill of 1902, and the Licensing Bill of 1904, were both of them measures that were vehemently resented by a majority of the British people. They were precisely the kind of measures that a strong and impartial Second Chamber, free from party subserviency, and taking the broad, national point of view, would have rejected. The Lords, however, not only passed them, but

strengthened some of their most obnoxious features.

The fact is that the House of Lords has ceased to be an obstacle to extremist legislation. It resembles a brake which fails to act, or else clogs the wheel. For example, when the Liberals in 1906 brought in the Trades Dispute Bill, — a bill exempting trade-unions from liability to be sued for their actions during a strike, — the Conservative leaders in the Lords, one after the other, denounced it in unmeasured terms. Yet they advised the House to pass it on the ground that the constituencies had been consulted as to its provisions at the general election a few months before, and that the government could fairly claim a "mandate" for its introduction. Such reasoning is in practice an incitement to the Liberals to propose only such measures as arouse a deep public sentiment, and the measures that do this are as a rule extremist measures. By blocking the path of Liberalism, the Lords, in short, encourage Radicalism.

But do the Lords as a matter of fact "block the path of Liberalism"? To some extent they do. Within the last four years they have thrown out an Education Bill, a bill abolishing plural voting, a Licensing Bill, and two Scottish land bills. The three first-named measures ought in my judgment to have become law, but the Lords were, from the merely tactical and party point of view, on sound ground in rejecting them or forcing their abandonment. The Education Bill was too complicated to be really understood by the people at large; its provisions were equally obnoxious to the rigid sectarians on both sides; and although it offered, as I think, a fair settlement of an old and vicious controversy, there was little strength of public opinion behind it. The Plural Voting Bill hardly interested the average man at all. He

diagnosed both its introduction and its rejection as mere moves in the electioneering game. The Licensing Bill, while it was an heroic effort to assert the supremacy of the State over the monopoly of the drink traffic, was in some ways an unwieldy measure, and was undoubtedly unpopular with the mass of the people. The "man in the street" applauded the Lords for making an end of all three bills. But is it the function of a second chamber to be thinking of what the "man in the street" will say; to be always paying heed to the passion and prejudice of the moment; to be judging the merits of each measure by its popularity, and never to be taking into account the permanent interests of the nation? In these three instances the Lords went, I think, against the best opinion of the country. But, on the whole, I do not see that the Liberals have much to complain of. In the past four years they have placed on the statute-book a prodigious number of laws. Every one of them represented a social or industrial reform of some description; many of them seemed to strike at the special interests which the House of Lords is supposed to guard inflexibly; yet all became law with the assent of the Upper Chamber.

Nothing was more obvious, ten months ago, than that the Liberal campaign against the Lords had hopelessly failed; and that, by fulminating against the Upper Chamber, and yet remaining in office; by vowing it would stand or fall by this or that measure, and yet continuing after its rejection as though nothing had happened; by boasting, and quite rightly, of its splendid achievements, and yet attempting to rally support for a great constitutional upheaval on the strength of the wreckage of a few bills regarded by the country either with active dislike or with tepid unconcern, the govern-

ment was bountifully covering itself with ridicule. Ten months ago I should have said that the House of Lords stood quite beyond reach of a successful attack. Ten months ago they had the game in their own hands; they have now, I fear, thrown it away by their revolutionary action in regard to the Budget.

The main defects, then, in the House of Lords are, that it stands too prominently apart from the representative machinery; that it contains too many members who are triflers, incompetents, drones, or detrimentals; and that it is much too partial to one of the two great parties. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that, as the House of Commons becomes less and less able to discharge its multitudinous duties efficiently, and more and more given to turning out bills full of unintelligible and self-contradictory provisions, the old constitutional powers of the Upper Chamber, as a revisory body, become of far more actual, practical importance. Again, the Lords do admirable and essential work in the vast domain of private-bill legislation; they are able to criticise the government of the day with a freedom denied to the Opposition in the House of Commons; they frequently initiate debates that are of the highest value in forming public opinion; and while they neither make ministries nor possess the constitutional power to unmake them, they are an invaluable recruiting-ground from which ministers may be drafted.

It must also be borne in mind that the main characteristic of the House of Lords as a second chamber has hitherto been not tyranny, but timidity; that it exerts, not merely infinitely less authority than the United States Senate, but less than any other second chamber in the world, unless it be the Upper House of the Netherlands; that

its conservatism, so far from being a reproach, is a merit — a Radical second chamber being little less than a contradiction in terms; and that, put the dangers of an unreformed House of Lords as high as you please, they are still not so great as the dangers to be apprehended from an omnipotent House of Commons in a country where there is no written constitution, no checks and balances, and where Parliament is legally competent to do whatever it pleases.

The two movements of reform that for some years past have been gradually converging upon the House of Lords are concerned respectively with changing its composition, and restricting its powers. The first is a friendly movement, originating in the Upper Chamber itself; the second is a hostile movement, aimed at the veto of the Lords, by the Liberals and the Radicals. But there is this to be said about any and every scheme for reforming the House of Lords from within: you may diminish its membership; you may bring into it elements more directly and obviously representative of the nation; you may mingle the hereditary with the elective principle; but directly you do so you make the House of Lords a far stronger and more assertive body than it is at present. So long as an upper house exists, it must have certain prerogatives, and those prerogatives will increase in proportion as the assembly wielding them becomes more immediately representative of the people. But that is the very last thing the Radicals desire. Their attitude toward the internal reform of the House of Lords is very like the old attitude of Austria-Hungary and Russia toward the internal reform of the Ottoman Empire. They prefer to wait "till all be ripe and rotten." They have therefore consistently ignored the somewhat tardy and feeble efforts of

the Lords to improve their composition, and have concentrated instead on the task of checking or nullifying the veto power of the Upper Chamber.

The late Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, elaborated over two years ago a plan for making the final decision of the Commons prevail within the limits of a single Parliament; but little has been heard of it since. All such plans suffer from two defects. The first is that, under whatever safeguards, they in effect knock the House of Lords out of the Constitution, and place Great Britain under a permanent system of single-chamber government. The second is that, if the Lords refuse, as they naturally would, to join in decreeing their own extinction, there is no constitutional method of overcoming their resistance except by creating, or by securing from the King distinct permission to create, a sufficient number of peers to carry whatever scheme is decided upon through the Upper House. That is a device which was effective in 1832, and would doubtless be effective again. But it is one that no statesman would resort to except in the direst emergency: to head off a revolution, or when there was no other means whatever of carrying on the King's government.

In 1836 Macaulay was quite certain that the House of Lords would follow the rotten boroughs into extinction, and the Duke of Wellington about the same time was complaining to Creevey that "nobody cares a damn for the House of Lords. The House of Commons is everything in England; the House of Lords nothing." Time, in this instance, has justified neither the historian nor the soldier. The House of Lords has gained greatly in prestige and popularity; and the conviction, not alone of its necessity, but of its utility, has steadily deepened in the national consciousness. If I were to attempt

a rough-and-ready *précis* of the predominant feeling of the country toward the House of Lords, I should say that most Englishmen would gladly see it reformed from within, reduced in numbers, and made more palpably representative; that very few Englishmen desire to blot it out of the Constitution; that, generally speaking, it is an assembly with a stronger backing of popular affection and good-will than any upper house I know of; and that so long as its powers are exercised with due forbearance and discrimination, and with due regard for the tacit compromises and understandings, the conventions and traditional practices of the Constitution, there is no real popular desire to curtail them.

The trouble, however, at this moment is precisely that the Lords have ignored the settled usages of the Constitution, and have taken their stand on a legal and technical right that is wholly at variance with one of the most vital principles of the British governing system. In refusing to pass the Budget they have committed what is nothing less than an act of usurpation. It is an act which, if ratified by the people, means that the Lords have it in their power to force any and every government to dissolve — a prerogative that hitherto has belonged solely to the Crown. It is an act which denies the right of the elected representatives of the people to an exclusive voice in framing and apportioning taxation; which places every Liberal ministry at the absolute mercy of the hereditary house; which upsets the whole balance of the constitution by making the Lords the decisive authority in the State, with power of life and death over the cabinet of the day; and which plunges the finances of the country into abrupt and well-nigh inextricable confusion. Such an act, and the pretensions on which it is based, must

and will be defeated at any cost, and the most stringent precautions must be taken against its ever being attempted again.

The problem before the British people is now to enforce the financial predominance of the House of Commons, to see to it that it can never again be

challenged, and at the same time to preserve to the House of Lords those suspensory and revisory powers which all democracies feel the need of vesting in some institution, and which, in a land where Parliament is unfettered and supreme, are preëminently essential to the stability of the State.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OF METHUSALEH AND THE NEW YEAR

"WHAT a lucky dog Methusaleh was! Nothing to know, and nine hundred years to learn it in!" Just now most of us would readily echo this exclamation of Lowell's. Whatever prosperity the past year may have brought us, it leaves us with an acute sense of how much more we might have done if we had not been so hurried and driven. If there were really to be found the shop which the author of *Greyson's Letters* dreamed had been opened in Fleet Street for the sale of spare time, — "Some excellent lots of time, consisting of a week and some days each, to be immediately disposed of on the most advantageous terms," — it would not lack customers at this period. For Londoners themselves no bargain sale at the West End department stores would compete with it in attraction, and it would do a roaring business through the mails with all parts of the world.

There is one detail of Greyson's whimsey that suggests a practical conclusion. His imaginary shop traffics, not only in the sale of time, but in its exchange. You happen to be unusually busy at the moment, but you will have a free day a fortnight hence; another

man has an excess of leisure just now, but will need to work at high pressure then. The broker's commission of five minutes per cent is a small price to pay for the mutual benefit of a transfer. But if our trouble springs from an inconvenient distribution of time rather than from any deficiency in its sum total, why cannot we escape the difficulty ourselves, without calling in the aid of either brokerage or barter? A better considered arrangement of our plans would put an end to half the complaints that we have "no time" to respond to this or that urgent call. It is proverbially the busiest men to whom we turn with best hope of success when we are in need of some service that will require the expenditure of an hour or two. The explanation of this paradox is that the busiest men are as a rule the most accomplished experts in the management of time.

For it is in management — in "economy," in the old-fashioned sense of the word — that the problem centres. It is a question, in the main, of proportion and order. In some cases the maximum result is attained by following an exact daily programme, and this method has, at any rate, the advantage of eliminating friction. Neither thought nor time is wasted in considering what is the next thing to do. The life of Im-

manuel Kant was mapped out thus precisely. When he started from his house to walk eight times up and down the linden avenue, his neighbors knew that it was half-past three to the tick. Not every occupation permits such nicety of habit, and some temperaments would feel that so great a limitation of personal freedom, even though the chain were of one's own forging, would be flatly intolerable. There must be a practicable mean somewhere between this Medo-Persian rigidity of rule and the following of the caprice of the moment. Experience will soon show us that there are certain tasks that are most effectively, and therefore most economically, performed on certain days of the week and at certain hours of the day. The writer or artist finds out after a few experiments that at certain periods his physical and mental conditions are more favorable to study and at others to production, and, if he has a fair amount of common sense, he will learn to avoid wasting upon the accumulation of his material the more precious hours during which alone the most intense intellectual activity is possible. And whether the work that occupies us is mechanical or creative, we might often husband our resources more profitably if we would make up our minds beforehand how much time we could afford to devote to particular sections of it. It was once said of Lord Leighton, to account for the attention he was able to pay to so many public duties without any slackness in the exercise of his profession, that he knew exactly how long it would take to do a certain thing, and apportioned his time accordingly.

To be really effective, such an apportionment demands a resolute concentration upon the matter in hand. It is in dawdling that we waste our time, and that not only in small fragments but in chunks and masses. Much has

been said of Gladstone's practice of rescuing for some edifying purpose the odds and ends of time left over in waiting for a meal or a train. Perhaps, however, his control of the flying hours was even more valuably exercised in his training himself to that neglect of irrelevant things which is a condition of swift action. It is said that he was accustomed to dress for dinner in less than five minutes — a curious illustration of how the power of concentration may be brought to bear upon small things as well as great. If we take longer, it is not because our fingers are clumsy, but because we have not learned the art of focusing our ideas. The biographer of Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, tells us that his "rigid self-denial," his "strenuous thrift of time," would not have carried him through his work if he had not sedulously cultivated the faculty of commanding his whole intellectual force at will. "Rapidity of work, within certain limits, he regarded as essential to efficiency. To spend three hours on a task that could be done in two, and well done, he held to be not only a waste of time but injurious to the mind."

There is no little justification, then, for Martensen's hard saying that "ethically expressed, want of time is want of moral energy and wisdom." If the judgment and the will accomplished their perfect work, how little room there would be for our repeated lamentations that we have "no time" for pursuits whose claim upon us we cannot honestly deny! The *reductio ad absurdum* of this attitude is the story of the British cavalry officer who had been quartered two years at Cairo but had never driven or ridden out to see the Pyramids. "My dear fellow," he explained to an astonished friend, "what with polo, and parties, and cricket, and bridge, I never had a minute to myself." It would be wholesome

for many of us to use this story as a glass in which to behold our own natural face. Matthew Arnold's indignant reply to the plea of "No time for culture," must have touched a live nerve in many consciences. This plea, said he, "will vanish as soon as we desire culture so much that we begin to examine seriously our present use of our time. It has often been said, and cannot be said too often: Give to any man all the time that he now wastes, not only on his vices (when he has them), but on useless business, wearisome or deteriorating amusements, trivial letter-writing, random reading, and he will have plenty of time for culture."

So there is a touch of sentimentalism, after all, in our envy of Methusaleh, no less than in our commiseration of him when the mood changes. Perhaps his normal reflections on the lapse of time were not very different from ours. William Cowper, in a letter to John Newton, records that he had wondered how the life of the patriarchs, with its simplicity and monotony, could have been supportable. He had then proceeded to picture to himself in detail what the daily routine of antediluvian existence must have been: hunting, tilling the ground, cooking, eating, mending skins, etc.; and discovered himself at the end of this exercise able to suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world "so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers and were passed away like a shadow."

THE SIMPLICITY THAT NEVER WAS

INGENUOUS reformers of the press seem to think the whole question turns on the raw, obvious influence of money. "Is an honest newspaper possible?"

somebody asks, and has been asking any time these past ten years, and he usually goes on to prove the effect of the counting-room on the "policy." Far be it from me as a former newspaper-writer to deny that effect, which, indeed, I found ramifying into matters that no outsider would suspect of having any counting-room significance. For example, I once wrote an article attacking the architecture of the house in which I lived. It was an abominable type of house, not uncommon at the time in our sprawling northern suburbs, — a small, cheap, frame thing, but bulging with disproportionate artistic intentions. A Charles the Bold tower absorbed most of the front, and Oriental reminiscence had made merry with the roof, throwing up a minaret or two. This haphazard romantic motive wreaking itself on clapboards and shingles in a thirty-foot lot, resulted not only in architectural burlesque, but in a good deal of domestic inconvenience. It suited the Charles the Bold idea, for example, that a bedroom window should be a mediæval slit through which to point an arquebus; but it did not suit our simple, modern needs. The house, in short, was like a practical joke, inhuman on the inside, funny without; and as there were many others of the same stamp, Charles the Bold having a grip on that neighborhood like Queen Anne's in former times, I thought it right to protest — mildly, of course.

I may say in passing that a suburban dweller is never petulant in matters of convenience. Give him four babies and a garden, some paper bundles and a distant train to catch, and he asks little of the world. Run a water main straight through the bosom of his family, if you like, bounce him with blasting powder, joggle him with steam-drills, scoop out the land around and leave him dwelling on a cliff — and

he will find his compensations. He never complains except for cause.

The article was mild but just, and in the opinion of the managing editor, himself a suburban patriot, it was well-timed and salutary. It appeared in type; but before the edition went to press the article met the immoderately watchful eye of the business manager. His financial antennæ waved in alarm. He consulted the real-estate man, and in the end the article was suppressed as an attack on landed property, and a blow in the face of the advertiser.

But the lesson from this is not that which ingenuous reformers are apt to learn. It was not a proof of sleepless vigilance, but a sign, rather, of hysteric caution, for the most part shiftless enough, the random clutch of a timid hand, helpless in real danger; and if there was no knowing when and why one's gnats were strained at, there was reasonable certainty that one's camels would be swallowed. The "policy" was, I think, both venal and cowardly (prudent and moderate, the baptismal names); but venality, if it would compel, must be sagacious; and cowardice, to be repressive, must know at least the faces of its foes. Reformers hunting the evil principle forget how slipshod that principle may be. To run a business devilishly, you need the devil's own administrative skill. The worst intentions in the world often fail of a wicked management of other men through sheer lack of executive ability. That is why the reigns of the just and the unjust, if equally unintelligent, look so much alike. I apologize to grown people for these juvenilia, but they have been left out of the primers of reform.

To a degree undreamed of by reformers, the newspaper writer is "lord of himself, that heritage of woe." Far from remotest stretches of the "policy" the lying still went on, in Dreyfus

affairs and Chinese situations, as busy as if bought — no more active with a presidential candidate than with characters at safest commercial distance, the merest unmarketable, ultima-thulean Abduls and Abdurs, Mulais, Habibullahs, Yuans, Dinuzulus, and Chulalongkorns — ten thousand miles from a vested interest, yet no whit nearer the truth. "Bought up," said the reformers, but they pointed in nine cases out of ten to a free-will offering of journalistic human nature. The mind of the journalist is too purchasable to be permanently owned; it is sold for an old song to the present moment. I wish them well, these reformers; I wish them therefore a better sense of reality. Tar and feathers for editors, by all means, and the more the merrier; but why write of newspapers as if there were only one thing the matter with them?

FAULT-FINDINGS OF A NOVEL-READER

On laying down some well-written recent novel, the reader often sighs, and wonders why he sighs. For the characters are drawn with discrimination, and seem to look and live; situations are handled competently, events happen reasonably, the local color is persuasive. The whole is sometimes even overflowed, as a final grace, with that philosophic afterglow which so charms the seasoned reader. And yet something is missing, or else whence comes that listless air of the latter pages? To use the academic phrase of a decade ago, "It's not inevitable enough." Or, in the words of a recent article in the *Atlantic*, current fiction conveys "an impression of fragmentariness — of evanescence."

Mr. De Morgan writes with a mellow retrospective wisdom, a warm sympathy, a very acute observation. The

openings of his books promise greatly. The reader gladly sinks into absorption, only to wonder why the characters appear to dwindle toward the close? The fine opening of *Joseph Vance* seems to imply a powerful climax; but the loss of Joseph's wife at sea is slurred and hurried over as if the author had little liking for dramatic events, and when they perforce intruded upon his narrative, made them sing as small as possible. Similarly the endless delays in unraveling the very engaging mystery in *Alice-For-Short*, seem to sap it bit by bit of half its power. Readers fancy in Mr. De Morgan a too fastidious dread of the theatrical. In fact, hundreds of us share that dread, and would not that an effort to overcome it should impair the pleasing calmness of these tales. We may well be grateful for them as they are, bright stars in the abundant and brilliant fiction of our day. That the climax rather sinks than rises seems natural to their quiet art.

It is otherwise with Miss Sinclair's noble tale, *The Divine Fire*. Where is the climax in the touching and endearing story of Keith Rickman, if it is not the delightful confession of Mr. Spinks that he loves the marplot Flossie? Miss Sinclair has written in that passage a piece of significant as well as charming humor, and has indicated by it a large experience of life. Yet while he admires the art and nature of the climax, the reader confesses to a disappointment. The scale of greatness on which the novel was begun has not been here kept up. The climax seems too much of "a happening," as the phrase goes. We are almost always affronted by a climax, or a close, of diminished importance. "It is what human nature itself can't endure." *Tommy and Grizel*, which charmed so many readers, left nine out of ten incensed and sore at its ending. Stevenson's remarks on this

subject, in his essay on the realists, are well known, but few readers of his letters seem to remember his apt protest to Mr. Barrie, "The Actual is *not* the Real!"

The habit, in which our best novelists indulge, of taking their chief characters down a peg or two, is undeniably fresh, pleasant, and amusing. And yet it is driving near a precipice. We are all somewhat thin-skinned as regards heroes and heroines whom we like, and we resent a tendency to belittle them. After all, if their creators will not take them seriously, why should we? When they are to be laughed at, we should like it done as tenderly as Mrs. Tulliver is laughed at in the immortal scenes where she pleads with her sisters to "buy in" her teapot and tablecloths.

Mr. James and Mrs. Wharton depict with ease and charm a set of persons about whose fate they are obviously indifferent. Chilled by such an attitude in their creators, these delicate beings "come like shadows, so depart." On her first introduction to Mr. James, an inveterate reader of his novels begged to know why none of his characters ever *ate anything*? The subtlety, the care, the thought, the fineness, of these portrayals stops something short of appearing really human.

The novel, as we all learned glibly in school, should present typical human nature in a dress of local color and individual manners. In other words, it should deal with life both by wholesale and retail. Is the fault of our present fiction, in general terms, that it attends too assiduously to the retail trade, and is conceived altogether on a too petty scale? Have we in literature the tendency, so reprehensible in commerce, of overbearing individualism?

A fine example of a typical man was Alan Breck, in *Kidnapped*; and again, very lately, *Lin McLean* and *The Vir-*

ginian have risen in somewhat statuesque proportions upon the novel-reading world. If one swallow could make a summer, *Kidnapped* surely would rank as a great novel, and *The Virginian* as a very important one; and this not chiefly because of their excellent styles, or their plots, or their bracing atmosphere; but because in Alan Breck, and in the nameless cowboy, we perceive at once a broadly typical man in a local habitation.

The average reader flies at once to the circulating library for Mrs. Ward's latest novel; and on finding it impossible to secure (despite the thirty, or the fifty, copies provided), unable to wait, buys the book for himself. He reads it all, he reads it carefully, and only leaves it wishing that these well-conceived, thoughtfully delineated characters had been a little more alive and inconsequent. Mrs. Ward lacks only gusto and spirits. We cannot help feeling that she has *performed her task well* — a desperate state of mind in us. There is a tell-tale evenness in her work, a mark of mediocrity as a storyteller; and that this weakness in narrative should leave her still the favorite of so many and such thoughtful readers, speaks eloquently for her powers as a describer and critic of society.

The spirits lacking in Mrs. Ward are superabundant in Mr. Hewlett. Like the author of *The Virginian*, he seems born for fiction. The joyousness of his mood on opening infects the reader. With a feeling of enchantment, we peruse the first chapter, which we may always confidently expect to have "*the come-hither*" in its eye. The reviewer of *The Stopping Lady* in the *New York Times Saturday Review* last autumn, carried away by their charm, quoted entire the opening paragraphs. How many inquiries at libraries and booksellers did not that quotation induce!

Mr. Hewlett is preëminent in this art of enticing. He seems to take, in fact, too great a delight in his own characters, and hampers their subsequent movements by a too detailed and caressing introduction. They seem to lose, by these too careful portraits, the indispensable air of being their own masters. Mr. Hewlett is too paternal with them. This, with his diction smelling of the lamp, impairs his hold upon us; and when we find him, as we do, taking a fond pleasure in the least agreeable traits of his inscrutable heroines, we acknowledge a fickleness in our admiration. Yet how delightful is that gossiping tone, that air of having been at the party himself, and joined in the conversations which he reports!

Mr. Howells seems to have inherited his quizzical, sincere, and unillusioned way of looking at life, from that favorite of the judicious of the last generation, Mr. W. E. Norris. Indeed, the very title, *No New Thing*, had it not been preëmpted, might have pleased the fancy of our great realist. The essential *uninterestingness*, however, of such a character as Margaret Stanforth, would be, I think, impossible to Mr. Howells, who somehow lacks the capacity to be dull. Marescalchi, too, if conceived by the American, would have proved a humaner figure, we may be sure. One great and unfailing delight in reading Mr. Howells's books, is that *his* openings imply exactly the sort of tale he is to give us. No hintings here of a brighter romance than he means to weave. All is fair and above board. We read, and wish for the next one. Perhaps we pine a very little for the presence of youth in all these pleasant and discerning stories. We crave the mercurial spirits of the young — their tragic gloom and bliss alternating as we all remember that they do. Mr. Howells has scattered through his

pages many so-called young people. But they seem too much of a stripe with their elders. Even in his masterpiece he has made Irene and Penelope talk together with the deliberation and caution of middle age. Even Lottie, in *The Kentons*, has a dreadful calmness about her. Occasional school-girls, it is true, are every whit as practical, as unillusioned, as is this terrible infant; but neither they nor she are young. Ellen Kenton is younger than Lottie; as witness her fine reply to her sister; that lovable reply for which alone *The Kentons* would be worth reading: "I'd rather be queer in Europe than queer in Tuskingum."

This carping spirit that we manifest toward the clever, powerful, and thoughtful fiction of our day is perhaps but the fractiousness of the child who has too many toys. Yet let us hope that the phenomenon is capable of another explanation. As the drama in Shakespeare's day, so the novel is in ours, the leading form of current thought and art. May we not, then, be justified in our censorious mood, and special jealousy for its greatness?

And there are limits to our audacity. We do approach the works of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy with some respect. If we find a teasing quality in the former's thought, of which his labyrinthine language is but the outward sign; if the sense of mystery, that great element of romance, is often absent from his brilliant and immortal pages; we cannot remember it when we read the end of *Dahlia Fleming*, or watch the diagnosis of Sir Willoughby Patterne. Nor can we find it in our hearts to judge that unhappy creed which, latent in Mr. Hardy's earlier and finer novels, rises to a shriek in *Tess*, when we recall the description of Casterbridge, as Elizabeth and her mother approach it; or hearken to the singing at the harvest supper of Bathsheba's men.

MY REAL ESTATE

MOST of us cherish a more or less concealed desire to own some one special object just beyond our financial reach. Perhaps you have always wanted a steam yacht; your neighbor confessed to me the other night that from boyhood he had longed to possess a *locomotive*. "What a king among pets that would be!" he exclaimed; then laughed, shamefacedly, to assure me that he was joking. But I had seen the gleam in his eyes, and knew he meant it. I have a friend whose modest salary barely suffices for the support of the family; and I happen to know that his dearest ambition for years has been to own a *Kelmscott Chaucer*. If the prices for the output of that celebrated press continue to fall, as they have in recent auctions, his wish may yet be gratified. With this preamble, let me confess that my pet desire has long been to possess a piece of real estate; and that I am now actually a real-estate owner — in an odd kind of way.

This is how it happened. At the foot of a certain slope of rough pasture-land, in one of the southern counties of Maine, is a brook where I often fished when a boy. So familiar to me are its banks, that on sleepless nights I have more than once fished the stream, in memory, for a mile or more, recalling every rapid, pool, and mimic cascade, and pausing now and then to take a trout from the spots where in the old days I was surest of success. My father was my chosen companion for these little fishing excursions, and when at last we had wound up our lines, and shouldered or thrown away our rods (cut from some alders at the brookside), we made our way wearily but happily back, up the rising ground, through tangled thickets of pine and juniper and sweet-fern, fragrant in the hot forenoon sunshine, toward the old farmhouse, a mile away.

Half-way to the house, the path brought us to a huge pine, some six feet in diameter, standing by itself on a grassy hillock of the pasture. Here, in the grateful shade of the far-spreading green boughs, with their soft music above us, we always threw ourselves down on the grass and rested before resuming our journey homeward. It is many years since that dear and gentle comrade passed from my sight; but at long intervals I find time to fish the little trout-stream, to inhale the fragrance of the sweet-fern, and to pause under the old pine and listen to its songs of eternity.

Not long ago I heard that the owner of the pasture had decided to sell that tree to a lumber firm. My resolve was quickly taken. Would he accept — I named a small sum — and leave the tree standing, as my sole property? Well, he “reckoned he would. ’T was more’n the lumber company offered.” The money was paid down and the deed was solemnly drawn up, signed, sealed, and passed. The pine tree was, and is, my own, and constitutes my sole “real” possession. Just what my legal rights are in the premises, I am sure I do not know. Not an inch of the surrounding land is mine — only the tree, above and below ground; the great, knotty trunk; the far-spreading, singing boughs, tas-

seled with green; and the strong roots, an inverted tree underground.

Tenants I have, a plenty. Never yet, I believe, have I looked up into the shining galleries and sun-lighted halls of my building not made with hands, but I have caught glimpses of a flitting wing, or heard a low, sweet warble from some hidden chamber high up in the topmost stories. Even in winter, a sable-plumed visitor pauses occasionally on its lofty window-ledges, ere he utters a single, startled “Caw!” and sails away across the snowy pasture to a remoter covert beyond the marsh. Or, perchance, the stranger is decked in colors of the December sky and earth. He raises his saucy crest, and, by way of leaving his visiting-card, screams at me, “Jay! Jay!” To-day a flock of snow-birds, cloud-colored and wintry, drift through the lower branches like wind-swept leaves from the neighboring oak.

As darkness falls, the birds nestle in shadowed nooks, or seek more sheltered resting-places for their little feet. Then enters another tenant, even more constant than they. It is the night wind; and through the long hours when the moonlight is steel-bright on the crisp snow, and the stars are alight above, the sleepless wind murmurs and chants its surf-songs in the swaying branches, the mysterious depths of the great pine.